# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A ...kly
Fou... Franklin

OCT. 14, 1922

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Ruth Burr Sanborn—Ben Ames Williams—Will Irwin—Hugh Wiley
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# *Now is the time to order*

## —To take advantage of quantity prices on your winter supply of canned foods

Grocers are just beginning to receive their allotment of new pack DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables. Many of them are glad to offer their customers substantial savings on quantity orders placed with them for delivery as the goods arrive.

They can afford to do this *now* because you relieve them of the cost of holding an extensive supply for you—of keeping shelf space for *your* goods—and of making many deliveries instead of one.

More than that—if you order this early in the fall—your grocer can give you exactly what you want—without danger of running short on the varieties which you prefer.

Think of this in terms of your family's pleasure—and your own convenience! There are over a hundred delicious DEL MONTE varieties from which you may choose. Store them on your pantry shelf and have them ready whenever you want them—to add the fresh touch of summer to winter meals—and to supply the "food balance" so essential in the healthful diet—at truly economical cost.

Why not figure your winter needs today? Simply go to your own grocer—tell him your requirements—and specify DEL MONTE—the brand that combines highest quality and finest flavor with practical economy and convenience.

*This Book Will Help You*

For over five hundred suggestions for the thrifty, year-round service of DEL MONTE Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties, write today for "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It's free. Address Department E

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

# Tarvia

*For Road Construction*
*Repair and Maintenance*

*Main Street, Harlingen, Texas.*
*Tarvia surface treatment since 1920.*

## *Along the Rio Grande—*

Twenty-five years ago the Rio Grande Valley, in southern Texas, was an arid, desert waste. Today it is called the "Winter Garden of America," and is, perhaps, the most productive section of the Lone Star State.

Irrigation, which the courageous, resourceful settlers secured by pumping water from the Rio Grande, has transformed the stretches of barren sand into fertile farms and plantations. And good roads, which have been obtained by surface-treating the natural caliche and adobe gravel roads with Tarvia, bring the diversified crops, worth millions of dollars annually, within easy reach of the railroads and marketing centers.

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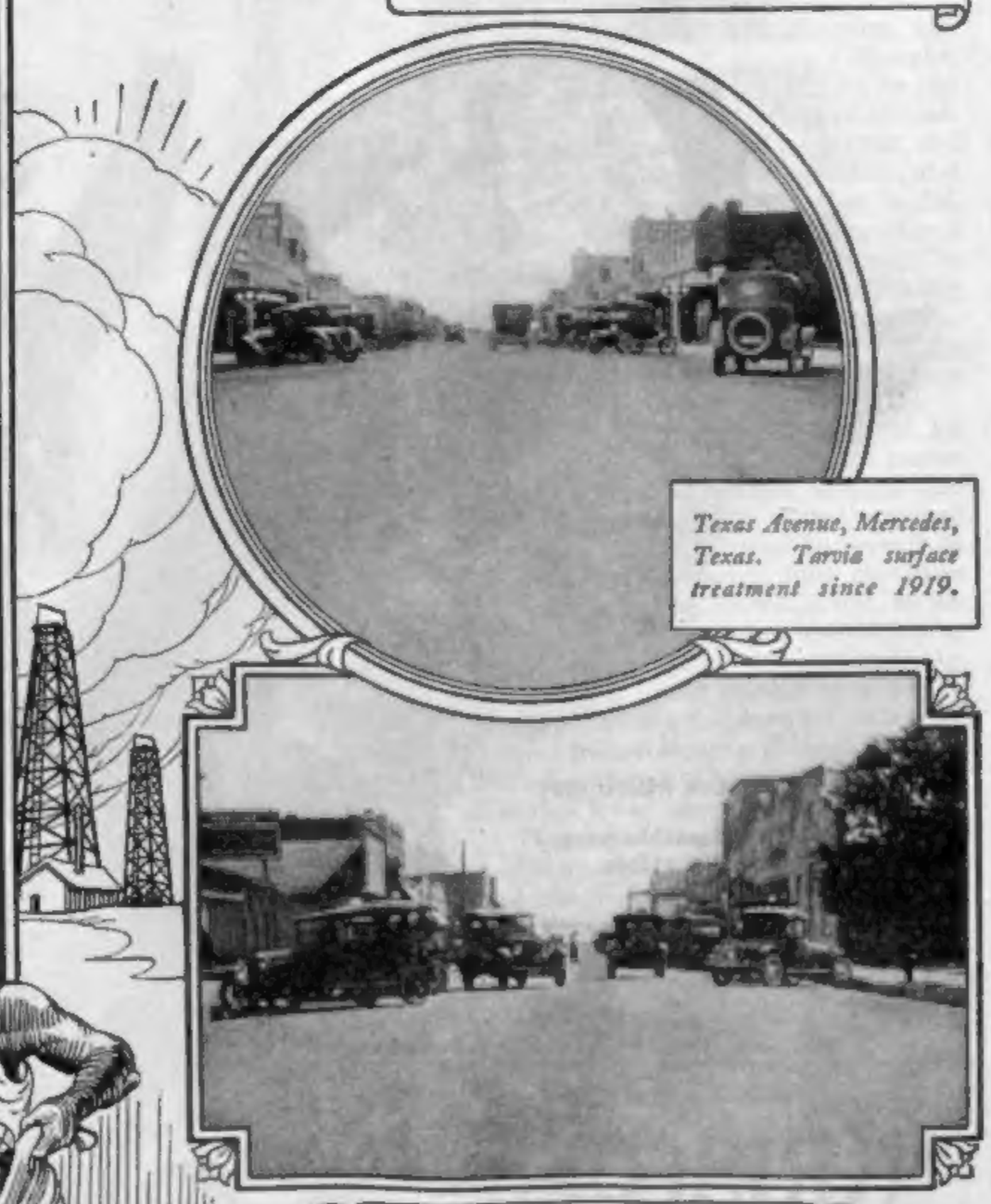
In selecting Tarvia for all their road-building and road-maintenance work, these far-sighted pioneers showed characteristic good judgment. For with no other material could they have converted, at such small expense, their unimproved roads into smooth, dustless, mudless, all-year highways.

The Rio Grande Valley in southern Texas is but one of thousands of communities throughout the country that have found in Tarvia the economical and satisfactory solution of the good roads problem.

This popular coal-tar material is unequalled for building new roads, for resurfacing worn-out macadam, for repairing and maintaining improved roads of every type. Special grades are made for specific uses.

*Avenue of Palms, McAllen, Texas.*
*Tarvia surface treatment since 1919.*



*Texas Avenue, Mercedes, Texas. Tarvia surface treatment since 1919.*

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If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

*La Lomita Street, Mission, Texas.*
*Tarvia surface treatment since 1919.*

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For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.




*Digestible Vegetable Shortening*

# Digestible cooking for your Children

## *One daily aid—*

RECENT SCHOOL INVESTIGATIONS invest mother's cooking with a new importance.

Thousands of boys and girls in many different schools have recently been examined under the direction of nutrition experts. About one-third of these school children were found to be under-nourished. And a substantial share of them were from prosperous families. Almost uniformly it was found that the misunderstood "backward" pupils were under-nourished, while the "bright" boys and girls were those fortunate children whose home kitchens supplied good wholesome food.

Well-informed mothers, nowadays, know that their families must have fats in their diet, for fat is our chief energy food. But the *digestibility* of the fat used is important. Crisco, a pure vegetable fat, supplies this necessary energy in a form which is digestible. It is wholesome for the little ones—and grown-ups as well.

We have recently had the fine, helpful experience of talking to hundreds of mothers in their own homes.

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Women, after all, are the real custodians of the health of their husbands and children. They feel this high responsibility and are glad (once they appreciate the digestibility of Crisco foods) to pay the few extra cents involved in an average week's baking and frying. There is real comfort in knowing that you are providing your family with nature's digestible vegetable shortening when you employ Crisco.

Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.

### CRISCO SPONGE CAKE

3 eggs
1 cupful sugar
½ cupful Crisco
½ teaspoonful salt
1¼ cupfuls flour
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful orange extract
½ cupful cold water

Cream Crisco; add salt, yolks of eggs well beaten and sugar, and beat for five minutes; add orange extract and cold water. Beat up whites of eggs to a stiff froth and add alternately with the flour sifted with the baking powder. Divide into Criscoed and floured gem pans and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

Sufficient for twelve cakes.

To receive "A Calendar of Dinners," containing 615 recipes and 365 dinner menus, send 25c to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., Section K-10, Dept. of Home Economics.

## *Two Simple Home Tests!*

### *Low Melting Point Easy Digestibility.*

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other fat. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98½ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

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Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature.

You will find Crisco very welcome in your kitchen as an aid in keeping your whole house fresh and free from cooking odors.

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# POBBLE & CO.

## By RUTH BURR SANBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MR. J. SCOTT MANNING, SR., puffed his cheeks in and out several times, as he was accustomed to do when he was angry or nervous or excited. Then he whirled himself all the way round in his office chair as an indication that on this occasion he was angry and nervous and excited, and pounded with his hand on the desk in front of him.

"I don't care what you do!" he shouted at his son, who was backing casually but steadily towards the door. "I don't care what you do! Of course you can break rocks if you want to. You can break anything as long as you don't break me. But I'm through! And when I say I'm through I'm through!"

"Yes, sir," said J. Scott Manning, Jr., softly.

Then he went out and walked down all the stairs one at a time without whistling, and climbed into his excellent new roadster and drove home.

J. Scott Manning, Jr., was a young man of enthusiasm. He was at the same time a young man oddly given to persisting in his enthusiasms and seeing them through to a more or less successful and spectacular finish. And that, when you stop to think of it, was all that his father had ever done.

J. Scott Manning himself would have said, of course, that he had picked out one thing, and that was the law; and he had stuck to it, and that was why he had succeeded. Mr. Manning was a person who admired success. If anyone didn't succeed he failed; and that, Mr. Manning said, was all you could say about it. Mr. Manning did not class his son among the successes.

His classification, however, did Scott a certain degree of injustice; in what he had undertaken he could not by any stretch of the imagination be said to have failed. At an early age he had undertaken to have a thoroughly good time, and from that moment he had been delightfully successful in having it. Afterwards he had gone to college and enjoyed himself there for four years, and after that again, he had gone to law school and enjoyed himself there for two years more. Father, of course, had paid for it all. And then, suddenly, at the end of the second year, with his degree and admission to the bar in sight, father, almost without warning, had ceased to pay. I say almost without warning, because father had several times threatened to do that very thing, but Scott had never for an instant suspected that he was capable of carrying out his threat.

*"You Know, I Think I'd Like You Quite Well if it Weren't for Just One Thing"*

Mr. Manning had been, moreover, absurdly abrupt about the whole thing. In the first place he had made Scott come to him at his office on Bond Street, which was in itself an unnecessary formality when he might have seen him almost any morning at breakfast; and in the second place he had raked up a number of old scores that ought long since to have been decently forgotten. Mr. Manning talked for a long time. The gist of his remarks, however, as Scott remembered it afterwards, was that he, Scott, had wasted all the money he was going to, and that if he wanted to finish his course in law school and get ready to come into the business he would do it on his own money. Mr. J. Scott Manning made it quite clear, however, that he was not doing that vulgar, melodramatic thing known as casting off his son. He was even willing, he said, to furnish his son with board and lodging. What he was not willing to furnish him with was money.

Mr. Manning had a smooth legal-looking face, from which practice had removed all habitual expression. Half a lifetime of asking other people questions had raised his eyebrows into sharp interrogatory points that seemed always stretching themselves up his forehead to get a peep at the vanishing hair line. He had a habit of drawing his hand down over his face with a kind of squeezing motion, as if he were pressing his thoughts back into his head where they would not show. He executed this gesture now. Scott was not quite sure, therefore, what he was thinking, but he hoped that he was thinking that he did not want any gossip to attach to the name of Manning.

"It doesn't matter, of course," he said gently, "what I do?"

Mr. Manning indicated that it did not.

"Because," said Scott, "just at first, while I'm looking round, I may have to—dig ditches—or break rocks—or something."

It was then that Mr. Manning, perceiving the trend of his son's thought, puffed his cheeks in and out as he did when he was angry or nervous or excited, and whirled himself round in his chair, and pounded with his hand on the desk, and shouted that he didn't care what he did, and that he could break anything except him, and that when he was through he was through. And it was immediately after that that J. Scott Manning, Jr., walked down all the stairs without whistling, and climbed into his excellent new roadster and drove home.

Arrived there Scott went up to his own rooms and thought the whole matter over carefully. At first he thought that he would go away; then he was surprised to find that almost without knowing it he had made up his mind to finish his course at the law school. He would not, he decided, display any vulgar melodramatic pride about accepting the board and lodging that his father offered him, but he would go to work and save all his money. Viewed from this rather difficult angle the law school began to have an attraction for him that it had never had before.

There were twelve weeks before law school opened again. With twelve weeks and the right kind of job—something with wide possibilities ——

Scott brought up an armful of magazines and newspapers and read the advertisements. Then he went down to the garage and took out his car.

When he returned, rather late that evening, he was the sole New England representative for The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

The next day he spent in preparation. He studied The Pobble Perfect Memory System, and the notes that he had made on Mr. Pobble's suggestions, and the sheaf of literature for agents that Mr. Pobble had given him. He laid out a costume that he considered suitable for the occasion—neat, but not too gaudy for one who was trying to earn an education. He practiced methods of approach and opening sentences.

By night he had The Pobble Perfect Memory System well in hand. He could walk up to his mirror as if it were a front door, and recite swiftly to the hypothetical customer represented by his own reflection, "Hat, heart, bow, cup, cow, cradle, tub, train, tin, hippopotamus"—and so on through the hundred words that were the basis of the system. He could mention the fact that the cranial nerves in their order were the olfactory, the optic, the motor oculi, the pathetic, the trifacial, the abducent, the facial, the

"I Don't Care What You Do! Of Course You Can Break Rocks if You Want To. You Can Break Anything as Long as You Don't Break Me"

auditory, the glossopharyngeal, the pneumogastric, the spinal accessory and the hypoglossal; and could add that he had acquired this pleasing bit of information by the simple method of shouting six times at the top of his lungs, "Oh! Oh! Mamma! Papa took a fork and gave pony some hay!" Perhaps it was as well that Mr. Manning spent most of his time at his office in Bond Street.

On the second day Scott was ready to begin. At five minutes of ten he walked down Hamilton Street, which he had chosen as the scene of his beginning—a kind of lower-middle-class street, where he was sure the people would like to study The Pobble Perfect Memory System in the evenings and rise to be secretaries and bank clerks. In one hand he held three small volumes: The Pobble Perfect Memory System, in paper covers, price $5.00; The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Revised Edition, in cloth binding, price $10.00; and The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Edition de Luxe, Revised and Enlarged, With Additional Examples and Exercises, in limp brown leather, with gilt edges and gold tooling, price $25.00.

At ten o'clock exactly—ten was the hour suggested by Mr. Pobble—Scott walked up his first flight of steps and rang his first front-door bell. He looked very tall and very straight and very determined while he waited for an answer; there was a squareness about his chin that suggested Mr. Manning. On his face was the pleasant but earnest expression of one about to earn his living.

Then a woman opened the door. There were knots of curl papers at her temples, and she was chewing gum with practiced sideways motion.

Scott bowed.

"Good morning," he said. "Have you a good memory?"

The woman did not look at him. Instead her glance fastened on the three small volumes in paper, cloth and leather that he held in his hand.

"We don't want any," she said, and closed the door.

Scott did not consider that he had made a good start.

At the next house he placed The Pobble Perfect Memory System in paper, cloth and leather carefully behind his back before he rang the bell. A futile fluttering little woman opened the door a crack.

"Good morning," said Scott again.

Then he stopped. His faith in the arresting question with which he had meant to open these interviews was completely gone. He shifted The Pobble System uneasily behind his back and fumbled with his hat. Then, suddenly, he smiled. Scott's smile was a revelation in itself. It crinkled all the seriousness out of his face and made the twinkle in his gray eyes and the cleft in his chin and the waving revolutionary lock of hair that never would lie down flat on the top of his head all seem to belong inevitably together. It was Scott's smile that had got him all the things that he had ever wanted.

"You know," said Scott with disarming frankness, "I want like anything to talk to you about The Pobble Perfect Memory System, and I don't know how to begin."

The door opened a little wider. Then it opened wide. For fifteen minutes Scott sat on a ridiculous mission chair and talked about The Pobble Perfect Memory Syetem.

The beauty of the system was, he said, that it was so amazingly simple. You just learned a list of one hundred words, and after that you could remember anything. It was all done by association. Association, Scott said several times, was the great thing. Then he recited to her briskly the simple one-hundred-word list from its hat-heart-bow-cup beginning straight through to the squash bug and the submarine and the radiator with which it closed. And then, while she still marveled, he began again suddenly with the radiator and the submarine and the squash bug, and backed amazingly through its five score intricacies until he finished in a flurry of breathlessness with tin, train, tub, cradle, cow, cup, bow, heart, hat.

That, he said, was what The Pobble Perfect Memory System could do. It was worked out by association. He added modestly that he had learned that trick in less than an hour. Then he mentioned the cranial nerves in their order. He said that he had learned those in about ten minutes.

Altogether he had a delightful interview, but he did not sell anything. The futile little woman said that she should like to buy a book, but that she just couldn't afford it. The experience was typical.

II

AT THE end of the week Scott reckoned up his standing. He had visited three hundred and two persons, and sold seventeen copies of The Pobble System in the paper-pamphlet form at five dollars each. On each sale he made a commission of 20 per cent. This, Mr. Pobble had told him, was a perfectly dazzling rate, which very few reputable companies were willing to pay. Scott admitted, even then, that it was a good percentage—but even so —— He did a hurried bit of calculation. At that rate—seventeen dollars a week—twelve weeks —— Scott was not impressed by the probable luxury of his last year in law school.

The next day was Sunday. Scott spent it in laying plans for a new campaign, and on Monday he was ready to begin all over again. It was significant of his change in policy that the first thing he did was to take out his car and buy for it ten extravagant gallons of gasoline. He was horrified to see what a hole even tiny incidental expenses made in his capital.

Scott drove at once to Brandlewaite, the richest and most fashionable of the city's suburbs, and stopped in the drive before an imposing collection of rambling red-brick house and ivy-covered walls and terraced lawns that overlooked the river. It was the old Pennington place.

The Pennington family was among the oldest and most respectable familes on earth, and Miss Aurelia Pennington, its present head, was probably the most respectable person of any name that there had ever been. Scott did not know Miss Aurelia Pennington, but he knew of her. Everyone knew of Miss Aurelia, and of how she and her niece lived together on the old Pennington place. Miss Aurelia was accounted the richest woman in the state. Scott said to himself as he went up the steps that if Miss Aurelia Pennington did not buy a de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System it would not be because she could not afford it.

Scott sent in his card with the air of one who expects to be admitted, and did not show surprise when word came back that Miss Aurelia would see him. Then he tucked the limp-leather copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System negligently under his arm in the manner of one carrying with him his favorite volume of poems, and stepped confidently across the threshold. Miss Aurelia Pennington received him in a dim well-bred-looking room, suggestive of long generations of respectable Penningtons.

Miss Pennington herself was a sharp-cornered lady of sixty-five—the sort of person, you would know at a glance, who would not lean back when she went to ride in an automobile. She did not lean back now. She sat bolt upright on the edge of a great armchair and shrank away from the carved mahogany arms as if she were afraid that they would snatch at her and hug her. She gave Scott, sitting opposite, an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to keep his heels together. He felt suddenly shy about mentioning The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

Scott spoke cordially of the weather.

Miss Aurelia Pennington said yes, it was a pleasant day, and waited.

Scott took a great breath. It must seem strange to her, he said, to have him call on her like this—when she knew him so little. He passed lightly over the fact that she did not know him at all. He hoped that she would think that she had met him somewhere and forgotten it.

But she did even better. She admitted having met his father.

"Mr. Manning—the lawyer, I think?" she said.

"Oh—yes—my father," said Scott. Then, modestly: "I'm going to be a lawyer too."

And so, tactfully, he came to the subject of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. This was, he told her with his bewildering smile, the first time that he had done anything like this. Perhaps before he had been—rather too dependent on his father's generosity. It had been thought better—so he put it to her vaguely—for him to be independent, to be responsible for the expenses of his last year at law school.

Miss Aurelia Pennington nodded. Then she said that she always liked to see people with ambition enough to work when they didn't have to.

"Yes," said Scott. "That's—the way I always felt—about my father."

Miss Pennington was glad to see that young Mr. Manning was modest as well as ambitious.

Scott felt at once the favorableness of his opportunity.

"And so," he said quickly, "that's why I'm introducing The Pobble Perfect Memory System."

Miss Aurelia Pennington caught him up sharply, a strange show of interest in her well-regulated countenance.

"What's that?" she asked. "A memory system? Do you mean you have a system that really makes people remember?"

Scott nodded.

"The Pobble System," he told her again. Then he warmed to his work. "The beauty of the system," he said, "is that it is so simple. You learn one hundred words, and after that you can remember anything. It all depends on association."

And then, before she could imagine what he was about, Scott plunged full tilt into the bewildering simplicity of the hat and the heart and the hippopotamus and the squash bug and the radiator. Forward and back he gave them to her, with an ease and speed that almost took her respectable breath away.

Then he smiled. That, he said, was what The Pobble Perfect Memory System would do for anyone. He murmured that he had learned the entire list in less than an hour.

As he talked Scott calculated what a 20 per cent commission on twenty-five dollars would be, and wondered into what horrible breach of respectability Miss Aurelia Pennington's bad memory might once have led her. Plainly she was greatly interested.

"Go on," she said when he stopped. "Show me how it is applied."

Scott whipped open the brown limp-leather volume with the gilt edges and gold tooling, and turned to Page Four.

"Here," he said, "is the list of one hundred words which I have just given you. The whole system hinges round this list, which is easily mastered by the process of association. In The Pobble Perfect Memory System association is the great thing. Take, for instance, the first word—'hat.' Form in your mind the picture of a hat. It may be a hat that you have seen. But it is better to think of a hat that is more unusual, even grotesque, in order that the visual image may be more striking. You might, for instance, imagine a stovepipe hat made out of real stovepipe, or a garden hat trimmed with rakes and hoes instead of with feathers. When the idea of the hat is firmly fixed in the mind, take the second word—'heart.' Form a picture in which both hat and heart are present. Perhaps you might think of a big red heart walking down the street and wearing a hat on its head. Then whenever you think of the word 'hat' you will think of the word 'heart.' Go through the list in this way. When you have finished you will be able to say the whole list of one hundred words forward, and, of course, with equal ease backward."

Scott came to a breathless pause, but he felt that he had made an impression. Miss Pennington was actually leaning forward a little out of the line of the perpendicular.

When she spoke it was not exactly with eagerness, because she would not have felt that to be respectable, but it was with the Pennington equivalent for eagerness.

"Well," she said, "and then ——"

"Then," said Scott with a sweeping gesture that included three walls and the ceiling—"then you can remember anything. You have constructed one hundred mental pigeonholes in which all kinds of information may be safely placed. You can remember poetry, speeches, names, faces, numbers ——"

"Numbers?" said Miss Pennington.

"Numbers," Scott repeated firmly, feeling that he was close to the mystery of Miss Aurelia Pennington's forgetful past. "Dates, percentages, dollars ——"

"Can you remember what you're told?" asked Miss Pennington.

"Anything that you're told," Scott orated rashly; "anything that you've read; anything ——"

Miss Pennington cut him short.

"Can you remember how much your allowance is?" she asked.

Scott was dazed. "What?" he said.

"Can you remember how much your allowance is?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Scott blankly. "Yes—that is, I can."

Miss Aurelia Pennington suddenly laid her well-bred hands on the carved mahogany arms of her chair, jerked herself and her chair across the corner of the room, and reëstablished herself at Scott's elbow.

"I'll tell you," she said. "I think it will be just the thing for my niece."

"Oh!" said Scott. "Yes?"

"To be sure."

"For your niece?"

"My niece," said Miss Aurelia Pennington, with the air of one who reveals the family scandal, "has a bad memory."

She hesitated. Then she decided that under the circumstances it was only fair for her to tell Scott more about it, and with a respectable degree of reticence she hinted that her niece was the trial of her life. Sometimes, she murmured, she was afraid that Ellean was going to be a modern woman.

"I talk to her," Miss Aurelia Pennington said helplessly. "I tell her—the first of every month—when I pay her debts and give her her allowance. I tell her that she's careless—and thoughtless—and extravagant—and frivolous—and flippant—and forgetful. And it doesn't do any good. Do you suppose that The Pobble Perfect Memory System would ——"

"I'm sure it would," said Scott.

And presently Miss Aurelia Pennington had put her name to a document that enrolled her among the owners of a de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

"Now what I want," she went on when she had finished, "is this: You have gone into this thing, and you understand it. I want you to give my niece private lessons in the use of the system."

"Well, I don't know," said Scott doubtfully. "You see, I'm pretty busy. I don't really know ——"

At precisely this point the door flew open and the careless, thoughtless, extravagant, frivolous, flippant, forgetful Miss Ellean Pennington bounced over the threshold. She was all in white—a rough white sport suit and white hat with a bewildering orange feather curling out over the brim—and she was panting with excitement.

"I won!" she cried. "I won! I raced Gib home from the clubhouse, and he said it was farther by the bridge, and I drove round that way and I beat him just the same."

She hopped blithely up and down while she talked, as if she were too light to stay on the floor.

"Ellean!" said Miss Pennington severely.

Ellean caught sight of Scott for the first time.

"Oh, I am sorry, Aunt Aurelia," she said. "I didn't know you had anybody. Why don't you introduce us?"

Miss Pennington performed the ceremony in a way that for a less respectable person would have been positively sulky.

Ellean came across the room and shook hands.

"I'm glad to see you," she said frankly. "Are you a book agent?"

"No," said Scott. "Or—yes. That is—you see, I'm introducing The Pobble Perfect Memory System."

"What?" said Ellean.

Miss Pennington came to the rescue.

"Mr. Manning has been telling me about a very interesting method for improving the memory," she said. "I think it would be a splendid thing for you. I was trying to persuade him to help you out by giving you some lessons, but he is afraid he can't manage it."

"Yes, I can," said Scott promptly. "I've been thinking it over, and I'm sure I can."

"That'll be nice," said Ellean.

She seated herself informally on the arm of her aunt's chair, and swung her feet. Then she pulled off her hat, and a glory of wind-blown bronze-gold hair tumbled about her eager live young face.

Scott watched her as she shook it back impatiently. He had always been fond of saying that he was not susceptible to feminine charms.

"I could come and give a lesson every evening," he said.

Miss Aurelia Pennington said that that would be excellent, and he might begin at once.

Miss Ellean Pennington said that it would be perfectly dandy, but he couldn't begin that night because she had promised it to Stan.

And Mr. J. Scott Manning, Jr., tucked the sample copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System under his arm and thanked them both for their kindness and bowed himself out.

Scott ran up the steps to his own home that night with a more cheerful feeling inside him than he had had for exactly a week and a half. He was whistling when he opened the door, but he stopped abruptly when he saw the light shining out from his father's study and he knew that he was in. Scott and his father had seen but little of each other since the late unpleasantness, and their conversation had been limited to rigid good mornings and occasional good nights. Their meals had been planned at carefully different hours. Scott had done the planning.

Now as he was passing the half-open door Mr. Manning cleared his throat gustily. Then he cleared it again.

Scott was feeling in an expansive mood.

"Hello, father," he said, and passed on toward the stairs.

"Hello, Scott," said Mr. Manning. Then, hurriedly: "Come in and have a look at the paper, won't you?"

Scott hesitated. Then he reflected that after all there was no use in being vulgar and melodramatic about it, and turned back.

"Thank you," he said.

He took the paper that his father held out to him, sat down on the opposite side of the table and spread it open before him. As Scott read Mr. Manning cast occasional furtive glances over the top of his magazine at the lean,

(Continued on Page 108)



*"You Can Imagine the Hat the Size of a House. You Can Go Even Further, and Imagine it the Size of a Cathedral"*

# STRIKES

By BEN W. HOOPER
CHAIRMAN UNITED STATES RAILROAD LABOR BOARD

THE Tennessee mountaineer ordinarily has a feeling of indifference, sometimes approaching antipathy, for his brother in black, who reciprocates by regarding mountain people as po' white folks. In a mountain courthouse the trial of a lawsuit had been commenced, in which a negro was suing a railroad for damages. A lank highlander was called forward to undergo the preliminary test of his eligibility to serve on the jury.

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the merits of this case?" asked counsel.

"Nary bit," responded the prospective juror.

"Got any feeling or prejudice in the case?" persisted counsel.

"Gosh, no," answered the witness with a surprised look on his face. "Couldn't have—nigger on one side and railroad on the other."

This popular feeling of antagonism to the railroads had prevailed throughout our country for almost half a century. To what relative extent it was attributable to the speculative excesses of the early promotion period, to the activities of railroad lobbies around state legislatures, to the accumulated individual grievances of the citizenry in each community, to the alleged misdeeds of the financial manipulators of railway securities, to the demagogical propaganda of railroad-baiting politicians and to the instinctive suspicion of the common citizen toward all great corporations is not material to the present purpose. The outstanding fact is that until recently the average man had felt no personal concern about the railroads. Their power, prosperity, future extension and continued adequacy had been taken as matters of course. Not much thought had been given to the fact that railway transportation is not merely an incident to the development of this country, but that it is the basic cause—the why of the United States of America. To be sure, the Caucasian race would have built a nation on this continent even without railways, but try to conjure up in your imagination what sort of nation it would have been, with its fringe of civilization along the seaboards, and its vast continental interior, composed of disconnected primitive communities, socially and industrially Asiatic. But the public viewpoint has undergone a change. All of a sudden the great war, that rude awakener of sleeping forces, jarred into consciousness the smug indifference of the masses toward the railroads. Having first learned the lesson of the indispensability of the railways to national military success, the people are now giving heed to the fact that this is the one industry of all industries that cuts a figure in the daily life, the comfort, the health, wealth and well-being of every individual in America.

When President Wilson and Congress got ready to terminate Federal control of the railways and hand them back to private ownership they keenly realized that purely financial considerations were not the only ones that had to be dealt with. The interests of stockholders and bondholders, the adjustments between the Government and the owners involved complex and difficult questions, but they were largely technical and mathematical.

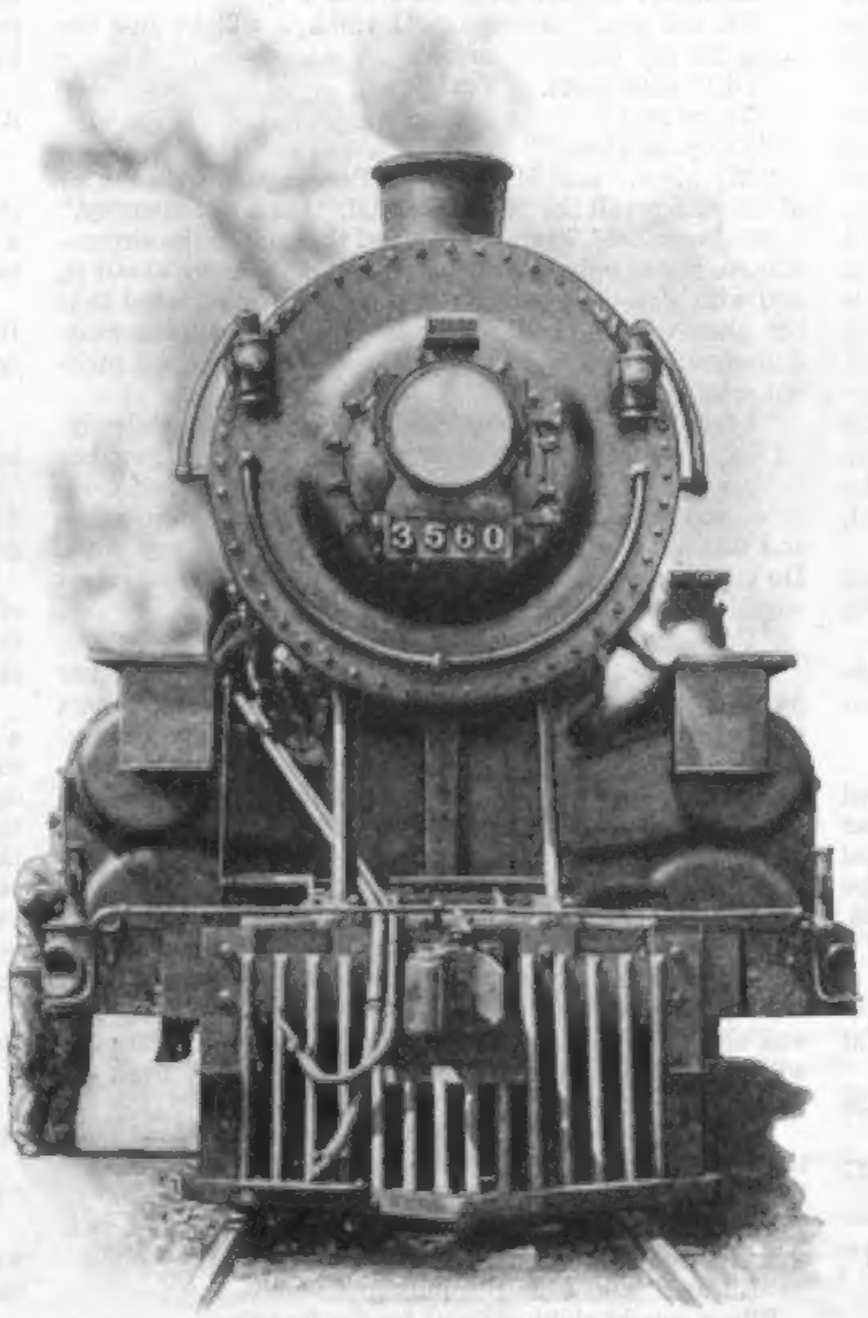
The most delicate question was the human one of the readjustment to a peace basis of labor conditions on the railways. This involved the handling of two million men, highly organized, and at that time quite generally restless and discontented.

### A Law Without Penalties

CONTRARY to the prevalent public understanding the wages of railway employes during the war did not increase by so great a ratio as did the compensation of labor in other industries. This was especially true of the more skilled classes of employes. The upward readjustment of railway wages had been promised for some time prior to the termination of Federal control. It is also pertinent to recall in this connection that the cost of living continued to mount after the end of government control, March 1, 1920, until the apex was reached June 1 of that year.

Though the railroad employes were dissatisfied at that time with their wages they were pleased, generally speaking, with the rules and working conditions that the Railroad Administration had conceded to them. On the other hand, the railway managements were correspondingly displeased with many of these new rules and working conditions, which they characterized as impracticable and uneconomic, and under which they declared successful and satisfactory operation to be impossible.

This condensed résumé of railway conditions, at the resumption of private operation, should serve to convince even the casual student of industrial problems that the situation contained sufficient inflammables for many gorgeous bonfires.




*Labor Conditions on the Railroads Remained Quiet Until the Spring of 1922*

It would not be out of place to mention just here that the very general demand for deflation that prevailed at that time usually took the form of insistence that the other fellow, as a guaranty of good faith, deflate first. That tendency was not lost sight of by wide-awake organized labor. By way of digression, this industrial game of "eeney-meeney-miney-moe" very speedily resulted in saying to farmer, "You are it," but the indications are that he will not bear this offensive, neutral designation very much longer.

To grapple with this railroad-labor situation the Transportation Act provided for the establishment of the Railroad Labor Board, to be composed of nine members—three representatives of the railroads, three of the employes and three of the public. Upon the desks in front of this board was immediately dumped practically every form of dispute that had ever arisen between railroads and their employes, affecting both the rules and wages of all classes of workers. No new tribunal ever began its existence with such a congested docket.

The labor article of the Transportation Act was a piece of pioneering legislation. Its main purpose was to prevent interruptions of traffic arising from railroad-labor controversies. The helpless public had been harassed by periodic strikes of railway employes for a generation past. These strikes had not been nation-wide, affecting all carriers and all sections of the country simultaneously, and comprehending all classes of railway employes. They had usually involved one class of employes at a time and one or a limited number of railroads. Nevertheless, they had cost the carriers, the employes and the general public directly hundreds of millions of dollars, and indirectly a great deal more.

Congress therefore reasoned that if such enormous losses had been sustained from strikes involving only a part of the roads, a fraction of the employes and a limited territory, and that in normal times and with labor organizations comparatively weak and incomplete, it would be the part of wisdom to try to avoid the catastrophe of strikes of national scope, carried on by railway employes fully organized, in the period of depression and readjustment inevitably sequent to the war.

The method devised by Congress and embraced in the Transportation Act for the adjustment of railroad-labor disputes was a strange combination of strength and weakness. It contained mandatory requirements that the carriers and the employes should endeavor, in conference, to settle all disputes, and failing to reach an agreement should submit the controversy to the Railroad Labor Board. It provided that the board should hear and decide all such disputes, but it did not provide any means or method for the enforcement of the board's decisions other than the right conferred upon the board to make public the fact that either party had violated a given decision.

Here was a new experiment in American legislation, a law without the sanction of a penalty, a tribunal required to pass upon questions involving hundreds of millions of dollars and the precious rights of millions of men, leaving to both parties absolute unfettered freedom to violate the final decision and to visit upon the whole nation the grievous results of such violation. It was expected that the board should make its decisions so obviously "just and reasonable" that they would be voluntarily accepted by both parties. It was apparently not in the contemplation of Congress that one or both of the parties themselves might occasionally become unjust and unreasonable. Not only was the board given no powers of compulsion but very properly it was not vested with powers of mediation. It can decide, but cannot compromise.

### Functions of the Board

AT A FIRST glance this plan would appear to the sophisticated judgment of any man on the street as a pipe dream. His knowledge of the proclivity of mankind to violate any and all laws, even at the peril of fine, imprisonment and the noose, would bring from him the quick opinion that the decisions of the Labor Board would be uniformly ignored by the loser and respected only by the winner.

There were, however, psychological and economic factors lying just underneath the surface of things that made this idea less fantastic than it was held to be by the casual appraisal of the sophisticated citizen aforesaid. One of these was the fact that such a board would afford both the carriers and the employes a battleground upon which to conduct their industrial struggles—in the vernacular, a place where they could get their troubles off their chests. Instead of being compelled to deadlock across a conference table and ultimately, in some instances, to fight out their differences in strikes and lockouts when they did not really want to fight, the labor board would furnish the disputants a decisive method for terminating controversies. The habit of acquiescing in the board's decision of questions of minor importance would naturally extend to the observance of the board's judgments in many cases of more vital concern, where otherwise strikes would have resulted. It will be remembered that in days gone by many strikes were justified by the assertion that there was no place to take the dispute and nothing to do but strike. It was also believed that both parties would often consider it of great financial advantage to escape the burdens and losses of a strike when it could be done honorably and where the matter at stake was not too great. In connection with the foregoing considerations it was always assumed that the labor board would be so fairly and impartially constituted as to command a reasonable degree of confidence from both sides. In addition to all these things there was ground for the belief that public opinion would, in fact, exert a powerful influence on both the carriers and the employes, as it would be a grave tactical blunder for either party to run counter to a positive and well-defined public sentiment.

It is safe to say, however, that though Congress felt that the force of public opinion would usually make effective the board's decisions, occasions would arise when self-interest would tempt both parties to rebel. This very natural and logical conclusion caused the Senate to incorporate in the bill as it passed that body a provision for the punishment of violations of the board's decisions by either the roads or the men.

There was a mild antistrike clause, forbidding the concerted walkout of the strike, but expressly recognizing the right of the individual to leave the service at any time. This provision was eliminated by the House in response to the vigorous insistence of the labor organizations. In fact, the railway employes strenuously resisted the enactment of the law even without the anti-strike provision, on the theory that its requirements measurably restricted their right to strike.

It must be said to the credit of the labor organizations that, notwithstanding their opposition to the passage of the Transportation Act, they immediately perfected their machinery for the submission of cases before the board,

and have continued to compile data and make most painstaking and elaborate presentation of their contentions.

During the two and one-half years that have elapsed since the Railroad Labor Board came into existence it has disposed of 8417 questions brought to it by the carriers and the employes. Of these, 7727 have been disputes formally docketed, heard and decided. Among them were the disputes comprised in three general readjustments of wages and the revision of rules, applicable to all the railroads and the various classes of the employes.

This great volume of work done by the board may prove its energy and industry, but the question of practical interest to the public is: To what extent has it accomplished the paramount purpose for which it was created—namely, the prevention of strikes that interrupt commerce?

Leaving out of consideration the so-called outlaw switchmen's strike which was under headway before the board was organized in April, 1920, two strike situations have so far confronted the board. In October, 1921, all the sixteen major railway-labor organizations, comprising the Train and Engine Men, the Switchmen, the six Shop Crafts, the Clerks, Telegraphers, Maintenance-of-Way employes and the smaller organizations, voted to strike in protest against the wage reduction of July first, previous. This threatened strike was averted by members of the board by the exercise of extra-official methods of conciliation at the last minute.

### *Carriers' Contract Shops*

AFTER this disturbance had cleared away, labor conditions on the railroads remained quiet until the spring of 1922. It will be observed that the board had functioned for more than two years without a strike of any magnitude.

Beginning May twenty-fifth a series of decisions reducing the wages of several classes of employes was issued, effective July first. Following these decisions the Federated Shop Crafts, the Maintenance-of-Way, the Stationary Firemen and Oilers, the Signalmen, and on some roads the Clerks, put out strike ballots. In all cases except that of the Shop Crafts the vote was taken on the one question of accepting the wage reduction. The shopmen submitted to a vote of their membership three distinct questions, namely:

The contracting of certain carriers' shops to be operated by so-called independent contractors;

The board's recent wage reduction;

Seven of the rules handed down by the board in the latter part of 1921 and accepted by the men under formal protest.

The system of contracting railroad shops had rapidly spread to a considerable number of carriers. With variations in detail it usually took the form of handing over to an outside contractor the shops of a road, with all their machinery, tools and equipment, with all necessary material and supplies for the shop work to be furnished by the carrier and with the agreement to pay the contractor a certain per cent of the amount of the pay roll as a consideration for his operation of the shops. Some of these contracts were made with men who had enjoyed little or no experience in shop work or with men who until quite recently had been employed as officials of the carriers. The carriers, of course, continued to maintain elaborate supervision of the work. The theory underlying this system was that the shopmen ceased to be employes of the carrier and became employes of the contractor, and were therefore no longer under the jurisdiction of the Labor Board. This legal metamorphosis left the men doing the same railroad work as before, but their wages and working rules were now arbitrarily fixed by the contractor. The rules and wages, which had cost their organizations years of effort and great financial expenditure to build up and establish and which had been sanctioned in their existing form by the Railroad Labor Board, were swept away by this feat of legerdemain. At the same time if these men were, in fact, removed from under the Transportation Act, where Congress had placed them, the public was deprived of whatever efficacy the act contained for the prevention of strikes, and by the extension of this practice all employes could be taken from under the jurisdiction of the board.

This situation was a very irritating one to the employes of this class, as well as to others to which it was applied. It originated in the desire of certain carriers to reduce wages more rapidly and to make more drastic changes in the rules than the board had deemed wise and proper. At the time the strike ballot was taken there were seventeen roads that had contracted all or a part of their shop work. Of course the roads strongly insisted on their legal right to enter into such contracts and pointed to the undisputed fact that this practice had obtained to some extent for many years prior to the enactment of the Transportation Act. This view, however, failed to take into account the important fact that a thing might have been perfectly permissible before the Transportation Act, but not afterwards.

The Labor Board in its decisions on these contract disputes held that the carriers might enter into such contracts if they desired, but that the contractor would be regarded by the board merely as an agent of the carrier, and the shopmen would still be employes of the carrier, subject to the provisions of the Transportation Act and the decisions of the board.

When the strike vote had been taken the board, following a precedent set in the case of the train and engine service organizations last fall, cited the carriers and the organizations of employes about to strike to appear before it June thirtieth. In form this citation was for the purpose of conducting the statutory inquiry as to whether the board's decisions had been violated, but in fact it was mainly for the purpose of bringing all parties face to face before the board in a final effort to find means of averting the strike.

Just as the board was convening it received a letter from the head of the Shop Crafts, declining to appear. The president of the Stationary Firemen and Oilers pursued the same course. Subpœnas were issued for both, but the president of the Shop Crafts could not be found. He assigned as the reason for his absence the fact that the strike order was being sent out, and that his attendance would create uncertainty and confusion among the shopmen, which might result in disorder.

### *Attempts to Get Together*

AS THE hearing progressed the railway executives whose roads had been contracting shop work were called upon to declare their purpose as to the observance of the board's decisions in the contract cases, and all but two of them agreed to abandon the contracts and conform to the decisions of the board. This unquestionably helped to clear the atmosphere.

The representatives of the Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Employes and of the Signalmen attended the hearing. The examination of the respective heads of these organizations created a somewhat better feeling, and a few days later the president of the Maintenance-of-Way Brotherhood and his committee met members of the board, and after a very full discussion of their troubles and grievances the organization decided to remain within the limits of the law and to resubmit the question of wages and of certain rules to the board.

Soon afterward the president and the committee of the Signalmen held a similar meeting and discussion with members of the board and announced their adoption of the same policy.

On July first, the day following the strike hearing, the strike order became effective and the shopmen struck on all the two hundred and one Class I railroads in the United States.

When the strike was less than two weeks old the leaders of the six Shop Crafts signified to the chairman of the Labor Board, after several conciliatory conferences, their willingness to have the men return to work and to ask for a rehearing by the Labor Board of the wage and rule decisions against which they had struck, but this offer was conditioned on the reinstatement of the strikers with their seniority rights unimpaired. This condition was rejected

*(Continued on Page 104)*

*"The Life Line of New York." An Aërial View of West 33d Street Railroad Yard, on Bank of the Hudson River. These are the Only Freight Tracks That Enter the Island of Manhattan*

PHOTO. FROM PITT P. MANO, NEW YORK CITY

# THE AX

## By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Why, Jodie, I've Already Made the Deal!" He Declared

IT WAS about seven o'clock in the evening of a cold, rainy night in November, and the big stove in Will Bissell's store had been stoked up to counteract the chill outside. The mail was late, delayed by the slippery roads; but there were already half a dozen men in the store. Jodie Marshman, who farmed his father's old place up on the Ridge, had come in a few minutes before, after fastening his horse to the rail outside. He was a small man who gave an impression of futility. The Marshmans, Fraternity said, never amounted to much. His boy Joe, though only fourteen years old, was almost as big as he.

Then Lute Jeffers, whose farm was nearest Jodie's and who had married Annie Marshman, blustered in, his big voice roaring boisterously. After he had bought tobacco and a paper he called to Will Bissell in his office in the rear of the store, "Hey, Will, what'll you give me for them hens?"

The effect of these words was abrupt and startling. Without any warning at all little Jodie Marshman leaped at the big man and began to beat at him with harmless fists.

The incident, though it seemed to spring out of nothing, had roots that went back a dozen years; back to the time when Lute Jeffers came home to Fraternity after seeing too much of the side of the world which is not worth seeing at all. He had gone fishing on the Banks; he had worked in the big woods; he had drifted clear across to the Pacific Coast and back again; and he came home with clothes to cover him, and nothing more.

His father's farm was on that part of the Ridge where the ledge comes very near the surface. The soil was thin, scarce worth the tillage. Yet in even the meanest soil seeds will fructify; and so on this farm hay would grow, and beets and turnips and potatoes and squashes. And there were a score or so of apple trees. Lute found that a living came easily. When his father died he was content to stay on the farm and take the meager fare the barren acres provided. Annie Marshman lived only a little way along the road, and soon after his father's funeral she found herself marrying him. He was so big, talked so loud, was so sure of himself; it was not easy to say no to the man. Her brother Jodie was miserable about it at the time; but there seemed to be nothing he could do. Futility fitted him like a garment.

Lute at first liked having Annie to talk to; he was a man who took pleasure in the music of his own voice. His own words gave him intense amusement, so that he was forever laughing. In the same way the ingenuities which he presently began to devise to torment Annie tickled him mightily. It is hardly accurate to say that he was cruel to her; certainly he never hurt her physically. For all his bulk and strength, he was not a violent man. But he took delight in thwarting his wife in small matters. She was a shrinking and timorous thing, yet a spark burned in her, drove her to fight back, made her forever strive to have some few small matters as she wished them to be. She liked to wash the dishes as soon as they were through supper; and Lute in the early weeks of their marriage discovered this, and used to make her sit across his lap and submit to his clumsy love-making till the thought of the soiled dishes in the sink made her quiver with shame.

She sold butter and with the money, painfully accumulated, bought a sewing machine. Lute one day took it to pieces to see how it worked, and lost a vital part. She made jelly and set the glasses of warm liquid along the table top to cool; Lute stumbled against the table and overturned the fruits of a hot day's toil. She made a little flower bed by the corner of the house; and Lute, driving the cart around into the orchard, allowed the heavy wheels to crush the flowers. It would be possible to enumerate a thousand instances. They may have been sometimes accidental, but certainly they were at times deliberate. He found, it seemed, a strange delight in thwarting the little projects that she treasured so—not a likable man.

Came now this small matter of the hens. It was known that she had bought two settings of eggs from Will Belter in the spring. No doubt she planned that great things were to come from this enterprise in poultry, and when Lute proposed to sell the hens it must have seemed like tragedy to her. Doubtless the issue had been debated between her and Lute in Jodie's hearing, so that the circumstances were rankling in the little man. So now when Lute proposed to Will Bissell to buy the hens, Jodie, who loved his sister dearly, was at last driven from passive futility into the greater futility of physical attack on a man full twice his size. Thus originated the incident in Will's store.

For the rest, there is not much to tell. Jodie pounded at Lute in an awkward way, tears of anger on his cheeks; and Lute swept the little man's two wrists into his own left hand and laughed jocosely, and jocosely cried aloud, "Why, Jodie boy! Ain't you the little terrier? What's the matter with you anyhow?"

Then he cuffed Jodie lightly across the cheeks, right and left; and he set his big palm against Jodie's face and shoved so that the little man staggered backward on his heels till his legs struck the edge of a box beyond the stove and he collapsed into it in ignominy, while Lute rocked delightedly and laughed aloud.

The incident was not altogether over. It happened that the box into which Jodie had fallen contained ax helves, and the little man came up with one of these in his hand.

He screamed at Lute "I'll split your head!" and raged across the store. Lute caught the descending ax helve in his left hand and struck with his right, this time more seriously; and this time Jodie did not rise. Lute chuckled again, watching the little figure crumpled on the floor.

"He's a game rooster, what?" he challenged, looking from man to man about the store for their approval. It had never occurred to Lute that men did not like him, and he scarce remarked, now, that no one stirred or spoke. "I bet he was really going to hit me with that if I'd let him," he said argumentatively. "I honestly think he would."

Jim Saladine moved to where Jodie lay and knelt beside him and turned him over, and Jodie gasped chokingly.

Jim said over his shoulder to Will Bissell, "Want to fetch a little water, Will?"

"He's coming to," Lute protested. "I never hit him very hard."

Jim Saladine said mildly, "Why don't you go along home, Lute? No use of fretting him more."

The silence of the others had begun to make itself felt; Lute was vaguely uneasy.

"Why, all right," he agreed. "I don't hold any grudge against Jodie, boys." He looked around for approval. "He's all right. I don't hold any grudge."

No one made any comment, so he took his purchases and departed. By that time Will had brought water, and between them he and Jim brought Jodie back to consciousness again. When Jodie was able to sit up he still wept with rage, and Jim Saladine comforted him with slow words.

"Don't fret yourself, Jodie," he urged.

"Where's he at?" Jodie demanded. "Where's he at?"

"Lay still till I get this here blood out o' your eye," Jim advised. "He's gone along."

"Them's Annie's hens," Jodie cried in trembling tones. "He ain't a-going to sell 'em. They're hern. She wants to keep 'em. He ain't a-going to sell them hens."

Will Bissell reassured him.

"I don't aim to buy them off him, Jodie," he declared.

"He ain't a-going to sell 'em," Jodie repeated monotonously. His tone was that of a man with a fixed idea.

Yet Lute did sell the hens. The purchaser was an itinerant vender of butchers' wares who sometimes drove up the Ridge from Camden, buying or selling as his customers proposed. It was a few days later. Chet McAusland had come up from his farm nearer the village to help Jodie haul wood from the hardwood growth down the slope of the Ridge; and he and Jodie, passing the Jeffers farm, saw Lute dickering with the butcher in the yard. Jodie, who was driving, stopped the horse and clambered down; and Chet followed him into the farmyard.

Jodie gripped Lute by the elbow and cried, "Lute, don't you go to sell them hens to him!"

Lute laughed down at the little man.

"Why, Jodie, I've already made the deal!" he declared.

Jodie appealed to the butcher.

"They ain't his to sell," he protested. "They belong to her."

Lute grinned at the purchaser.

"He means my wife," he explained. "But she's figured out we'll make money by selling. Costs to feed hens through the winter."

Jodie cried, "She ain't! She wouldn't!" He almost ran toward the house, calling to his sister. "Annie, Lute's selling your hens! Lute's selling them hens!"

She did not answer him, and he burst through the kitchen into her bedroom and found her there. His sister—they were singularly alike, these two—was sitting in a little rocking-chair by the window, rocking idly, her hands limp in her lap. She looked up at him with mild eyes when he came through the doorway.

"Lute's going to sell your hens!" he cried. Annie said nothing. "You ain't a-going to let him, after you've tended 'em so?" he urged.

"He argued me into it," Annie then told him. Her tone was mild and uncomplaining. "Lute kind of argued me into it, Jodie."

The little man stared at her, and his eyes filled with tears, overflowing with a great compassion.

"Aw, Annie!" he begged. "Aw, Annie!"

"He kind of talked me into it," she explained apologetically. "I got sort of tired fighting him, Jodie."

The little man trembled; trembled into rigidity. His hands fumbled at his coat and his eyes began to burn, and

suddenly his right hand tore away an upper button with a fierce, unconscious gesture. Annie said to him disapprovingly, "You've gone and tore your coat, Jodie."

Jodie's voice was dry and grating.

"He ain't a-going to sell them hens," he vowed in a tone little more than a whisper, and he turned and flung out through the kitchen into the yard. But he had been indoors longer than he thought. Lute and the butcher had expeditiously thrust the hens into the butcher's crate. The man had already driven away; the hens were gone. Lute and Chet McAusland were standing together, watching the cart disappear down the Ridge road.

Jodie went across to them slowly, and when he came to where they stood, he said, "Lute, I told you not to sell them hens."

Lute threw back his big head and roared with mirth.

"You make a lot of fuss over hens, Jodie!"

"I told you," said Jodie stubbornly. "I told you in time enough."

Lute winked ponderously at Chet.

"Why, now, Jodie, I didn't rightly hear you," he mocked. "You don't mean to say you didn't want me to sell them hens!"

The little man's mouth was working. Sounds came from him; sounds that were not words at all. This seemed to Lute enormously funny. He roared aloud, his enormous mirth booming through the still air. He clapped Chet across the shoulder and he laughed aloud.

Jodie went out to the cart like a man half asleep and climbed in, and Chet followed him soberly enough. It had not seemed amusing to Chet McAusland. He was a man of feeling and heart. On the seat beside Jodie, he was silent for a little while. When they had almost reached Jodie's house he said slowly, "I tried to get him to wait till you come out, Jodie. He hadn't ought to have closed that deal till you come outside."

Jodie muttered fixedly, like a man in a dream, "I told him not to sell them hens."

This had happened in midmorning. An hour or so later it began to rain, and Chet and Jodie gave over their work for the day and Chet drove back down the hill to his farm. Passing Lute's, he saw the big man in the woodshed door. Lute called jocosely, "Jodie got his mind off the hens?"

Chet made no reply; no adequate rejoinder occurred to him. He went on down the hill.

Lute was splitting up firewood for the stove. This is a task usually kept for rainy days, because it may be done under cover. Lute had hauled in during the summer some hardwood chunks which he had sawed out of a lightning-blasted oak down in his woods. They were tough and the labor of splitting them was long. His woodshed—such structures are a part of the architecture of Fraternity—connected house and barn, and at the rear end there was an open shed where he was accustomed, in the local phrase, to manufacture the large chunks into firewood. This shed faced a steep little gully, overgrown with bushes at the bottom. There was no sill; the whole end was open. On rainy wash days Annie sometimes hung her clothes here to dry; and there was a clothesline across the open end of the shed, a little higher than a man's head from the ground. The oak chunks were piled disorderly at one side; Lute's chopping block was between them and the door of the inner shed. Against one wall were thrown farming tools of one kind and another, here protected from the weather. All the accumulated junk of years was littered in an inner corner. The floor about the chopping block was thick with chips and splinters and sawdust; but nearer the open end of the shed the soft damp earth was bare.

A little while after the rain began, when it was still some time before noon, the sky became blackly overcast as it sometimes will before a thunder shower. The light failed so that Lute had difficulty in seeing where to strike, where he stood in the dim interior of the shed. Once he was near missing the stroke altogether. The double-bitted ax turned in his hand and buried itself in the chopping block.

He cursed at the perversity of the inanimate thing, and dropped it and dragged the chopping block across the shed to the open end where the light was better; returned to the pile of chunks and carried one and set it upright on the block, ready for the stroke of his ax; then brought the ax.

He had set the chopping block near the open end of the shed, and when he prepared to strike his back was toward this opening. He had no warning that there was anyone behind him. He swung the ax back sidewise and started to lift it above his shoulder. Its speed increased as the head of the ax reached the top of the stroke. Then, not so quickly but that he had time for an instant of bewildered wonder, the stout handle of the ax was torn from his grasp. Instantly thereafter it seemed as though the universe was cleft in twain. He knew a moment of red, fantastic brightness—and then dark. He collapsed, his big body crumpled in upon itself; he lay in a heap; what remained of him was now only vaguely like a man.

The rain continued to fall in a sluicing downpour. It pelted the cold earth and collected itself into little trickling rivulets, which in turn united and united till every depression became a small pool of water and every ditch and gutter was a muddy torrent. The sound of this rain, like a cold hissing, dulled the edge of every other sound; the sky was darker. In some houses in Fraternity lamps were lit at noon that day.

Jim and Bert Saladine came driving along the Ridge road toward the village. They were in a single-seated buggy without a top. Bert wore a yellow oilskin coat and a yellow hat; Jim's coat was a mackinaw, his hat of felt. An old horse blanket protected their knees; and in it puddles of water collected so that they stirred their legs to and fro in order to let the water escape. The bay horse was so wet he seemed almost black. Only under his belly and down the back of his legs was his original color still visible. He moved at a gait between a walk and a trot, and his broad hoofs plunged in the liquid clay of the roadway sending out umbrella-shaped splashes of yellow water. As they passed the Marshman farm Jim caught a moment's glimpse of Jodie at the kitchen window, peering out with something that suggested stealth in the tilt of his small head. A hundred yards farther on, toward Lute Jeffers' farm, they perceived the figure of a woman approaching them. She seemed unable to lift her feet, which dragged through the mud, and her skirts were yellow to the knees. There was a ragged shawl about her head, which she clutched together at the throat. Desperate and terrified haste was in all her bearing. They saw that this woman was Annie Jeffers, who had been Annie Marshman. That she should meet them seemed a surprise to her. She stopped still in the road before the horse's head, and the wise beast looked at her with ears bent forward and came to rest. Jim Saladine also looked at her, without speech.

Bert asked, "What you doing out in this, Annie?"

She nodded as though in affirmation.

"Lute's gone and got killed," she replied in a dull voice. "Yes, he's got killed."

Jim Saladine's eyes became more intent; Bert burst into many questions.

The woman repeated again, "Killed." Then, as though remembering, she cried, "I was going after Jodie."

She circled them as though afraid they would stop her; and without looking back she plodded on up the road through the mud, her figure already obscured by the sluicing curtain of rain. Without command, the horse moved on; and when they came to the farmhouse Jim turned the beast into the farmyard and alighted. He descended from the buggy carefully and slowly; Bert vaulted over the wheel. This was typical of the difference between the two brothers. The horse could be trusted to stand. They turned toward the house.

The kitchen door was open, and Jim, after a moment's hesitation, went inside, Bert crowding after him. They found nothing, came out again, and Bert started toward the barn, while Jim went through the woodshed.

"Here he is!" Jim called.

Bert came back from the barn. The moment silenced him. Jim had crossed steadily enough to where the dead man lay; a glance assured him that Lute was indeed dead. He squatted on his heels and looked around, studying each object that was near.

Bert, staring over his brother's shoulder, whispered, "Dead, is he?" Jim nodded. "Somebody hit him with an ax!"

(Continued on Page 169)

*Desperate and Terrified Haste Was in All Her Bearing*

# THE ROUGH STUFF

## By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

AT THE wide stone steps of Mrs. Leonard's town house Johnnie Frean descended from his limousine, commanded the chauffeur with a gesture of a left hand which flashed a big diamond, turned his stalwart thickset figure and contemplated the ensemble of the place a little with the air of one who comes to take possession. It was a mansion of the Early Victorian period, with high solid pillars, high hospitable French windows, a high peaked roof. Around it spread broad grounds floored with velvety lawns, bordered with formal gardens; across it sweeping elms threw dappled shade. Patently, wealth and taste had built it, and ever since wealth and taste had guarded and tended their work.

Mrs. Leonard, her figure in the simple gray gown as straight and slim as the Whistler behind her, woke suddenly to action as Johnnie Frean made this survey, and retreated hastily from the window. She had been gazing idly out upon the garden when the limousine curved up the driveway, and had paid it only cursory attention—until Johnnie Frean descended. Even that, for a moment, had given her no shock of surprise. It had seemed at first the most natural thing in the world for Johnnie Frean to appear in the flesh, since all that morning he had held center stage in her thoughts. He played there a curious dual rôle—at moments decidedly comic, at bottom perhaps tragic.

She had met him three times now. Of these meetings, however, only the first had afforded her any real appraisal of the man. A month after she returned from Europe, driven by a sudden panicky fear of that footless expatriation which seems the ultimate destiny of a rich American widow abroad, she had determined to play some definite part in the life of Chichester, and had joined the Union of Woman Citizens. In old-fashioned masculine politics social position is worth as much as Russian money; it goes differently with the newly enfranchised women. At once she was thrust into that position which Chichester believed the due of one who had been born a Blakesley and had married a Leonard.

A fortnight later she found herself sitting with her committee in the anteroom of Johnnie Frean—Boss Frean. It was a mere question of getting the tramway company to furnish better accommodations in rush hours; but this, like every political trail in Chichester, ran directly to Johnnie Frean's door. A political boss! She felt while she waited as though she were going to the circus to see the gorilla.

Within ten minutes after his solid figure appeared at the door with a "What can I do for you, ladies?" she found herself liking him, as though one should discover that the gorilla was unexpectedly gentle and human. She classified his smile, on first sight, as rowdy; it parted his lips a little too widely, giving full view of his white, well-kept but somewhat stubby teeth. Yet she forgot that after he flashed it a second time. His hands, with that build, should have been pudgy; but as he sat working a paper knife back and forth over his desk blotter they showed ridges and ripples of flexible muscle. His face was—yes, hard—but it was the hardness of a battleship, as though armored for fighting. His straight mouse-brown hair, graying a little at the temples, was still as thick as a boy's. He spoke in quick, flashing, epigrammatic sentences, which went straight to the heart of things. Somehow, as she pictured him while she waited, she had expected his voice to be hoarse and harsh and loud. As a matter of fact, it was one of his most agreeable traits. At moments it had the rich overtones of a violin.

He seemed very favorable, Mrs. Leonard thought, toward the proposals of her committee. Indeed, she came away with the feeling that she had won, and rather easily at that. It was Mrs. Beecher, more experienced in the politics of Chichester, who pulled her back to earth. "Not a thing, as usual!" said Mrs. Beecher. "Not even promises, really. You notice that he never once committed himself."

"You know, I expected a cave man," said Mrs. Leonard, apropos of nothing, "but really he's not without his charm."

"Oh, anyone in politics has to be likable," replied Mrs. Beecher. "It's the first qualification. Inside, I suspect ——" Mrs. Beecher stopped with a shudder. Those who called themselves the best people of Chichester had for twenty years affected that same shudder at the mention of Johnnie Frean.

Twice again she had met him; once at a meeting of the board of aldermen, once at a special hearing of the health commission. Both times his straight-glancing blue eye had seemed to mark her across the room; and before the session adjourned he had drifted to her side for a brief talk on the franchise business. Instructed now by the wisdom of Mrs. Beecher, she had noted that his pleasant and encouraging remarks on the subject were entirely noncommittal.

*Ellen Frean Looked Long, the Eager Eyes of Youth Still Shining at This New and Delightful Experience*

Then the spirit if not the actuality of Johnnie Frean had entered her life, somewhat perturbingly, by a side door. The Day Street Terminal question, after years of abeyance, was up again. Much of the Blakesley part of her fortune was invested in the Day Street region—middle-class brick residences. Her interests therein, managed conservatively by her attorney, Frank Allen, returned her an income as stable as though its genesis were government bonds. Of late, Chichester had taken one of those inexplicable twists in growth common to American cities. Business was reaching out toward the Day Street district. Values had begun to rise. And then came the recrudescence of that proposal to condemn the better part of this area for a railroad terminal. Frank Allen, during forty years attorney for both the Leonards and the Blakesleys, had laid before her with his clear logic all the pros and cons.

"It will be appraised below its real value, of course," he said. "It wouldn't if the right people owned the Day Street region. But we're not the right people—for that. If it's left alone, I look for a 50 per cent increase in land value during the next five years; perhaps 100 per cent later. It isn't the logical place for a railroad terminal any more, at that. It was twenty years ago, when the proposal first came up, but now the proper place is the Bottoms. I admit I'm puzzled."

"What's the difference to me if it is condemned?" asked Mrs. Leonard directly.

Frank Allen ciphered for a moment.

"Between what you'll probably get and what you might get ten years from now," he said—"say, four hundred thousand!"

Mrs. Leonard gasped, thought a moment, then recovered her balance.

"But, after all," she said, "that's mostly a speculative loss, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Allen, "but there will be some actual loss too."

"And what is there to do?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

Allen did not answer directly.

"This is a curious town," he said. "Progressive even to the danger point on some things—fifty years behind the times on others. They say the personal boss is dead in most cities. But we—it's the same old story. Johnnie Frean. If he wants the railroad terminal at Day Street, and wants it hard enough—Day Street it will be."

Mrs. Leonard paused a moment before she found expression for the thought which had been troubling her mind. In the end she put it bluntly.

"It's a question of giving him money, then? I shouldn't like—I wouldn't ——"

"Now, my dear Anne," interrupted Allen, "you needn't let that disturb you. Johnnie Frean doesn't take money, at least not over the counter in that way. Perhaps that's the reason why he has lasted so long. He has not been too greedy, like the rest—for example, this bootlegging business. He's one of the few politicians of his class who aren't getting rich out of the graft from liquor importations. Marvin Quirk now—he's supposed to have made three-quarters of a million speculating in automobile stock during the past two years. He's made it, really, protecting the line of traffic from the border to the cities farther south——"

"Marvin Quirk?" interrupted Mrs. Leonard.

"I forgot that you're out of touch with Who's Who in America," smiled Allen, "though indeed he doesn't figure in Who's Who. He doesn't figure in anything that appears on the surface. Well, Marvin Quirk is the real moving spirit of the State Central Committee. Now Chichester's on the route. This might be a transfer point, yielding Johnnie Frean a dime from every dollar the bootleggers pay over in graft. But he won't touch it. The booze never enters the city limits. It takes a detour down the Bordwell road across the lake. And Johnnie, they tell me, has held things this way against a good deal of pressure, both from above and below."

"What's his object—not temperance principles?" inquired Mrs. Leonard.

Frank Allen laughed.

"No, not that, of course. One of his long games. I'll know some day. Probably he has your interests in the Day Street section figured down to a penny. There's little about Chichester Johnnie Frean doesn't know. He has an intelligence department like an army. The head, they say, is Mike Ward, his chauffeur. You've noticed him. He never wears a livery. The boss can sport a limousine, but

not the garb of servitude!" He paused, turned his lean, shrewd, thoughtful old face toward the window for a moment, then turned it back on Mrs. Leonard.

"Of course, we can fight him—or make a bluff at fighting," he said "Elections are coming in the fall. This town hasn't had a reform, down-the-bosses, goo-goo campaign since the women got the vote. They've a way of upsetting things—Johnnie knows that. You've told me you came back with an idea of doing something for Chichester. Now with your standing and charm—yes, and your ability, too, Anne; you have that if you care enough to use it—you yourself might start something."

"Has it occurred to you," smiled Mrs. Leonard, "what a lily-white reformer I'd be if I started a campaign just to save my own miserable dollars?" She grew now for an instant serious. "I'm sure, Frank, that in the days when I was your ward you wouldn't have put such a proposal, really. Is it long contact with the law?" She smiled again.

"Call it contact with actualities in a boss-ridden town—benevolently ridden, to do Mr. Frean justice, but bitted, saddled and tamed just the same," he said. But the lips under his white mustache trembled a little, and Mrs. Leonard even fancied that the ashen-gray of his complexion took on a reddish tint.

And she softened the blow with "Of course I know that business is business and politics is politics. And perhaps I shouldn't be half so finicky if it were a matter of life or death, a choice between comfort and poverty. But it isn't. Even if they condemn Day Street there's enough left. Since Walter and Elsie died, who is there besides myself that I want money for? I'm afraid that I've come to consider myself a poor, feckless thing. That's why I'm back, really."

"Anne," said Frank Allen, jumping rapidly, and for him illogically, from business to the affections, "you really ought to marry again."

Mrs. Leonard smiled her golden smile.

"I'll not pose to you and say that I cannot forget Walter," she said. "Though I suppose I loved him as much as most wives, and missed him as much as most widows. And I'll not pretend to be modest and say I haven't had my chances. I came near being the chatelaine of an old castle in Gascony. Probably I should have been if the war had lasted longer."

"War madness?" inquired Frank Allen.

"No," replied Mrs. Leonard, "I saw him out of his uniform just in time. Of course I always understood that he was making love with one eye on my fortune. But he did it so convincingly that I was ready to reward his perfect art in spite of all that—until he went into civilian clothes as aforesaid. Then again I might have financed a campaign to get into French society. He had one foot in and needed money—an American of course. And he was really charming. But"—Mrs. Leonard made an outward gesture with one of her slim, capable-looking hands—"it was my sense of humor, I suppose. Or have I a sense of humor, Frank? I've noticed that the people who talk most about having it are the ones who lack it completely. Anyway, the thought of our raptures when the stuffy old Duchesse d'Usines invited us to drink abominable tea behind a smelly old wall in the Faubourg St.-Germain—well, it was to laugh. There were others, too—while I'm boasting."

Frank Allen looked her over; and when he spoke it was with the air of one who deals not in compliments but in appraisal.

"It's rather odd," he said. "You like men ——"

"Adore them," interrupted Mrs. Leonard.

"And men like you. And you're beautiful. You weren't really beautiful when you were snapped up at twenty-five. Now at ——"

"Forty-seven," interrupted Mrs. Leonard. "No secrets from one's lawyers. Yes, I've heard all that before. I was too lean for a period when fat was beauty. Now the thinner the prettier. The times have caught up with me—too late. Besides, my eyebrows were light, and no lady of the Blakesleys ever used cosmetics in those days. They're light yet, under their camouflage."

Abruptly again Frank Allen leaped back to business.

"You'd better give me a week more," he said. "The city council can't act, anyway, until next month. And I want to find what's back of all this. There are wheels within wheels wherever Johnnie Frean works."

So they had left it. That was two days ago. At intervals since, she had realized that she was taking the loss on the Day Street property more seriously than she had assumed to do in the presence of Frank Allen. And now Johnnie Frean, nucleus of her perplexities, was dismounting at her front steps. For what purpose? Perhaps, in spite of all Frank Allen said, he was going to demand a bribe. Mrs. Leonard found herself thrilling to that adventure a little as she had thrilled when she awaited her first proposal. She laughed to herself as she realized that her figure was settling into the same pose which she had adopted then—her slender, high-arched feet lightly crossed, her right arm lying along the back of the sofa, her left hand toying with her beads.

In her three meetings with Johnnie Frean she had never seen him cross a room before. In spite of his comfortable bulk he moved as lightly as thistledown. She remembered, then, something she had heard to the effect that he had been a boxer in his youth—"a prize fighter" was the way gossip put it. He advanced until he towered over her. She did not offer to rise or to put out her hand; but she liked the manner in which he took this implied rebuff. His "Good afternoon, Mrs. Leonard" was perfectly friendly, cordial, easy. In decency she could do nothing but reply in kind, ask him to have a seat. He sat down as lightly as he walked, and bent on her the direct gaze of his full blue eyes. Hard eyes they were—or was it power?

Eagerness, a thrilled eagerness to jump at once into the center of the situation, rather than the insolence, it seemed, prompted Mrs. Leonard's first remark:

"Well, Mr. Frean, I suppose you've come to see me about that Day Street Terminal?"

The moment this came out she felt she was treating him like a tradesman who had called about a bill, which was not

(Continued on Page 145)

His Dim Bulk in the Moonlight Halted, and His Electric Torch Flashed Full Upon Her

# Making the World Safe for Junior

## By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

*With Which Few Remarks, Made in a Voice Which Had All the Sweetness of a Poisoned Pup, the Dear Old Thing Pulled Out Her Lorgnette and Made Sure I Was Really There*

IT'S a mighty lucky thing that about the time the average married couple has run out of personal things to quarrel over they generally have got a young one to furnish new grounds for dispute. Believe me, a man and wife can always get a fresh start over how will they raise it, and what line of business it is to go into twenty years from then, and so forth.

Of course the chances is that after a time lapse of twenty annums, why the kid will fool the both of them. But if in the end he comes home one day and says well mommer congratulate me I got a job in a pickle factory, pickles is my true life work, at any rate the parents will of in the meantime had many a otherwise dull evening brightened up by a snappy dispute over shall he be a famous senator or will we let him go directly into the gas company? And I, Marie La Tour, myself, and Jim, my husband, was as bad about this as any ordinary father and mother.

Of course we did agree on one main point about Junior, and that is, he should go into the pictures the same as us. What with the great talent I have undoubtedly got, and with a father like Jim who really ain't such a bad actor when the right director is working him, why we realized Junior ought to go over big, and put Jackie Coogan out of business with his first release. We was also agreed to slam him right into the pictures before he got big enough to spring any nonsense about ideas of his own. Although if we had really meant to put this one over, why we should of loaned him to Ruby Roselle to use as the poor little unwelcome stranger in her super-feature Lost Mothers when he was a week old, like she asked us to and I indignantly refused. But unfortunately we waited pretty near six years before casting him, and any parent will readily admit that in six years a kid can pick up a lot of ideas, and where he picks up the kind of ideas that he does, heaven knows!

But you must not think I and Jim agreed completely on this, or any subject, because we are only human even after me winning the fillum-favorite contest, at one dime per vote and positively not spending a nickel to do so. Well anyways, while I and Jim both wanted Junior to be a picture actor we just naturally could not get together on the type of picture he ought to make. I was all for Little Lord Fauntleroy on account I think he's just the type, even though I got strength of mind enough to keep him in overalls most of the time because of his red head and freckles.

Also the muscles on him for his size is extraordinary, and ma claims he gets all these superfeatures from my pa, who was the best-known Irish trapeze artist in the Amazon Bros. Circus before he missed the life net.

But far from wanting Junior to pull a Fauntleroy, Jim had got an idea to have the kid make some straight Western stuff, especially if he could get the screen rights to the works of Jim's favorite author, some soldier by the name of Cap. Collier. He claimed Junior had ought to make his first release a scenario by a well-known standard author, and had even went so far as to write the manufacturers of them books to know how much they wanted for world screen rights, including the Yiddish.

"James Smith!" I says. "If you take my only child and put him in a rough picture you will not alone break my heart, Gorgeous, but you will be a dumb-bell besides, on account Western stuff is dead, and the child will start off with a jinx that will have to be states-righted to pay the production costs!"

Of course that was about as big a insult as I could think of offhand, but Jim come right back at me.

"Well, if you think my son is going to be screened in any velvet pants you can just think again," says he. "That is, if you are capable. I'm going to make a man of him if I have to use a hundred thousand feet of fillum doing it!"

"Well, say listen, Gorgeous, I won't stand for my child being made out any roughneck, and that's all there is to it!" I says.

"And I will not have my son made into any milksap!" says Jim all excited.

And so, seeing that we couldn't come any nearer to a agreement, why we let the matter drop so hard that at the time it seemed completely smashed. Apparently Junior wasn't due to come under the child-labor laws for a while yet, and in the meanwhile we moved out to our new country home.

This moving occurred principally on account of Junior. When we first got Junior we used to pull a lot of lines about if the city was good enough for us why it was good enough for him, and so forth. But when he commenced running around, why I begun rather reluctantly to realize that a N. Y. apartment is a poor running ground, and this, combined with a few other things, made us become what we had for years laughed at in others—suburbanites.

The other causes, which you might call contributary causes because I had to contribute towards them out of my salary, was a box of tools I give Junior for his sixth birthday, a large party we give Rosco, our publicity man, on account he had just got married and we wanted he should have one last good time, and a morning newspaper towards which I contributed three cents so's I could read about this English woman, Mrs. Pugh. Anyways, all of these was a part of the reason why we bought this magnificent estate on Long Island and learned to refer to it as our little place in the country.

Well, about that set of tools. I was fool enough to ask Junior in advance what did he want for his birthday present instead of merely giving him something harmless like a rubber rabbit. But no, even after living six years with that young one, I had to go and inquire what did he want, and tools was it. I suggested a nice velvet horsey instead, but nothing doing. Tools was on his mind, so I had to give in and promise.

"Well," says Jim when I told him, "I think it is a crazy thing to give a child his age and you will be sorry. He is too young yet for them."

"Nonsense," says I. "Leave him have them. I want he should express himself. Let him learn from experience, if carefully watched!"

"Watched my eye!" says Jim, with a snort. "You wait until he starts raising hell with them tools and I will give him a good licking!"

"You will do no such thing!" I says furious. "Nobody licks kids any more. That stuff is ob—ob—well, out of date! And no child of mine is ever going to be struck. No sir, you should merely divert their mind to something else when they are bad. That's the modern dope, Jim, and my kid is to be brought up by it."

Then I grabbed my hat and pocketbook and went out, on account the next day was Junior's birthday, and I had to get my shopping done early because of this party I am telling you about, which was to be this evening and it was already four P. M. and dinner was at seven.

And while I bought this set of tools, see, in order Junior should self-express himself and ect, still my mother heart weakened when I looked at them sharp things, and feeling that I would like him to leave enough of himself to be recognizable, why I picked out a little set which the girl told me it was practically useless, with a saw that had no more teeth to it than a young kitten, and a hammer that you wouldn't think could drive a tack. And taking the set home with me in the car, I got ready for the evening.

Now I knew Rosco, my chief guest. He had been publicity man for Jim and me ever since before we was in pictures, and I was well-acquainted with his taste, and took a chance he had married in character. Anyways, we was to dine at the Le Papplion, see Al Bark's new show Three Beds in a Room, and go on to the South Sea Night's Café for supper, where Ruby Roselle was doing a South Sea shimmy in the cabaret but without the garment itself, or so she was advertised.

Well, the party included Al Goldringer, my producer, Maison Rosabelle, the dressmaker, and her lap husband, beside Jim and the bride and groom. And ordinarily I would of thought it a pretty good evening, my own self, or at least raised no objections, because as a general thing highbrow shows give me a pain in the neck, and while I personally myself always had sense enough to see that beds did not constitute the whole of drama, why I would merely shrug my shoulders at them and say, with the poet, well this is life!

But going out and buying toys for my kid was no kind of preliminary bout for a big evening. Somehow it set me off and got me terrible critical of my own party.

My mental indigestion begun at dinner when the men was sneaking their flasks out and sweetening their glasses, holding them under the table so's nobody except everybody in the restaurant could see, especially that husband of Maison's who may be a half portion in size, but believe me he is a connisewer of whisky. Some folks may be born with a gold spoon in their mouth, but this bird was born with a brass rail under his foot! It got me disgusted, and I couldn't endure to think of my Junior pulling the same kind of thing.

And then the play we saw! Very likely it wasn't worse than many others, but that was just the trouble. After having told the title, why I am sure I don't need to describe it to any intelligent public. And the climax of the evening come at the South Sea joint where see was correct, as all there was to prevent was a petticoat made out of desiccated whiskbrooms that had gone on the loose. It made me wild and ashamed although I been in the show business since I was born, not to mention working out in Hollywood. But as soon as you are a mother, it is a funny fact, but you commence picking on a lot of things you once merely give the merry ha-ha.

Well, a pleasant time was had by all but me, and the next morning when I give Junior his birthday toys including the tool box, and he was sitting quietly at my feet having a lovely time destroying all these nice new things, why I was still worried about what a wicked place the world was for him to grow up in, and how could it be prevented except by killing him off young, when I read this piece in this newspaper about the arrival home of C. D. Wetherington, the big mine owner who is said to hire more cheap labor than any man in the world, and his friend, Senator Noyse, the famous reform one who never agrees with anybody, and on the same boat also arrived Mrs. Pugh, this Englishwoman.

Well, it seemed this Mrs. Pugh was one of the most remarkable women in England, and that she had come to America to give us the benefit of it. She admitted as much before she was halfway down the gangplank from the boat, and also that she adored America, which was pretty clever snap judgment. It seems she also admitted that reform was her meat, so bring on your reforms. What was even further, this remarkable Englishwoman had already in the short time she had been in our delightful country, which was exactly one-half hour, discovered that our men was money grabbers, color-blind and uncultured.

Well, after the night before I had to grant her a lot. Even my Jim clapped his hands red at Ruby's whiskaway, and in fact had a pretty good time all evening, and I wasn't sure but that Mrs. Pugh was a mighty bright woman for all she pulled some rather raw lines about my country.

"After all," I thought, "she is only just landed. Wait until she has gone on this lecture tower she has come over to give—that is give I suppose, at about three dollars a throw. And when she has been all over this country, why if she is as wise as she says she is, she will of seen something to teach her better!"

And then I took a look at Junior, on account he had been unnaturally quiet, and there he was expressing himself real cute, sawing the lid of his new tool box all to pieces with that little saw which hadn't looked to be any good at all!

Well, while I watched him I thought of how Mrs. Pugh had left her home and everything to come over here and help us make America a better place, and of Senator Noyse who was always uplifting something, and all of a sudden I got the inspiration that if they had the courage to not alone criticize things but to come out in public and help to change them for the better, why I could do the same!

*It Looked Like the Village Was All There Waiting. Actually There Was Seven of Them, Including One Gentleman, Who Come Forward With a Manner Like His Collar Buttoned Behind*

Well, I am not one who when they decide to do a thing will put it off to a week from some Tuesday, so I at once called up Goldringer on the phone.

"Say, Al!" says I. "I got a craving to turn the world to the right between now and when we start on my next picture. That gives me about six weeks, and I could accomplish a lot in all that time!"

"*Oy Gevalt!*" says Al. "I hope you ain't thinking about the picture industry! We got it troubles enough without you should commence and start something!"

"You don't get me," says I. "I was just thinking that I would like to get on the censorship board for a kind of a start, see?"

"Neither would I?" bellows Al. "Nothing would suit me finer then having you and also Charlie Chaplin and Bebe Daniels and so forth on the censorship board. Also myself, I would wish to go on it. But a fat chance we got. We ain't disinterested sufficiently!"

"Oh!" says I. "Well, I hadn't thought of that. How about some organization that censors plays like Three Beds in a Room? I could go on that, maybe."

"Well," says Al, "I heard where they are now taking women on the police force, but that's all I can tell you!"

"I am in the mood to clean up something, Al," says I gloomily, "but if I was to complain to the police about the two shows we seen last night, why it would merely at once result in S. R. O. signs for them, and if anybody is going to get free advertising out of me it will be Marie La Tour!"

Well, I hung up then, foiled, as you might say. Of course I realized that there was a world outside of my profession and that I might be able to find something in it that needed reforming, unless all the reform jobs was already filled. But I didn't quite know where to commence looking, so just sort of kept one eye out for a good opening, and in the meanwhile we moved to this country estate I am telling you about.

*I Was Feeling Low as a Snake's Tail, and This Action of Junior's Didn't Make Me Sit Any Prettier While Senator Noyse Introduced Mrs. Pugh to the Audience*

Well, this was a first-class A1 country place with big white pillows holding up the front porch, and a sunken garden, where they say the man who laid it down had sunk a good many thousands in the statuary alone, although to me personally the most of it looked secondhand, or else his guests had been in the habit of chipping off pieces for souvenirs. But these statues was, with the exception of the feller that had built the place, the only things about it that was broke. Otherwise it was in fine condition and fully equipped, so we decided to leave all our old furniture behind and take nothing out to the new house except our trunks and one souvenir which was real close to ma's heart. This was the bar of the trapeze pa had fell off from the time he missed the life net and the insurance people was so prompt settling. Naturally ma and me both had a strong sentiment about it, and ma had gilded it and tied blue ribbons on each end to hang it up by, and got Ed, the feller used to write the visiting cards in the side shows with the Amazon Bros., to put "Rest in Peace" on it in white flowing script with forget-me-nots painted in between, the whole forming a very appropriate momentum, if you get me!

Well anyways, we settled down in this modest little thirty-room cottage, and I got some extra help to do the work, and warned ma about leaving them do it and to keep off her apron and her hands as well, and then we was all set for local society to break in on us. But no one did, and pretty soon I was fed up with walking from one set to another in our house, for the big rooms looked just like that to me. I was so lonesome in them that I would of gladly welcomed a crowd even of atmosphere people. I was now on my new contract to make only two releases a year at one million dollars per annum, in the press notices, and four hundred thousand in cash, and this meant I had time enough to be the real lady I had always wished for, but the trouble was nobody in this Rosemere, Long Island, paid any attention to me. The agent claimed this was the most exclusive town on the island and time was proving him to of had the right dope. So seeing that the neighbors hadn't noticed how the undoubtedly greatest motion-picture actress of the age had moved in next door, why I naturally set about putting the facts before them.

In the old days I understand that when a lady moved into a town and wanted to burst into the best social circles, why she commenced by picking out the swellest denomination and attending church regular. These days she finds out which is the swell district and joins their Republican Club. So I done it. Also partially on account I would be a Republican if I could ever remember to go and get made a voter. Anyways, I would be it because I like Mr. Hoover and when he runs for Pres. why I will certainly remember to vote for him. And so I joined the Rosemere Republican Club, and I sure was in luck when I had this hunch about joining, because the Women's Clean Politics Ass. held its meetings in the rooms, and right away I got a chance to attend.

Well, the night of this meeting Jim was away, and I drove down alone in my new limousine. And then I got a big surprise because who of all people was the speaker of the evening but Mrs. Barrett Noyse, the wife of the senator who is always uplifting something.

Well, I had often seen photos in the papers of his elegant head of bobbed, permanently waved hair, or so it looked, and of course I knew a little about how good he was on account of having sometimes read his speeches. And here I run into his wife!

It seems that she was no slouch herself when it come to reform, and the subject she was slipping us this night was Immigration and the Open Door which is a fancy way of saying will we let a lot more cheap foreigners into the country or give 'em a permanent rain check? It was a line of reform I hadn't give a thought to, but Mrs. Noyse had evidently got it all cold, and she was real convincing, what with her handsome dress, silver tongue and very friendly manner. As I come into the hall she was pulling a line something like this:

"This country, ladies, was founded on the principle of freedom," says she. "We are deeply indebted to the aid of foreigners for our wonderful development. Our policy for generations has always been to welcome the lowly foreigner, to uplift him, to teach him our better standard of living, to help him in every way. Can we now shut the door in his face, on the grounds that there are too many of him in the country? No—a thousand times no! America is the great refuge of the peoples of Europe who can't make good at home! Altruistically we must not fail to welcome these unfortunates. Selfishly, we dare not. Why, ladies! Allow me to ask you a question! Isn't the servant situation bad enough without shutting off the main source of supply? My husband, Senator Noyse, has taken a firm stand on the question. He wants immigrants! He is thinking of your interests, and is out to protect them. Stand behind him, ladies, and he will stand behind you!" And a lot more to the same effect.

Well, she nearly had me crying over cruelty to immigrants, and the rest of the women in the hall was with her strong. I was glad I had come, and when the chairlady read the season's program I felt even surer I had struck the very joint I had been looking for, because it seemed the club was out to get a stage censorship, had a prohibition-enforcement branch, an anti-smoking campaign, and was working with the motion-picture censorship. Also, the meeting unanimously made Mrs. Pugh, this Englishwoman I am telling you about, an honorable member, and voted to write and tell her so. It looked like I could fill up considerable time if I got in right, and pretty soon I did, because after the meeting Mrs. Noyse's taxi didn't come and I was on the job and asked could I run her home, and she says yes delighted.

Well, on the way we got awful friendly and it wasn't really Mrs. Noyse's house, although practically a palace in size. It had been loaned to her and the senator by their friend Mr. C. D. Wetherington, the big mining man, as he was not there himself but back again in Europe rounding up a few immigrants to work in these mines or something. Anyways the Noyses had this place for the season, and also one child of ten years, and trouble with their servants, and the senator come home week-ends. All of which was, as the poet says, revealed to me during this short drive. And she had by then also got me dated up to use my car carrying speakers around the country, and I had promised her a check for five hundred berries towards something she called the campaign, and I felt a whole lot less lonesome.

Well, of course I now expected callers but not in herds. And when next day the trained bumblebee we got for a butler actually had to go to let somebody in the front

(Continued on Page 173)

# PUNCH

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

I WAS once engaged in a strictly competitive business so that every twenty-four hours my day's work was stacked up beside that of several other men in the same field and each stack could be measured with a yardstick—which, taking people as they run, is an excellent device for extracting the conceit from a man. At the time referred to I bore the rather ponderous title of financial editor of a daily newspaper in Chicago. The case may stand differently now, but at that time the gentlemen who conducted daily newspapers in Chicago did not encourage financial editors to take up valuable space in exploiting their own opinions. What the bosses wanted from financial editors was news of a financial nature. They wanted the news first.

Every now and then I suffered the humiliation of reading in a competitor's page some interesting piece of financial news that wasn't in my page. And about three times out of five I had to make the poignant reflection, "Why the deuce didn't I think of that?" For if I had only thought of it I could have got the news as well as the other fellow. I would not admit that my competitor's thinking apparatus was any better than mine. Sometimes I had private reasons for surmising that it wasn't so good. But on that particular day and in that particular connection he had been using his apparatus to some purpose, while I had been woolgathering with mine. If my managing editor asked about it I could, of course, think up an alibi; but financial editors who, on the whole, proved more prolific of alibis than of news presently sought some other occupation.

One of the chief sources of financial news then was a certain dingy red-brick building on North Clark Street, which, as I recall it, bore the cabalistic number 444, where Mr. Yerkes, our traction magnate, had his office. In a general way Yerkes news was better than any other financial news because it had more of the dramatic elements of surprise and consternation. As a rule there was more tang and kick in it than in news from other quarters. Consequently to be beaten on a piece of Yerkes news was especially galling. A signal humiliation in that connection occurred as follows:

One of Mr. Yerkes' properties was the West Chicago Street Railroad, whose securities were listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange and currently dealt in for investment and speculation. There is a tacit or express understanding in such cases that if additional stocks or bonds are issued information thereof shall be filed with the Stock Exchange or otherwise made available to investors and to banks that may be lending money on the securities; for a man who is going to buy a street-railroad bond, or a bank that is going to lend money on one, naturally wishes to know how many such bonds are outstanding.

An issue of West Chicago Street Railroad debentures to the amount of $1,000,000 was duly listed on the exchange. The debentures were considered very good security, being bought and sold almost daily and readily accepted by the banks as collateral. One of my competitors was in a broker's office where a bundle of these debentures was awaiting delivery to a customer. He noticed that one debenture bore a number with the letter A prefixed—say, A 123. Having, so to speak, an ear ever cocked for Yerkes news, that letter A struck him as odd and worth looking into. So with a guileful purpose in mind—I say nothing for his morals—he strolled around to the trust company which acted as trustee in respect of the debentures, each of which must bear the trustee's stamp.

The Old Rogue Went Through the Trick of Losing His Temper

There he engaged an officer of the trust department in conversation of a perfectly harmless nature until he worked around to the point of asking casually, "By the way, how do the numbers run on those West Chicago debentures?"

The trust officer innocently replied, "The first series is numbered 1 to 1000, and the second series A 1 to A 1000." As the debentures were for one thousand dollars each it was clear that Mr. Yerkes had issued a second million of them without bothering about unnecessary publicity.

My competitor's publication of that news caused quite a sensation—or several sensations. Among banks and investors there was a sensation of indignation. On Mr. Yerkes' part there was a sensation of great annoyance. Among financial editors there was a sensation of mortification—because it was such a simple little thing. Anybody might have thought of looking at the numbers, noting a letter A and drawing a suspicion therefrom. In fact, all of us did think of it—afterwards. As it happened, the competitor who was successful in this and many other instances—his name being Vanderlip—was presently appointed private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, and a little later was made an assistant secretary of the treasury, from which he passed on to the vice presidency and presidency of the biggest bank in the country. I do not mean to imply that quite all the reporters who get the most news beats may reasonably expect to become outstanding figures in Wall Street; but I do imply that they may reasonably expect to become something worth while. The reporters of my acquaintance—in those days—who did the best writing met with various fortunes. Two of them moved up to the very front rank of American writers. I recall a couple of others whom we critics of the local room used to rank with Ade and Dunne in humor, observation and expression, but who afterwards went decidedly wrong. Apparently, putting humor and observation down on paper is a special sort of knack which some men have and others haven't. But I do not recall a reporter who was tiptop on news whose subsequent career could be called a failure. For getting news is mostly a matter of attending to business, and anybody can attend to business if he will.

While Fingering the Victim's Pockets Eyes Was Struck by an Arresting Phenomenon

All of which is by way of introducing the fascinating subject of why some men succeed and some do not. It is very easy to find out how not to succeed. There is a voluminous literature on that subject. Mere laziness will solve that negative side of the problem perfectly. Except where there are very powerful countervailing factors, dishonesty, drunkenness, gambling may be depended upon to achieve nonsuccess. But everybody has always known that; and though drunkenness will accomplish nonsuccess, sobriety is by no means a specific for success. Of course a certain mental equipment is necessary to success. But the number of men who have the necessary equipment—whose thinking apparatus is adequate—is greater than the number who succeed. Something else is necessary.

From an old friend I learned recently that another old friend was dead. Both of us survivors knew him well thirty years ago and had kept in touch with him—in very intermittent fashion on my part in late years—ever since. His death threw into relief something tragic about him.

"Poor old Tom," mused the other survivor. "He was an awfully good fellow. I've said that, for as good

(Continued on Page 153)

# SALT CURED

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. J. SOULEN

*"A Final Cup to Grace This Unworthy Repast," Chang Leu Said*

ON THE first Friday in August the expressman called at Doctor Holland's San Francisco house and delivered four crates of ripe apricots to old Jim Sin.

The cook detoured around the kitchen, leaving the apricots in the front hall, and shuffled along to the sanctuary of his room, wherein, after he had burned a soothing pinch of tobacco in a little silver pipe, he broadcast an indifferent world with his opinion of grateful patients and gifts of apricots.

"'Beware of friends who give you gifts when you are rich,'" he quoted. "It is true that the selfish man is hated; but desire is the father of all motives; and, besides that, enough is enough."

After his tobacco was ashes and smoke he sat for a moment staring at six black characters embroidered on a framed panel of white silk—"Chin-t'ien, Ming-t'ien, Tsch-t'ien"—today, tomorrow, yesterday.

"Good and evil are an endless circle," he reflected. "Today is the son of yesterday, the father of tomorrow, and to acquire knowledge is delightful, at whatever expense. I will resume my battle with the damned apricots and await the pleasure of the gods."

He returned to his kitchen. On the gas range four kettles of simmering apricots stood ready for their transfer into a platoon of glass jars. In the sink and on the drain board next to it were enough apricots to sink a small ship. Six crates of the yellow fruit stood unopened on the kitchen table. Jim Sin surveyed the battle ground.

"The superior man is cautious of his words," he reflected; and then with appropriate deliberation he began a low-voiced malediction whose fulminating phrases were petals of the flower that had bloomed in the king's garden of gold-camp profanity in the early Western days when men used their language and their whisky straught.

A droning green fly, tickled to death by the intensity of the vibrations which originated in Jim Sin's tense vocal cords, sought a front seat where he could catch the low notes hot from the crater's snarling lips. The fly perched himself temporarily on the concave ridge of the old cook's nose. Immediately thereafter he retreated rapidly, half an inch ahead of a swinging hand that sought to slap him for a row of mileposts, and then when Jim Sin was reaching for a potato masher the skirmish was interrupted by the ringing of the front-door bell.

Jim Sin twisted his wrinkled countenance back to the lines of its normal mask, smoothed his long apron and answered the bell. At the door, waiting with two crates of apricots from the Santa Clara Valley, stood the parcel-post man.

"F'r Doctor Holland," he announced; and then before any of Jim Sin's arteries had exploded the delivery man added a pressure-reducing supplementary clause: "I got this package f'r Jim Sin. Anybody b' that name livin' here?"

He held out a cotton-wrapped package about the size and shape of a pineapple.

"My name," Jim Sin answered. "I ketchum."

Jim Sin received his package and carried it directly to his room, where he stored it, unopened, under the pillow of his bed. He returned to the front hall and began carrying crated apricots back to the kitchen. When they were all stacked up on the kitchen table he went to the back door of the house and surveyed the neighbors' yards until he discovered seven children indulging in a tea party. On the strength of a cooky-dispensing reputation he had no difficulty in summoning the entire personnel of the tea party to the back porch of the Holland residence, and when the group was quieted he asked a baited question:

"You like applecot?"

It appeared from the response that everybody in the group, except the questioner, was crazy about apricots.

"Aw right, I give you."

The cook returned to his kitchen and began dealing the cards from the apricot deck. To little Minnie Jennings he gave one full crate. To her older sister he gave two crates. To the scion of the Bishop family he dealt a single crate, and upon the Franklin twins, as a penalty for a song beginning Ching Ching Chinaman, he bestowed three crates and a difficult problem wherein good boy ketchum two box, bad boy ketchum one.

While the Franklin twins fought it out Jim Sin disposed of the balance of his stock, tempering equity with prejudice and defeating justice with favor.

"You go home now," he said when the last crate had been disposed of. "If you mamma likee know where you ketchum you say Jim Sin give you so you papa make home blue, all time drink 'um make him happy."

When the apricot brigade had gone the cook devoted half an hour to the preserves simmering on the gas range, and then when the decks had been cleared of their last trace of apricots he returned to his room and investigated the package that had come to him by parcel post. He removed the cotton cloth in which the package was wrapped and revealed an inner covering of finely plaited reeds, woven about a globular membrane shaped like the shell of a coconut. The basketwork was of a mesh as fine as that of any water-tight straw hat, and on its rounded sides it carried four Cantonese characters painted with a pigment of charcoal held in pitch, which had hardened until it was as brilliant as polished amber.

"*T'a k'uai iao lai*," Jim Sin read. "He will be here soon," he translated, and then for a long time he sat staring at the inscription, until his eyes, which had lightened to the brilliancy of the vitreous pitch, were overcast with a film as gray as the fogs which lay between the Golden Gate and the China Sea.

Back to the shifting canvas of his memory came pictures in sequence, beginning with the vague mornings when the breath of life was heavy with the charcoal fumes that filled his father's house on the edge of Three Li village, up from Canton. Boy days next, and the hateful candlelight with which each long day's work began and ended. He looked for a moment at his twisted fingers, tense like the claws of some limb-clutching hawk, set to the permanent lines of the wide-lipped jars which he had carried to the kilns, bent to the diameter of the iron bar which he had used to slice the fires under the cargo of incandescent pottery, rough with the scars of the silicate fins that slivered from the hot products of the kilns to fang the boyish hands that should have known no greater pain than the sear of a slipping kite string.

He had escaped from this, and he had fled away until his flight was checked by the biting hobbles of filial piety and the practice of virtue in its hollow expression of homage and tribute to a male parent more real in death than he had been while still alive.

Flight, and service in the house of an English resident of Hong-Kong had followed; then three voyages to the island ports of the southern seas, and then the choking surf at the long end of a run to Mexico, the shifting sands under his feet, the sharp teeth of a fixed rock. Life again, and two days in a tank car with five contraband companions. Three were dead when the line north of Mexico was crossed, and another died while the car waited in the Arizona sunlight. The three who were first to die had swollen so that their bloated bodies could not be removed through the narrow manhole at the top of the tank; but he had escaped into the land where all men are created equal, and with him was this other man of Canton, whose companionship he had known through the long intervening years.

In his hand, bright with its summons—"He will be here soon"—freighted with the faith which he knew had never wavered since the last thin bamboo water pipe had been emptied in the ovenlike interior of their steel-plate prison in Arizona, was the message from this brother whom he had met in the valley of hell.

"He will be here soon," Jim Sin whispered. "The truth was ever upon thy lips, Chang Leu, even as thy feet have followed the rough path of virtue. The superior man venerates the decree of heaven; I shall answer your call."

The old cook set the reed-bound object on the table under the east window of his room and made his way to the front hallway. Here, pausing a moment while he marshaled a list of names of his countrymen and marched

chem across the vision of his memory, he lifted a telephone from its stand.

"China," he replied when central had answered.

When the Chinatown exchange was connected he cackled a message into the pretty ears of one of the daughters of China on duty before the long switchboard, and a moment later he briefly stated his desires to one of his fellows.

"Numbah-one cook," he specified, mixing English enough with his native speech to make both emphatic. "I go way mebbe long time"; and then lapsing into the Mandarin: "Politeness adorns the conduct of kings, and Doctor Holland is therefore a king. It is difficult to discover a cook worthy of serving in his house, but you eat difficulties even as a whale eats sardines." Again, in pidgin English, "You ketchum I give you fi' dollah pleasant. Can do?"

Over the wire, after a long preamble consisting largely of adjectives, came a verb, "Can do," and a second later both receivers clicked and the yellow light glowed its "Complete" message into the pretty eyes of the central girl in front of a section of the Chinatown switchboard.

"That is accomplished," Jim Sin remarked.

He turned from the instrument and shuffled back to his room. Now, without further delay, he sought to discover the contents of the package which Chang Leu had used as a carrier for his call. The fabric of the covering, narrowing toward the top, terminated in six plaited strands, which had been woven into a knotted crown. The ends of these six strands were bound with twisted threads of yellow silk. Jim Sin began to untie the intricate knot into which the threads were laced, and, failing, reached for his pocketknife. He slit the silk threads with a keen blade and began to pull the terminal strands out of the crown of fibers. When this was accomplished the tapering end of the package opened wide like an oriole's nest from which the suspending lines are cut, and there lay revealed a brown membrane whose grease-stained surface carried a second inscription—"All men eat, but only a few know the true flavor of courage."

Half suspecting now the contents of this pliant capsule, Jim Sin removed it to the kitchen. He set it in a blue porcelain bowl and drew his knife blade three times across the upper hemisphere of the stretched membrane, cutting it into six segments as if it had been an orange. It was filled with tallow, soft on the surface from the heat of its environment. He broke this shell of tallow and in its center he came upon the kernel of this nut of mystery.

It was the heart of a lion of the Sierras, dried through long days of exposure to the bright sunlight and the rare airs of the high mountains, shrunken to a caricature of its pulsing days, and yet for Jim Sin filled with the meaning that has come down through the legends of six thousand years.

"Lion heart! The courage that shall carry me through the long journey to Chang Leu!"

He sliced the heart of the mountain lion into thin flakes and fried it with garlic and a spoonful of swordfish blood. Slowly, when the food had cooled, he ate, and his feasting was interrupted by a knock on the back door of his kitchen. For a moment he feared the delivery of another gift of apricots, but instead of this curse the alarm announced the arrival of the substitute cook who was to serve in Doctor Holland's kitchen while Jim Sin was away. Without ceremony he haled the newcomer into the presence of Doctor Holland's wife.

"Bring 'um new boy. Numbah-one cook," he announced. "I go way, mebbe come back two-t'lee week."

Before Mrs. Holland could reply Jim Sin grasped his countryman's wrist and dragged him out of the lady's presence, knowing that a long familiarity with ways that are dark would incline the doctor's wife to avoid argument with this heathen Chinee who had served in her house long enough to teach her what was what.

"Come 'longside me," he ordered. "I show you kitchen stove." The kitchen stove that Jim Sin displayed was a stirrup cup, poured from the neck of a pot-bellied jug of likker that smelled like ten nights in a Chinese barroom.

"Whuf! Protect my master's house," Jim Sin directed. "Watch over these people, and remember that he who offends heaven has none to whom he can pray, and that it would afford me real pleasure to park a hatchet in the cranium of anyone who offends my master or his wife."

With this keystone added to the arch of loyalty, the friend of Chang Leu removed his white apron, packed his baggage, which consisted of four cans of sardines, six packages of cigarettes, a single-action .44 revolver and some matches, and adorned his ninety-two-pound anatomy with a twenty-nine-dollar pinch-back overcoat. He pulled a hemispherical hard hat over his gray hair until it rested on his ears and set forth, shaping his course to the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street.

On the voyage to the Ferry Building, worrying about the validity of his street-car transfer, he touched at the Bank of Canton, emerging from this port of call with twenty dollars in one-dollar bills stored in his right hip pocket against a bulging box of cartridges.

The old boy scout was prepared to do a good deed daily, with malice aforethought toward none, but with his powder dry.

## II

FROM the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, crossing the bay to Oakland, Jim Sin submitted to the tranquil reaction that came when the rattle of the San Francisco terminal had been left behind. Now for the first time he indulged himself with speculations concerning the motives and desires back of the summons he had received from Chang Leu. He recalled their pact, pledged at the hour of their parting, years in the past. Twice since that day of escape in Arizona their mutual obligation had been renewed with casual words whose brevity concealed the intensity of their dependence; twice only, since that day, had they met, for Jim Sin had established his life in San Francisco and Chang Leu had elected to dwell alone in the fastness of the Eldorado hills.

"He has called, and I alone shall answer him." To himself Jim Sin repeated the text of his pledge. "The superior man is slow in speech," he added, "but he is prompt in action. It may be that he feels the approach of the hour of death, when the celestial dragon, freighted with his spirit, shall mount to the palaces of the seventh heaven. Or maybe he had stomach trouble."

He looked across an open space of choppy water to where the Goat Island rocks submitted with tolerant dignity to the fretful play of the impertinent surf, but his eyes were blind in his abstraction to this theater of activity. A low fog, sweeping inland from its vast Pacific reservoir, poured in a cascade of melting fleece over the eastward slopes of the Marin peninsula, diving until it dissolved, out of vision, into the warmer airs that drifted along the sun-browned hills. Islands of vapor, escaping the channels of immediate destruction, fought their small fights against the scheme for a little while and then incorporated, in quick surrender, with the sun-drenched atmosphere.

"Even as the spirit of man returns to the universal source." Half aloud, Jim Sin uttered the comment inspired by his contemplation of the phenomena staged in the skies to the west, and in this mood, reacting to the beauty that awaited seeing eyes, he sat until the arrival at the Oakland terminal broke in upon his reverie.

Leaving the Oakland mole, he sat in an end seat in the smoking car of the train, adding his quota of cigarette smoke to the heavy air. Crossing from Port Costa to Benicia, where another indulgence of sunlight and sea air might have been obtained at an expense of climbing from the car to the deck of the ferry, he elected to remain in his seat; and here, inert, he sat through the late hours of the afternoon until the train pulled into the station at Sacramento.

That night he ate heartily at a restaurant owned by one of his fellow countrymen, and between heaped plates of questionable and complex provender he essayed cautious inquiries concerning the lay of the land up ahead and the status of the sentiment in vogue at the moment relative to the yellow peril in the Eldorado Sierras.

Before he went to sleep he reviewed, word for word, Chang Leu's instructions, transmitted years before, for finding the mountain retreat that had been the hermit's abode through the long years. Chang Leu had described the territory and the creeks and rivers at his last meeting with Jim Sin in San Francisco, and six years had passed since that day; but now, in the quiet of his little room in the house of the Sacramento Chinaman, Jim Sin found no difficulty in piecing out, bit by bit, the line of his route from the town of Placerville to the hill where his friend awaited him.

"Hangtown Creek, through Big Cañon to the American River," he repeated, in words of Chang Leu's invention. "Along this, upstream, toward the

(Continued on Page 121)

For Three Hours Jim Sin Fired Shaft After Shaft at the Target

# THE MERGER PERIOD

## By Albert W. Atwood

DEVOID of sensationalism and failing indeed to attract more than a modicum of passing attention, the industrial world has, nevertheless, been passing in the last year or two into another period of consolidation and combination which may well rank with the closing years of the nineteenth century, when trusts almost literally by the hundreds appeared so suddenly and without warning upon the scene of American life.

That strange startling phenomenon of twenty to twenty-five years ago quickly reached its climax in the formation of the giant of all giants, the United States Steel Corporation, and then almost immediately shrank to small proportions. Said one of the most astute and respected students of social affairs at that time, in the year following the organization of the Steel Corporation:

"The concentration of capital is relative to the task to be performed; we wondered but lately to see a corporation with a capital of a billion. No one will wonder at such a corporation twenty-five years hence."

This prophecy has proved false in part, but in a larger sense true. There is perhaps only one other company that represents such a portentous capital, and that is the result of growth rather than amalgamation. In the whole generation that has passed no one has again dared to project such a monster. But, on the other hand, the development of great aggregations of capital of the size that once drew the name of trust has long ago ceased to excite wonder or prove other than a commonplace of industrial growth.

It is true that the formation of trusts fell off from about 1902 on. But beginning again during the war the movement has been markedly in the direction of consolidation. Now and then when prosperity was excessive and the stock market at fever heat a speculative public grew frantic for a short time over some proposed merger or other. But many of the largest and most significant of capital regroupings have taken place without the fanfare of markets and in times of dull depression.

Truth to tell, consolidation and integration have become more or less an old story, especially when strung along from time to time in the ordinary course of industrial evolution. But in the aggregate and in perspective the movement can hardly be less important than the outburst of twenty years ago. For it embraces the widest conceivable variety of industries, it takes on a multitude of forms, and results in mergers of almost every possible size, except perhaps the very greatest.

Two large steel mergers are close to completion at the time of this writing, and the same process of consolidation has been at work in such widely separated industries as shoes, copper and brass, iron, machine tools, silk ribbons, tobacco, automobiles, sugar, trucks, chemicals, railroad cars, oil and motion pictures. Nor is it by any means certain that the most significant realignments of industrial units now under way have as yet been announced.

### *Expansion by Consolidation*

NOW it is true that the financial rumor mongers are always engaged in making the most of any possible corporate consolidation. Entire bull markets may be based on the mere gossip of mergers. At times these rumors fill the air and men conjure up a thousand impossibilities and absurdities. There is always something to fire the speculative imagination, especially when stocks are rising, and often for a year or two at a time the word "merger" does yeoman service. To such lengths does the speculative imagination go that the vaporings of the market place cannot be characterized in sober language or in any form but that of satire and caricature.

But these excesses must lead no one to minimize or decry such a real, such a fundamental movement as that toward consolidation and integration of industry. Smoke often betokens fire. The two great steel-merger negotiations of the last few months were the result of various negotiations that had gone on for more than five years.

The largest copper company in the country recently took over the largest brass-manufacturing company, all very quietly and without any stock-market fuss, yet sometime after the deal had been completed the head of one company admitted having had his eye on the other for fully ten years.

Naturally, our captains of industry do not take the public into their confidence at every step, but if there is one fact thoroughly established in the business world it is that many a man prefers to run a large business rather than a small one. Natural ambition, as well as the creative instinct and the quality of imagination, not to mention economic considerations, drives men on to expand, with a merger often the simplest and most natural method and outlet.

The public can be sure at least that whatever obstacles may present themselves in the nature of laws, government regulation or general circumstances, there are plenty of ambitious men who are planning and scheming day and night to bring together corporate units into conjunctions fully as startling as anything the newspaper paragrapher or stock-market speculator has to offer.

The first question that always comes up in connection with any large combination is that of monopoly. Whatever its merits monopoly is usually abhorrent to the people. It smacks of despotism and of personal extortion for the benefit of the few. Competition, on the other hand, seems the more democratic way of doing business.

It may be said, of course, that such words as monopoly, trusts, "money trust," and the like, are applied to conditions to which they do not belong, with a carelessness and freedom that never fail to appall the careful thinker. There was a time when any consolidation of competing plants was called a trust, no matter whether it really had a monopoly or not.

Such slipshod language is perhaps less common than formerly, but in the public mind and in that of certain schools of politicians monopoly is still blindly confused with large productive capacity and large capital.

### *Not Black Nor White, but Gray*

BUT only the most ardent apologist for big business will argue that the trusts, so called, were brought into being twenty years ago solely in the interest of the public. Their early history, particularly, smells none too sweet. In numbers of cases the court records are plain to read, and they tell of rebates, foul tactics toward competitors, fixing resale prices, exclusive dealing, full-line forcing, undue influence over tariff legislation, favoritism in taxation, and the like. In certain cases stock issues were watered in unconscionable fashion, and promoters' profits were considered outrageous.

Nor is there any doubt that in instances there were both purpose and effort to control and monopolize the market. Even if it be urged that the trusts were the natural outcome of evolution the reply might be that by their works they must be judged and that the evils were greater than the benefits conferred.

Such arguments back and forth have interest only for purposes of history and theory. The fact is that trusts and consolidations are neither black nor white, but gray. They cannot be drawn unquestioned to one's bosom, or waved aside as an unadulterated evil. There may not be in reality such a classification as good and bad trusts, but the least familiarity with facts must teach the merest amateur that large consolidations as such have both good features and bad.

There is little doubt that the managers of the great combinations have, to a certain extent at least, reformed, or changed their policies and tactics. Recent disclosures show that much of the worst graft—indeed the most revolting forms of monopoly—exists in trades where there are vast numbers of at least nominal competitors. The efforts to bring about higher standards of commercial morality, to establish fair rules for the business game, to prevent collusion between corrupt employers and equally corrupt unions—these appear to make less headway in trades where there is no outstanding unit than where the scene is dominated by one or more great corporations.

Indeed the prices charged to consumers seem to have been kept relatively stable at least, if not low, in industries like steel, oil and packing, where huge corporations abound, and on the contrary the worst profiteering often shows up where competition is so great as to be chaotic. Even radicals agree that there are too many soft-coal producers.

There is not the slightest doubt that large combinations have served on occasion the valuable function of industrial balance wheel. Indeed, from the profit-making as opposed to the public viewpoint, the complaint has been that the big combinations have to take up the slack, the unprofitable bulk of the trade. It is said that if the United States Steel Corporation had charged as high prices as some of its competitors following the war it might have made $600,000,000 additional profits. But virtue is sometimes its own reward, and the profits of this mammoth concern have on the whole been steadier and perhaps even larger than those of competitors.

At any rate, the farther one goes into the maze of facts the less simple it becomes to declaim against all large combinations as inimical to public welfare. Charles R. Flint, who has been called the father of trusts, recently said there was a time when it was thought that if only enough units were combined the consolidation would be successful, and though this conception still exists to a very large extent, it is now more generally recognized than formerly that a consolidation which endures must be organized to do things better than ever before—in short, must be managed by intelligence of the first order in full coöperation with labor and capital.

In many respects the ultramodern head of a great combination has a much keener sense of public and fiduciary responsibility than men who run the smaller concerns. The head of a recently organized automobile merger, said to involve $80,000,000, announced in his first prospectus, "I believe in paying people all they can earn, and making it possible for them to enjoy their work. I want employes to feel that they are partners in the business and share in its success. The interests of the employes of the company shall have my personal care, and everything possible will be done to make them satisfied and happy."

To what extent such policies will be carried out the writer does not know, but the mere public announcement that it is the intention of the head of a combination to follow such lines is revolutionary as compared with the public-and-employe-be-damned policy that was so common in big business of an earlier generation.

The whole policy of the Government toward large combinations has been wavering and uncertain. At one time many trusts were dissolved by the Supreme Court. Just what this has accomplished no one seems to know. Yet the court refused to split up the largest combination of all, the United States Steel Corporation, on the ground that mere size was not a sin.

But very recently the same court ruled that the long-standing railroad merger of the Southern and Central Pacific companies must be dissolved, although the Transportation Act passed by Congress in 1920 provided for railroad consolidations, and a Harvard professor, working under the instructions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was preparing plans for such mergers at the very moment the court was deciding against one of them.

At one time the Department of Justice refused to say in advance whether a given merger would meet with its O. K., except on one critical occasion when President Roosevelt himself permitted a most notable act of absorption to go through. But now, apparently, the Department of Justice prefers to be consulted beforehand, practically saying, "Do nothing until you see us," with its Stop and Go signals to direct the traffic.

### *No Economy in Mere Size*

RECENTLY the department has put its O. K. on several big mergers, but a few years ago, and under a different Administration, it refused to allow what seems to the writer to have been the most natural, logical and beneficial of all, that of a telephone company with one of the telegraph companies. Thus it may be said that the history of trust busting itself bears out the statement that large consolidations are neither black nor white, but gray.

But in the long run the practical question to be considered is one of the economy and efficiency of consolidation and combination rather than the shifting sands of partisan politics or administrative personnel and policy. Indeed public opinion itself must be influenced inevitably by the working out in everyday practice of the mergers, and has without doubt been so influenced.

Whatever the conflicting currents of law, public attitude and public opinion in the past or present, the fact remains that mergers of one sort or another have been and are going through. The vital question reduced to the simplest terms is this, What are they really good for anyway?

Now the central, the outstanding point of this whole business of so-called trusts and monopolies, of consolidations and combinations, the very essence of the matter, is that they are not so effective as either their friends or their enemies would have us believe. The great lesson, the striking revelation of the trust movement at the end of the last century was that the economies promised by promoters and anticipated by the people at large were not forthcoming, and the possibility of throttling competition as depicted by political friends of the "peepul" was likewise greatly overdrawn.

In other words, it has been shown again and again that there is nothing necessarily economical about mere size. Here and there by fair means or foul a large combination has been successful for a time in obtaining control of the market. Now and then, through exceptionally capable management or under limited and peculiar circumstances, a large combination has been successful financially.

There is always the possibility of success, enough so to stimulate promotion and organization. There are arguments without end in favor of combinations, but of all

facts clearly established in the business world none is more indisputable than the frequency with which profits fall off and disaster comes as the result of expansion.

Theoretically one would say that economies are bound to result when one company takes over another. With pad and pencil it is possible for the promoter to demonstrate no end of savings, just as it is equally easy for the politician to view with alarm the choking to death of competition. But, both unfortunately and fortunately, things do not always work out that way in practice by any means.

Five or six idle and badly managed plants do not suddenly spring into prosperity just because they are thrown together, and, like the dragon's teeth of fable, competition has a thousand unexpected and mysterious ways of springing up afresh.

There is no finer indoor sport for a rainy day than making out a list of the economies to be effected by having a large plant or a combination of them instead of one small one. You will find them, reader, not only in every stock prospectus of new combinations and in interviews with all our leading financiers, bankers and captains of industry, but in every textbook on political economy, advanced and elementary alike.

It is a fascinating game, this business of saving money on paper, by centralizing the sales forces and purchasing departments, by hiring the best talent, and doing all the other stunts that look so easy beforehand. One can enumerate advantages by the legion, but alas, they so often fail to materialize! In the actual conduct of large enterprises there appears to be something akin to the law of diminishing returns, a point where the wastes and losses due to size overcome the economies.

### *Diffusion of Responsibility*

LINCOLN was once asked in a debate how long a man's legs should be, and promptly replied that they should be long enough to reach the ground. How large should a business be? Obviously it should be large enough to reach the point of maximum efficiency. But how large is that? Here is indeed one of the most complex and difficult questions in the whole range of modern life, upon which the man of affairs and the theoretical student of economics alike are for the most part humbly silent.

It is not the purpose here to go into this subtle and baffling problem, beyond pointing out some of its features. One of the most obvious difficulties is to find a manager for a large company. The head of a small company may have qualities of generosity, kindness and good fellowship which count heavily in his favor when dealing directly with employes. He goes up in the scale and takes charge of a combination of a dozen mills. He no longer comes into personal contact with practically everyone, but deals only with foremen, or superintendents, or general managers, or vice presidents, or even with no one lower than the presidents of subsidiary companies.

Not only the personal contact but the personal hold on the business is lost. This defect soon proves fatal unless remedied by more elaborate methods of organization, inspection, accounting and the like, and these cost so much more money that the gains of combination may be eaten up.

As in the case of that endless problem of military science, the relative effectiveness of offense and defense, there is so much to be said on both sides. A great steel combination may have such a large number of blast furnaces that despite the inevitable human wastes of mere size there is one man in charge of one furnace who makes a wonderful showing of low costs. Through the elaborate mazes of accounting this fact finally reaches the head management. This man's costs are a dollar a ton lower! How did such an accident happen?

He is sent for, and his name is Jones or Smith or Robinson. But whatever it is, the management attempts at least to make other local superintendents follow similar methods, and sometimes they are successful.

But there is no question that many an enterprise outgrows the available human material, and the wastes due to the limitations of human labor and management prove its undoing. Just as political empires like those of Cyrus and Alexander, as well as modern Russia, Germany and China, grew too unwieldy for human control, so the business empire crumples up when it also becomes too large for the human brain to manage.

In these great establishments there is almost certain to be a diffusion of responsibility, and sometimes a lack of loyalty on the part of officers to the concern, and an unwillingness to pay the same attention to laborious details of the business that characterized them when in humbler positions. The efficiency acquired by men who were fighting hard to build up small individualistic enterprises may be quickly lost in a few years of highly centralized and bureaucratic management.

Now though economists as well as practical men of affairs have made many serious mistakes in forecasting whether a specific business combination would be profitable or not, the facts stated here are well enough known to them. Anyone who wants the point of view of the student will find it in the books of such writers on industrial consolidations as Stevens, Haney and Dewing, especially the last, who says with unmistakable tenseness: "This is a sphere in which unrestrained optimism and unbridled ambition obscure the comparatively few safeguards founded on individual experience."

### *Lame Horses Hitched Together*

OR CONSIDER what the head of a Wall Street underwriting house, interviewed on the subject of mergers, had to say. This firm has floated any number of successful enterprises, several of them combinations, and, in fact, had just put through a merger of moderate size. This banker also expressed himself emphatically:

"I don't think much of most of these proposed mergers. I would rather do business with a small company. A man may be a bearcat in a three to five million dollar company without there being any assurance that he will be the least good in a twenty-five or fifty million dollar concern. It sounds fine in theory to say that if business is dull you can combine five plants and close the three least efficient ones. But this elimination business is a red rag to the average man. I don't want to have much to do with it. Nor do I think that hitching a lot of lame horses together necessarily makes a fast team."

There are many reasons why small concerns compete successfully with those of great size. The big consolidation's huge purchases may be attended by a publicity that the small manufacturer shopping around secretly for odd lots does not encounter. In the case of a big drop in prices the big concern cannot hope to get out from under as easily as its small competitor.

(Continued on Page 129)

IF THE ANIMALS COULD VIEW SOME OF OUR HUMAN PRIZE WINNERS!

# THE GREAT MAN

## By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

WHEN a people grow weary of a tyrant they are apt to overthrow him and become a democracy, thus shifting the responsibility of government from the shoulders of one to the shoulders of many. This division of responsibility does not, of course, do away with unscrupulousness in the administration of the people's affairs, but rather tends to increase it, since it is quite obvious that if it is difficult to blame any one man it is out of the question to attempt to call to account two or two thousand.

Nevertheless, it is a strange fact about democracies that the governed seem satisfied to possess the one power they do possess—that of turning scoundrels out of office at fixed intervals and replacing them with other scoundrels. In other words, they are satisfied because they are permitted to vote.

Very well, then. No sooner are men given the privilege of voting than women claim it also; and no sooner are women given that privilege than they clamor to hold office; and no sooner are they allowed to hold office than they rend the sky with piercing feminine cries, demanding all of men's rights and many of their manners, morals and customs.

Different women are affected, it will be understood, in different ways. They do not all crave the same form of equality; they have not all been infected by the same variety of the germ. Some desire to live bravely apart in bachelor girlhood; others, more gregarious, incline to sororities; still others frankly prefer to mingle with men, performing men's work and playing men's games. Some seek mental equality, some physical equality, and most, perhaps, seek economic equality. Among the last was Daphne Love.

Yes, Daphne Love! Unutterably cruel parents and terrifically maleficent fate that conspired among themselves to bestow those two names upon a young but ambitious woman child.

"It reminds me," Daphne would say when opportunity offered—"it reminds me either of the heroine of an early-Victorian novel or of a movie actress; or of an old maid's tea shop. I don't really know which it reminds me of most, but it makes no difference, because they are all three thoroughly nauseating."

Daphne was always emphatic—almost extreme—in her use of descriptive adjectives. That was one of her mannerisms; a conscious rebellion, perhaps, against the more honeyed phrases employed by women before their emancipation. Another characteristic of her speech may as well be noted at once, lest later it be noted with too much disfavor. This was a proneness to quote from the less widely known writers. One got the impression, indeed, that her reading had been devoted exclusively to books that the herd ignored; and one was sure beyond a doubt that she underlined passages and made marginal notes—exclamation and interrogation points.

Aside from these affectations—to use a harsh word—Daphne was no better and certainly no worse than a legion of other young American women who take life seriously but not graciously, or even, perhaps, gracefully. It is difficult for women to be both earnest and graceful, and one fears that they gained the vote at the expense of a certain indefinable but highly desirable fragrance.

Daphne, of course, was far too young to have completely lost her birthright of femininity. Optimists assert that it will require several generations of studious concentration on politics, economics, logic, sociology and after-dinner speaking before our daughters cease to be recognizable as daughters; and Daphne Love had devoted a mere six months to shorthand and typewriting. She was preparing herself, you see, to earn her living; to take her place in the world of labor; to render herself independent of the thirty million dollars that belonged to her father. Very praiseworthy, her friends agreed.

They Looked at Each Other and Laughed. Indignant Passers-by Regarded Them in Astonishment. They Were Fiddling While Rome Burned

"Daphne, I think you're simply wonderful!" And she was almost convinced that she was.

"Don't overwork, my dear," recommended her father jocularly when he learned that she was spending two hours three times a week at a business school.

"Oh," she replied with perfect seriousness, "I can stand it. I'm strong, you know."

Mr. Love took one quick look at her and smothered his smile. Humor, he perceived, was out of place. He was sure that humor was out of place when his daughter announced to him one day that she had obtained a position.

"Yes," she said with a triumphant spark in her eyes and a businesslike hardening of her mouth, "I have been offered a very good position. The remuneration is—well, it's not large to start with; but the work will be wonderfully interesting."

"What's the job?" inquired Mr. Love in alarm.

Daphne threw back her head with all the pride and self-confidence of a young David going out to make his first big killing.

"I'm going to be private secretary," said she, "to F. P. Wellington."

"Who's he?" demanded Mr. Love. "What's his line?"

"Oh, father!" she reproached him.

"I'm sorry. Ought I to have heard of him? Let me see—Wellington—F. P. Wellington. Not the Wellington of Wellington, Crooks and Wellington, is he? You know—Cotton Exchange. That the man?"

"No," she answered briefly; "certainly not."

"Well?"

"He's not in trade. He's F. P. Wellington, the novelist; the great English novelist—the greatest English novelist."

"Oh!" said Mr. Love. "Oh!"

"Exactly," said Daphne.

"But, great heavens, Daphne, you don't intend to go to England to work, do you?"

"He's not in England," she explained coldly, for she was vexed by what she considered her father's ignorance. "He's in America. He's writing a book about America, and he's lecturing; and every week he does an article for the newspapers describing his reactions to the various phases of American civilization. It's syndicated, of course, and published in all the leading papers of the country. I suppose that he makes a great deal of money, but it is not the money that actuates him; it is the desire to help us by his kindly and yet brilliant criticism."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Love; "yes, of course. That would be it. How much does he pay you a week, by the way?"

Daphne hesitated and the color deepened ever so slightly in her naturally pink cheeks. She feared that her father might misinterpret the answer she was forced to make.

"I am working," she said, "for the sake of the wonderful experience it will give me to work with so great a man.

"He was ready, I am sure, to be generous as to salary—more than generous—but of course I would not listen to anything of the sort. If we travel, however, he will pay my expenses."

"If you travel!" echoed Mr. Love, aghast. And again: "If you travel! You and he? Alone? Travel? Not by a damn sight you won't!"

"Don't be silly!" she urged. "Naturally we shouldn't travel alone. Mr. Wellington has a wife and four children with him."

"Oh," said Mr. Love, mollified; but he added, apparently without relevance, "How old is Mr. Wellington?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What difference does it make? Perhaps he's fifty, perhaps he's a hundred and fifty, perhaps he's fifteen. Genius has no age. It is like fire—it burns, and that is all there is to it."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Love hastily, "I know all that. I've encountered geniuses, even in my sordid, mercenary line. They're often very shrewd business men on the side—or business women, for that matter. I never met a genius, indeed, who didn't thoroughly understand the difference between a nickel and a dime. However, that's not the point. Have you spoken to Peter about this—this great adventure of yours?"

"To Peter?"

"Yes, to Peter."

"Why should I consult Peter Gray about anything I choose to do? It's no concern of his."

"Oh, isn't it? I thought you intended to marry him some day."

"Father," she said firmly, "I wish you wouldn't think. In any case, I wish you wouldn't think romantic rubbish. Marriage is no career for a woman—marriage, I mean, as it exists today.

"When I marry it will be when I shall have tried every other form of endeavor and failed at them all. Moreover, a woman who marries young is, as Jean Paul Vincent says, like a person who puts on a life belt as soon as the ship leaves port. No, father, I shall not sacrifice my comfort for added safety."

"All right," said Mr. Love, exhausted, "go ahead. Go ahead, only pray for a smooth trip. When do you start work?"

"Tomorrow," said Daphne.

"Where?"

"At Mr. Wellington's hotel—the Beldmore."

"I see. Well, be punctual, painstaking and polite. Don't be fresh to your boss and you'll go far, young woman."

"Thank you," she said calmly; "I intend to go far. It was the Marquis of Codington, I believe, who said that swine, women and bees cannot be turned."

"The Marquis," observed Mr. Love coarsely, "said a mouthful."

II

PETER GRAY was what his friends termed a successful journalist. That his enemies termed him no such thing is of little importance, since even they admitted him to be a journalist, and his salary from the Evening Focus spoke for his success. Every afternoon a multitude of New Yorkers read the column of literary badinage to which he signed his name; and every evening many of that multitude sat down and wrote him scathing or admiring letters; for whatever might be said in dispraise of his critical judgment, it could not be denied that he possessed the power to move even the most humble to answer him by means of pen and paper. He had the intimate touch, the ability to stir the crowd.

Taking his profession into consideration, then, it was by no means an unimaginable coincidence that on the morning when Daphne Love entered the Beldmore Hotel to begin her career she should encounter Peter Gray in the lobby. Peter had come to seek a brief interview with Mr. F. P. Wellington himself.

"Well, well," he said to Daphne, "what are you doing on deck so early in the morning?"

She gave him a white-gloved hand but no answering smile. She was very serious; as serious as anyone who is beginning a career.

"I am going to work," she said, with a glance at the lobby clock.

He laughed cheerily, said "So am I," and added, "Let's do it together. You can be my stenographer. I'm going to interview F. P. Wellington, the British ass—you know."

"I know," she replied coldly; "I am Mr. Wellington's private secretary."

"The devil"—he began in his incredulity; and then, halted by her expression and the threat in her eyes, he said as gravely as he could, "But, Daphne, do you really mean it? I thought of course you were fooling."

"I am not fooling in the least. I warned you some time ago that I was preparing to earn my economic independence. I'm prepared now and I'm about to earn it. I must go—good-by."

"But," he stammered, "let me go up with you."

"I'd rather not, thank you," she said. "Besides, you probably haven't an appointment, and I most certainly have. And when you do come up, I think, if I should happen to be in the room with Mr. Wellington—I think perhaps it would be better if I didn't recognize you. I don't want to mix personal friendships with business."

He nodded, amazed but acquiescent.

"You understand, don't you, Peter?" she added more gently, and then she left him.

She pressed the button beside the door of Number 1240—Mr. Wellington's suite—and the great author himself admitted her.

She had met him before; had sat next to him at a dinner, indeed, for she was the attractive, intelligent, rich sort of young girl that is often placed next to visiting celebrities at dinner. She had met him before, but she now looked him over carefully again.

He was youngish—perhaps forty-odd—and would have appeared younger than his age except for the sparseness of his overlong, colorless hair. He was of average height, but thin, and conspicuously proud of his thin white hands. His smooth, long chin was supported by a high standing collar encircled by a black cravat so wide as to resemble a stock. He had a pleasant, confident smile which showed many long teeth, regular but otherwise only mediocre. This smile Mr. Wellington now vouchsafed her with a request to enter; and, obedient to the first instruction of her new career, she did so.

"Tell Him He May Come in Ten Minutes. We Must Think Up What I'm to Say"

A dowdy woman in gray sat in the corner of the room, upright, on the end of a chaise longue.

"My wife," said Mr. Wellington with a wave of one of his cherished hands. "Anastasia, my dear, this is Miss Love."

Anastasia moved a little uneasily, inclined her head, but made no effort toward cordiality. Daphne wondered whether she was too proud to speak or too timid. It was difficult to be sure; and at that moment the telephone rang and Mr. Wellington gave an exclamation of impatience.

"That," he said, "will be a reporter fellow, I expect, from the Evening Focus. I gave him an appointment for this morning and the chap's come ahead of time. Well, Anastasia, you'll have to leave us. Miss Love, you'll stay, of course, for I shall need you. My opinion of America, doubtless. It's a damnable nuisance, but it must be gone through with, though, I suppose. You'll help me a bit, won't you, Miss Love—tell me what Americans like to have said about them? I should like to make at least one startling remark, but not an offensive one. There goes the telephone again. I expect I'd better answer it."

"I'll answer it, Mr. Wellington. Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Yes—er—no. Tell him he may come in ten minutes. We must think up what I'm to say."

Again Daphne did as she was told. When she turned around again she saw that Mrs. Wellington had done also as she had been told and had left the room.

"Now," said Mr. Wellington, "sit down again, won't you, and we will plan. I thought I might say something about New York's sky line—coming up the harbor, you know—only I recollect that I said that when I first landed. It is very fine, of course—magnificent. What else can you suggest, Miss Love? What else is there amazing about New York? I mean, what else that you New Yorkers are especially proud of? Your police? Your traffic system? The public library? The electric advertisements?"

"Yes," she agreed slowly, "I suppose we're proud of all those things; but are you sure, Mr. Wellington, that this particular interviewer will question you along those lines? Isn't it possible he may want your opinion on more—well, more abstract things perhaps? Literature, art, the drama, our politics, our industries?"

He blinked his pale, rather unattractive eyes at her and there was something about his manner that caused her to feel that she had made a blunder.

When he spoke, however, his tone was patient and pardoning.

"My dear girl," he said, "you must understand that I am saving up all such really important comments for my lectures. I can't possibly waste an important opinion of mine on a reporter, for if I did what should I have left to tell my audiences? You will surely understand that for the present I can speak only very generally about your—er—your wonderful American activities."

Daphne nodded as if she understood. She experienced, however, a slight pang of disappointment, a false note in the otherwise perfect symphony that was Mr. Wellington.

(Continued on Page 115)

"I Never Met a Genius, Indeed, Who Didn't Thoroughly Understand the Difference Between a Nickel and a Dime"

# THE MAGNETIC WEST

## On West Water—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN SAINT LOUIS, taking the place of the clanging iron throat of Chicago, there was a sudden hush, a whispering like a summer air stirring in the foliage of peaceful trees. At first I thought it had many aspects of Philadelphia; but that impression quickly vanished—Saint Louis was Saint Louis. How large it was compared with other principal cities I didn't know; but, following the long avenues in taxicabs to distant engagements, it seemed limitless, a city filling a prairie. Its personality was not clear at once, but the main characteristic was perceptible at a glance: everywhere there were Places. A street would apparently end at stone pillars or a graceful arch, on tablets would be cut a designation, Washington Place or Newcomb or some other, and what followed had the discouraging look of a complete privacy.

Those Places I came to know very well and to anticipate with pleasure. For a square or two, arched or pillared at either end, there would be a tranquil succession of houses, not large but variously ornamental, of lawns without division, and sidewalks set in grass and planted with trees. They were communities in communities, streets within streets, that possessed remarkably the illusion of a happy seclusion, an aloofness from outside responsibility and care. Nowhere else were there so many, and to no other city or tradition did they so completely belong.

It had been, while it was the capital of the frontier, a city of fur trading and hunters; and the cottages of the trappers and voyageurs had been bright in gardens of flowers. They were French, like their city, and their tables for supper were laid on porches hung with honeysuckle, by the clove pinks, the petunias and heliotrope. That air, the fragrant quiet, had lingered among the closing files of the city; it had been colored once by the vital gayety of the Latin spirit; but that was gone; only the breath, the closes of flowers remained in the green Places near Forest Park and the University.

*Such a Hunter, Riding His Stuball Horse and Leading a Pack Mule Bearing All That He Possessed, Was a Figure Now to be Recalled With Benefit and Regret*

### The Commercial Empire of St. Louis

THE Saint Louis by the River had its towering walls, its defiles into which the sun reached only in short diagonals: but even there, with all the pressure of a commerce of which the city was inordinately proud, the noise was not immoderate. That pride, quite vanity, of industries, was now being enormously insisted on; material things, success, had grown paramount in the civic consciousness, and the vigorous assertions of its members of boards were flung abroad in the challenge of cold type. There was a representative present passion in Saint Louis to be not merely big, but bigger, in as many ways as possible, than all other cities; in reality, the biggest. It led the world, the lyrical chorus of its merchants told me, in the manufacture of buggies, macaroni and ice-cream cones, as well as brick and shoes and terra cotta. It simply led the world! Besides this, it was the largest market in the world for piston rings—so generously supplied by Kansas City—for barbers' supplies and mules. In the United States no market approached it for bagging and hats, hides and coffins.

The statement of that latter fact seemed to me to carry assurance in advertising to its last position, for beside it was a chart that, putting Saint Louis to the acid test of healthfulness, showed the mortality of infants to be lower there than in any other great city. There was some nonsense, I was largely informed, about an assertion, based on comparative bank clearings, that Kansas City was stronger financially than Saint Louis; but that flimsy claim, the hollowness of bank clearings in general, was explained by the Chamber of Commerce. The tables prepared by it showed the absolute iniquity, the willingness to deceive, of Kansas City. The Board of Trade there, on a specified date, had proved that its bank clearings led Saint Louis by many million dollars. This, without being controverted, was waved aside by a dispatch, founded on the deductions of a Federal Reserve Bulletin, proclaiming that, in actual commercial transactions, Saint Louis surpassed Kansas City by more than half.

Any casual sally over the Eads Bridge, into the east city, however, gave support to the most expansive statements; for it marched into as grim a world of industry as existed in America. It had to do, principally, with iron and steel, blast and open-hearth furnaces and coking ovens; and of all those elements of greatness coke was the most immediate. A process, I was instructed, an oven, had been invented that would coke Illinois coal—it was a short haul from Illinois, but a long, long pull from the mines of West Virginia—and, in consequence, an economic change of centers darkly ominous to other regions was confidently predicted.

Watching that process, the sheer graphic beauty of the operation obscured for me the possibilities of its development: an iron door in a bank of ovens opened and a great sheet of insupportable brightness was forced out on edge, fell into fragments instantly gray over a metal incline, and, in a car, moved under a water spray, sent up a sharp cloud of white steam. A power, a vitality of creative heat, infinitely stirring, made picturesquely from material of the land—that Illinois coal, local limestone and the ore of Lake Superior—the innumerable implements of a mechanical civilization. Here was America, and the history of the plant, cloudy and thunderous about me, was American; for I remembered how, one generation distant, it had begun in the fertility of a mind that had conceived pots and pans coated with enamel—granite ware. The single shed of that operation had grown into a city: mills and stacks and forges and railroads and long blocks of workmen's dwellings. At lunch with the men who owned it and had its industries in charge, at their long table laden with chickens and jellies and sweet frozen creams, in a building of separate offices and mahogany and plate glass, of private secretaries and a telephone exchange, I thought again of that original figure, bowed, metaphorically, with his little burden of tinware.

### Manuel Lisa

HE WAS, supremely, national, as racial as the Mesaba Range iron; and he brought power to the land that made him its own. But, always in a disturbed wondering, I speculated about the human, the masculine element: had he, essentially, been constrained to transmit himself in a machinery that needed only a close, skillful attention? I saw rooms of engines empty of life, running miraculously under a principle of remote control; there were no voices there, nothing but a smooth automatic click and fall. Men weren't necessary; they were not, it was implied, desired. They were not as reliable, not even eventually as cheap, as machines. The whole significant truth was that they—the men—were difficult to find; either the machinery, stolid to the cries of agitators and ills, had made them increasingly useless, or their own debility had created the mechanics of flywheels and bands, coils and gauges.

No city, of all the contiguous regions joining together into the United States, began with a more determined individualism than Saint Louis. Laclede, who died of fever in his bateau—following, down the infinite River, De Soto and La Salle—and the Chouteaus, Pierre and Auguste, founding the city as a post for the Louisiana Fur Company, were the first of a generation of traders whose success depended solely on a single initiative, a hardy fortitude, exercised in places, predicaments, beyond all support. The partners of the first fur company organized by Manuel Lisa, far from discreet and guarded offices, were each required to live in the Indian country for a period of three years without return.

They went up from Saint Louis, such expeditions, with a salute of muskets, their keel boats drawn along the bank by forty men on a rope—the cordelle, led from a mast, above the underbrush; and with the polers on the footway of the passavant. Manuel himself made many trips to the headwaters of the Missouri, in keel boats and canoes and in Mackinaws. His first journey to the Mandan villages, with George Drouillard under his command, included a hundred and fifty men; and they built a trading

post at the mouth of the Bighorn River. Antoine Bissonet, a voyageur, deserted the party on the Osage River, and Drouillard shot and killed him. The Blackfeet drove them back to Saint Louis, Drouillard and two companions falling in the flights of arrows, and Lisa organized the Missouri Fur Company.

Soon there were a hundred and more posts tributary to Saint Louis, stockades eighteen feet high with an elevated plank walk for the guards, two inclosed block houses, a house for the bourgeois, the chief trader, a house for his clerk, the barracks of the engagés, the fur press and rooms of storage. There was a double entrance closed with a trading counter, and a cannon trained on it from within. The post was commanded by the bourgeois and the sallies from it by a partisan: at times they went to the Indians and at others the Indians came to them. It was always a grave question whether to admit them to the stockade or hold them in their camps outside; and it was no rare thing to have a post completely filled with Indians drunk from the flat kegs of trading whisky. In fifteen years there were brought down the river twenty-six thousand buffalo hides, twenty-five thousand beaver skins, four thousand otter skins and twelve thousand coon, a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of deer hide and thirty-seven thousand and five hundred skins of muskrat.

*The French Song La Guignolée Was Still Sung Through the Town by Young Men on New Year's Eve*

### *Early Days of the Fur Trade*

THE Missouri Company created and shrewdly held a monopoly of the river trade. Manuel Lisa, whose career was a constant battle against a rivalry working to ruin him, was the only trader who got a foothold on the Northern Missouri; and when, in 1820, he died, the interests he represented fell apart. The Rocky Mountain Company, with William Ashley at its head—penetrating the mountains to the west rather than navigate preëmpted water—sent out an expedition in 1823 that, through the Aricara Indians, ended in disaster. Ashley, failing to mount the Green River, alone crossed the Wahsatch Mountains to Salt Lake City, where he labored on the Mormon Temple; and, returning with incredible hardship to Saint Louis, he sold his enterprise.

Jedediah Smith, who followed him, even more adventurous, crossed the Sierra Nevada and the Salt Lake Desert with two men. His expeditions, in place of the river posts, traded at summer rendezvous in high mountain valleys; and, leaving the Cash Valley, north of the Great Salt Lake, to join a band of his party, the Mojave killed ten men and took all their property. Smith was held in prison at Spanish Monterey; and when he was released, finding his way through the virgin length of California, the Indians killed fifteen more hunters and, alone, with insuperable courage and endurance, he reached Fort Vancouver. He had journeyed from the British boundary to Mexico, from the Mississippi to the shore of the Pacific; but at last, in the Cimarron Desert, the Comanches stopped his far wandering.

I thought of him, of his companions, with admiration and gratitude. In seven years seventy of them were killed; but they opened the Platte and the Green, the Yellowstone and the Snake rivers and all the Salt Lake region. They named the Sweetwater, Independence Rock and Jackson's Hole; the first to descend the Green River and to develop the Yellowstone, they broke the southwest trail to Southern California, made a crossing of the Sierras and led a way over the deserts of Utah and Nevada; they first went overland up the coast by San Francisco to the Columbia. They were ingeniously murdered by Indians, frozen to death, killed by white and dusty heat. More often than not they were robbed by clerks and partners at home; at best they had but little money and no rest: but, after all, were they, in a life and times ignorant of other times and lives, more badly off than if they were subject to the degenerating fat of the present?

### *The Rough Life of Pioneers*

SUCH a hunter, riding his stuball horse and leading a pack mule bearing all that he possessed—a rifle, traps, knife, hatchet, a cooking pan, tobacco, coffee, sugar and salt—into the country of the unaccountable Crows, was a figure now to be recalled with benefit and regret. He wore a light blue shirt and handkerchief at his throat, deer-skin leggins and a wide girdle with leather pouches; but if it were winter his shirt was a deer skin, embroidered in beads and colored hair and feathers, and a heavy capote was belted over the left shoulder. For the night he owned a buffalo robe, and his pillow was a saddle, and for his endurance, his service, he was paid a hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The Indians, the wild, were not his only dangers—he had the schemes of contending traders to meet, for it was nothing at all to mention to avaricious Blackfeet where a cache of indispensable food was hidden, where a supply of whisky might be got by a final and treacherous expedient. Already the vicious principle of lawless competition was begun; the foundations of later rebating and corrupt depreciations, ruin, were established in the body of American commerce.

However, it wasn't negative and inescapable vices which engaged me, but positive virtues, great measures of courage. Those, it seemed to me, anyhow in that early trade in beaver skins, tremendously outweighed all attending fault. Now silver fox were grown on farms; and that, too,

*(Continued on Page 161)*

*Here, in Her, I Saw What I Had Lamented as Gone; This Was Again the Frontier, the American, That Welded Admirable Men and Women*

# THE LOST VERONA

## By Maryse Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE small Italian restaurant in Soho with its background of English chintz gave out luncheon odors of spaghetti, sausage, mandarins. She sat waiting at a table next to a big mirror—a greenish-gold little woman in black velvet, on whose large mouth a smile hung like a wilting red garland. But whenever the dark swift waiter glanced toward the empty chair opposite her she remembered Italian ways, and her lips curled freshly. She knew how to keep a table at this crowded hour. Ah, well, you couldn't be Mrs. Brassington-Welsh and not know a great many things!

Hal was late. He would turn up presently, she rather suspected, in a very different mood from the sprightly one with which he had set forth from the Carlton that morning—top hat and patent leathers shiny, his new morning coat flowered with a white carnation. Very English, very military, very sure of himself.

Trust him, he had said. The professor was most awfully keen to get that manuscript for his university. Good joke on the old bird—what?—being taken in by a few photographed pages and the prodigious legend that the original lay moldering in a vault of a mosque in Constantinople. See how it worked? Have to smuggle the thing out by bribing a mythical Turkish official. Hal of course was to manage this delicate and expensive operation.

"Nita, Old Girl, Don't You Worry. We'll Manage"

Well, however incredibly guileless Doctor Marshall might be, it hadn't worked yet. And unless some money appeared from somewhere soon Major and Mrs. Brassington-Welsh would have to leave the Carlton Hotel in a hurry, for the pounds were oozing from Hal's leaky pockets.

Fantastic, the whole business. Major Brassington-Welsh dealing in the classics, as in various cities of Europe he had dealt hazardously in faked antiques, real estate and other promising commodities. Just suppose, though, that he actually managed. Not a chance!

She lit a cigarette. Stupid, these noisy pseudopicturesque places—bits of foreign back yards transplanted to cater to nostalgia, curiosity and limited purses. She knew them too well—their jargon, their alien smells, their bleached local color. What wouldn't she give for a real dinner crisp from her mother's oven in Stamford! Heigho! Stamford seemed a long way off.

Tired of London. Sick of red busses, leather shops, soft coal and tall men with yellow gloves. But Hal had wanted his England. Poor old Hal, she understood how he felt coming back. For so many years abroad he had bragged to strangers of influential friends in England and of his ancestral estate, Brassington Hall. And now that he was here he could claim neither friends nor hall. Once she had dreamed ——

He said he needed a rest after what he called earning his last commission—renting, without the owner's authority, a house in Paris to those Billingses. Was it only a week ago that, breathing the foggy air of London, he declared that he had rested long enough? That was the day he had met the slippery Greek with his greasy Latin manuscript. And the very next day Hal had read in the Daily Mail of the arrival of Doctor Marshall, the distinguished American scholar, over here to receive from Oxford an LL.D. A manuscript and a professor, said Hal, might add up a few pounds. It was a simple problem in arithmetic for a man of imagination.

A slow sensation of someone staring. She glanced in the mirror against which her table stood.

A waiter, lounging near, blocked her view. On either side of him heads and shoulders were reflected in the gestures of eating—a woman's arm heavily bangled, a hand closed around a wineglass, a fat man sucking in long dangling strands of spaghetti. In the foreground her own face, unfamiliar, close—every little line and pore, green eyes inquiring under light brows. The powder was too thick around her nostrils. Rub it off with a finger tip. Her little finger evened the red on her lips. Becoming, this black velvet.

The waiter moved on. And again she felt eyes fixed upon her. Wasn't it?—yes, it was the Greek, Antonides, over there by the door talking to the padrone. He saw that she saw him. His teeth flashed, and he came toward her, dark and shiny, carrying a flat parcel.

Unpleasant creature! Better be polite to him. She tilted her head; smiled. "Well, Mr. Antonides, what are you doing here?" Not so polite as all that.

"I saw your husband this morning, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh. He told me to bring him this here." And softly he laid the parcel on the table.

She hated men who wore strange rings on tiny white hands. "What is it?"

The Greek smiled. "A manuscript." His round silky eyes watched her intently. "Your husband is getting it cheap; only forty pounds."

Forty pounds—over two hundred dollars! So Hal had gone and bought the thing!

"I'm sure I don't know what he can do with it," she said, showing her annoyance.

Most objectionable, the way he shrugged his shoulders, leaning nearer to murmur—"Sell it perhaps, for a larger price. Isn't that possible, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh? You have many rich friends."

"We have no friends who would care for—shall I say an old manuscript?" She looked at him deliberately.

A waiter jostled by. But he only pressed closer to her table, spreading his hands fanwise. "It can have any age you wish," he insinuated.

She touched the parcel. "If you care to leave this, Mr. Antonides, until my husband comes ——"

He took her hint. "I shall be back later then. Major Brassington-Welsh has already paid me twenty pounds. He promised me the other twenty."

"You can count on it," she promised coldly. Well, that settled the question of paying any hotel bill this week.

He bowed, and his teeth showed again.

"Good-by." Her smile was a habit not easily broken.

But he turned back as the people at the next table rose noisily to leave. "I have known your husband for a very long time," he murmured. "It is most interesting to me that he should be buying a Latin manuscript. I shall be happy to hear what he intends doing with it. *Au revoir, chère madame.*"

Beastly man! Wasn't that like Hal to spend all that money? She opened the parcel. Well, if that was what he was paying forty pounds for, and expected to pass off on a poor old professor as a valuable—what was the name of that Latin poet?—Cat-something—Catullus!

You only had to look at it. That wormy wooden binding, for instance, with new wood showing through in spots, where it had been less successfully smudged and greased over. You could make those worm holes with bird shot. The clasps broken; the edges chawed as if by mice; and the yellowed parchment torn in places. Too obvious—too obvious! Beautifully done, though, all those blackish angular ciphers, and the cramped tight little notes in the margin. The red capitals were quite ornamental standing off by themselves in Indian file. Wonder what it said. You could see it was poetry the way the lines ran. But as to being worth forty pounds!

She looked up just in time. Hal's face seemed to balloon, red and animated, from the doorway, above the heads of drifting groups. One glance was enough. Something extraordinary had happened. Who was that behind him, that little figure drowned in a long overcoat? Good heavens, Doctor Marshall! Quick, paper and string! Whisk the manuscript back in its wrappings. Slide it down on the floor.

Hal saw her; came prancing across the room. The professor followed.

"Hello! Hello, Nita! Sorry to be late. I waited with the professor for a cable. Then we had to go to the bank." Hal's voice, round and hearty. "Sit down, sir. Sit down. Waiter, another chair."

A cable! The bank! Hal wagged his head at her.

"I'm dying of curiosity." She struck a girlish note, smiling up at Doctor Marshall, who stood blinking through his strong glasses.

"An eventful day, a very eventful day." His voice was like a vague little breeze stirring the droopy fringe of his unexpectedly black mustache. All the rest of him was bald and white.

"Sit down, sir," Hal jovially repeated.

Major Brassington-Welsh in his element, ordering an expensive lunch—one of his most conspicuous accomplishments. Her own talent lay in the familiar direction of entertaining a guest. What did one talk about to professors?

Hal sitting opposite her settled that question. He had taken on an atmosphere of mystery, through which he shone like a red sun through a London fog. Leaning forward he dropped his voice to what he considered a whisper.

"Nita, we've found the lost Verona!"

Clever boy! That thing she was hiding between her chair and the wall? So that was what he meant to call it! Well, anything he found someone would have to pay for. She turned to sparkle at the professor.

"I should hardly care to make such a statement, major," he corrected. "Mind you, I'm convinced that we have made a great discovery."

For an instant his eyes seemed to burn through his glasses.

Hal nodded. He was in such a fluster of excitement that he couldn't keep his hands still. He drummed little tunes on the table.

"A discovery," Marshall continued, carefully picking his words, "that will startle the world of thought. Aside from the evidence of the photographs, the whereabouts of this manuscript lead to the most intriguing speculation. Think of it, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, think of it! After all these centuries we find extant in Constantinople a Catullus!"

She thought of it. "I feel so ignorant, professor," Her smile flashed out, appealing. "Tell me, what is the lost Verona?" Wouldn't do Hal any harm to hear.

The professor dabbed at anchovy and Russian salad which the waiter was passing, while Hal poured Chianti, spilling it.

She sprinkled salt on the spotted tablecloth, listening with a forward movement of chin and shoulders. How fascinating! So in the tenth century there was a manuscript of Catullus, the earliest on record, which had mysteriously disappeared from Verona. It would take Hal to find a thing like that! Marshall wiping his glasses warmed to his subject.

"All the Catullus manuscripts we have today are descended from this lost Verona. You see, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, printing was only invented in the fifteenth century. Before that books had to be copied by hand. The monks who usually did this work were often illiterate and constantly made mistakes. I'm not boring you?"

Oh, no; no indeed, he wasn't boring her. She thought of the bank.

"So that from copy to copy the readings became almost unintelligible. It is my life's ambition, I may tell you, to reëstablish out of all this confusion what Catullus really wrote. I can show you an example of how even a letter alters the reading." He dived into a pocket for a pencil.

"Do try these *finocchi*, doctor. They're delicious." If she didn't stop him he would go on forever.

He slid the pencil back into his pocket. "Thank you, no. Now it has always been my theory," he continued, blowing through his mustache, "that at the fall of Constantinople the Turks cast, as heathen literature, a quantity of valuable uncatalogued manuscripts into the vaults of certain mosques. I wrote an article once on that subject, which I shall be glad to send you. It seems nothing less than a miracle that your husband ——"

Hal stroked the dark right wing of his mustache. "Pure luck, my dear doctor," he modestly remarked. "I'd done the fellow a good turn. Remember our last visit to Constantinople, Nita?"

He needn't drag her in. "So long ago," she murmured.

Marshall turned to Hal. "Wasn't it last summer?"

"Best little woman in the world, my wife, but she has no idea of time." Hal slanted at her down his nose and hurried on. "The fellow couldn't do enough for us while we were there. I'd have bought the manuscript then if I could have afforded it. He insisted on my taking the photographs. Writes me now and then. Got a letter from him the other day. He's ready to take big risks. In his official position ——"

"I should think," the professor interrupted with a dry note of humor, "that a Turkish gentleman so well aware of values would be willing to take a few risks for six thousand dollars."

Six thousand dollars! Her fork clicked against her plate He had said six thousand dollars! She saw him, bulging of brow, his glasses shiny pools in which his eyes like little blue fish seemed to be swimming around and around.

"Six thousand dollars!" She heard her own voice struggling uphill. And she caught Hal's triumphant eye, the lid flickering in a wink.

"About fourteen hundred pounds," he chuckled. "Just shows what your word stands for over there, professor. Nita doesn't know. Tell her."

She stared at the bald white head, the droopy mustache that fluttered as he talked. She must be dreaming. He had—what?—cabled to an old graduate of his university, Herman Slade, for the money, which had been promptly cabled back that morning. Hal was to send a special messenger with an advance payment of three thousand to Constantinople.

The messenger was to bring back the manuscript, on receipt of which Hal was to send the remaining three thousand to his mythical friend, whose identity must be kept in the dark.

How Hal had ever managed! Why, he must have three thousand now! And the manuscript—she slid her hand between the wall and her chair. Great heavens, she had forgotten Antonides, who was coming back here! In the excitement Hal must have forgotten him too. If he got wind of Marshall ——

Their distinguished guest, absently cutting slippery strands of spaghetti with his fork, seemed to have drifted into a scholar's paradise while Hal held forth. Great thing for the States! They'd have every blinking old—every illustrious man of learning in the world trotting over there to look at that manuscript. A country could be proud of men like this Herman Slade who ——

She fumbled in her bag, tore out a leaf of her notebook

"Mr. Slade has known me for a great many years," Marshall was saying a trifle complacently. "It was I, in fact, who persuaded him to donate our fine library building. He often consults me about his remarkable collection."

(Continued on Page 69)

*"We Have No Friends Who Would Care for—Shall I Say an Old Manuscript?" She Looked at Him Deliberately*

# THE SONG BUILDERS

## By One of Them

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THERE is a trick in song writing, just as in laying bricks. Unless you get it you will not write a successful one. What is more unfortunate, the chances are you will never get that trick unless you are around where the trick is being done. A person must live in the atmosphere of the song business and be in constant touch to pick up ideas and make them workable. That is why the outsider has so little chance of success; why he or she is so easily swindled.

Personally I have never been able to consider a song writer a composer. Real composers are finished musicians who create new thoughts in music, mostly instrumental music. I am talking about what we know as popular songs.

Some of our very best song writers know nothing about technical music. A majority of them could not put their melodies on paper if their lives depended upon it. There is always some smart technical fellow to do that.

For instance, the most successful popular song writer that I know came in the other day to see me. This man made a fortune out of being able to think up an idea or a tune that seems exactly to hit the public fancy at the time the song appears. He has a knack of thinking from six weeks to six months ahead.

"Say," he said, walking briskly up to the piano where I had been running off some new manuscripts, "see what you can make of this." He began to hum:

"Te-da-de-da, diddlety-e-te dum-dum, da-da —— Get the idea?"

I did get the rhythm of it instantly.

"Get a key that will suit my voice," he suggested. "Here's the chorus."

He hummed the words softly and I filled in the gaps on the piano. It was a peach of an idea.

"Good!" he smiled. "See if you can get your arranger to make some sort of orchestration—at least a piano score—by tomorrow night. I'm going to sing it at a benefit."

We had it ready for him. The song was a pronounced hit.

And that's all he did—apparently.

As a matter of fact, that fellow had thought of that for weeks. It had run through his head until it haunted him. His work had been in thinking. Our work was simply putting it on paper, just as you would dictate a well-thought-out letter to a stenographer.

The ordinary layman, observing that performance, would say, "Well, that's a cinch. There's no use in working when you can make money that easy."

But they forget some important details. In the first place this man is among the very few who can originate both the words and the music for a song. Those rare birds are geniuses. In the second place he had the idea so definitely formed in his head that I caught the entire theme before he had hummed three lines. You see, he was able to convey his idea, though incomplete, to me.

### *Silly and Mushy—and Popular*

IT'S just like one of those wonderfully simple stories that you read in a magazine or book, and say, "Why, anybody ought to have thought of that!"

Even with my years of experience—I have written more than fifty successful songs—I kicked myself for not having bumped into a melody and an idea like that.

The simplicity of these things and the apparent ease with which they are done are what mislead the public—those people who read in the papers how a man made fifty thousand dollars by dashing off a song overnight.

The idea for some great book or story has been dashed off overnight, I suppose—just the germ. And that's what gets the money—the idea. It isn't the laborious detailed work. The idea may have been formulating in the author's mind for several years. The main part of the work was done when he had it in such shape that he could jot it down on his cuff.

The prevailing idea about popular songs is that they are a silly lot of mush. They may be, but about one-fifth the population of the United States is quite willing to be considered silly and mushy—for a consideration. I have to look over more than ten thousand of their contributed efforts in that direction every year. I do this in the hope of finding something worth while.

From this great mass of manuscripts sent in by unknown but ambitious song writers last year I found just one that would do. Later I found that the author had formerly been in the vaudeville business.

The great trouble with the average layman is that he has little idea of the requisites of a song, the mere mechanics. He knows a good song when he hears it, of course. But he or she doesn't know what is a bad one, especially if he or she writes it. He doesn't live in the atmosphere of songs.

I had been intimately familiar with the song writing and publishing business for many years before it ever even occurred to me that I might write a song. The first job I ever had was shipping clerk in a music store run in combination with a big publishing house. In time I got to be head salesman on the floor. I could play the piano and had some natural knowledge of harmony. Otherwise I couldn't have got a job in the first place.

My main duty was to play new songs for visitors to the store. When there were no customers I used to amuse myself running off improvised melodies suggested by some song that I had been playing. To exaggerate these tunes is a lot of fun. A pianist gets as much amusement out of that as actors and writers often find in burlesquing some tragedy or melodrama. One day, in high spirits, I was ripping off a sort of burlesque air, highly jazzed. It got a laugh out of the fellows about the store.

"Say," said a song writer who had dropped in and was leaning over the piano, smiling, "you've got a real idea there. You know," he added, "that crazy melody suggests to me something about monkeys and coconut trees—jungle."

I thought he was kidding. I had never seen a wild monkey or a coconut tree in my life.

"No kidding," he assured me seriously. "Wait a minute! Play it again."

When I had done so he went into a little office in the back of the store and began scribbling. In an hour he had written a rime that would do for a chorus. It was all about monkeys, coconuts, palm trees. I had a bigger laugh than ever.

The spirit of the thing got me, though. I jazzed it some more, chasing monkeys up and down trees and occasionally booming a note as if somebody had been struck with a coconut.

"That's it!" exclaimed the song writer. "I believe we've got it!"

He went home and completed the verses—lyrics, we call them. In a few days we had a pretty good song, all about the jungle. The boss agreed to print it. Monkey-and-palm stuff was new then.

In three months that song had sold more than a hundred thousand copies. For my end I cleaned up twenty-five hundred dollars in royalties, and the old song is still selling some.

That is a good illustration of how songs are usually written. That is also the way fads are started. Songs, you know, run in spells just like plays and books. For two or three months everything will be school-day and kid songs. Then it will be a spell of good-by songs. Next will come the seashore melodies, the bounding main, the sighing breeze, the roaring surf, and so on. Then there will be an epidemic of mammy songs.

### *The Duties of a Song Smeller*

RIGHT after our monkey-and-coconut song there came an avalanche of jungle stuff. My friend and I turned that old piano into a jungle roar for two or three months. We knew nothing about these things, of course. That made no difference.

In that same period somebody turned out an Indian song that hit the popular fancy—Tammany, I think it was—and we were surfeited with big chiefs and tepees.

After years of that sort of thing, with a pretty fair degree of success, I have been taken in as a member of the publishing company.

I am what is known as a song smeller. In other words, I am supposed to be able to tell pretty accurately whether a song will go or not. I've had pretty good luck at it. I don't often miss the real good ones. At that, I can pass on the merits of somebody else's song better than my own.

A song smeller occupies a position very similar to the editor of a magazine or the final judge of a book in a publishing house. If I O.K.'d a lot of songs that didn't go I'd soon lose my job. It costs a lot of money to publish songs, and no firm can live long if it puts out a big percentage of dead ones.

Our methods are also very similar to those of a magazine editorial department. We want new stuff badly. We will go to most any financial extremes to get a hit. We have the same trouble with writers who feel sure that their stuff is good and who try to influence us into publishing it. They often accuse us of playing favorites. And we do that very thing—for the same reason that magazine and book publishers do. These favorites are the people who turn out stuff that sells. We'd take on a lot more favorites if we could get them.

Pick up any magazine and you will notice that most of the stories are written by a well-known group of authors. You'll notice the same thing in songs. It isn't that those fellows have any pull. They have the stuff. If a new writer comes along with a hit we jump on it like a terrier on a rat. It's the thing we're looking for. I have waded through five thousand manuscripts without finding a single germ.

In other words, we run the business to make money. If we published 1 per cent of the stuff sent us from the outside we'd go broke in three months.

Therefore, being unable to get any results from songs that are submitted

"Te-da-de-da, Diddlety-e-te Dum-dum, Da-da —— Get the Idea?"

by unknowns, we have to go out and look up people who are known for their ability. Frequently we give them ideas to work out, selecting men and women who have a special faculty for developing certain classes of stuff.

The outsider has very little chance in the song-writing business, and we do not encourage him to waste his time.

Occasionally the heap of rubbish turns up a song that shows promise, a touch of song-writing ability—but a mere touch. As a rule, though, the man or woman is too far out of touch for us to point out the thing needed.

If, for instance, we should attempt to write a constructive criticism of every song that comes to us we would have to triple our force, and then we wouldn't have a minute for attending to the business of publishing and selling.

There are dozens of fakers who take advantage of this situation to prey on the innocent. It is, indeed, a fertile field for men who are willing to do anything to pick up a few dollars. The damage they do is not limited to the pocketbooks of the unfortunates. Their activities litter our place with useless stuff not worth the paper it is written on, and they know it. But they have the money and we have the trouble of answering the hundreds of letters of those who are ambitious and gullible.

A woman came in to see me the other day after having telephoned for an appointment, explaining that she had come all the way from the Middle West to see a member of our firm personally. Out of pity I agreed to see her and look over her stuff.

I had expected to see some scatterbrained girl who thought she was going to make a hit as a song writer. Imagine my surprise when the telephone operator out front brought back an elderly, gray-haired woman!

From her every action I could see that this woman had weighed her words in advance and looked upon this as one of the most important events of her life.

"You have some songs, I believe," I said.

"Yes, several. I have had so much trouble in getting my work criticized that I have come all the way to New York to go over it with you personally."

"You are a professional writer, madam?" I asked.

"In a way, yes. But I have never sold any of my songs. It is rather hard, too. I have three children—I am a widow—and I had figured to support them with my song writing."

The first song she exhibited tipped me off to what she had been doing, or rather what had been done to her. It was printed in regular form, a form that I know mighty well. I wanted to be fair, though, hoping that lightning might strike and I would run into something good. I motioned her to my office piano, a small instrument of the baby-grand type, soft in tone, but very true.

### *A Deluded Amateur*

HER playing was something terrible. The woman had no idea of melody and what it meant. I could have excused her execution—she played exactly as you have heard some high-school girl play a piece at the music-class concert—but there was no melody.

I asked to try the piece myself. It had been arranged mechanically correct, but as a song it was impossible. I knew that she had not arranged it, because amateurs don't know how to do it that way.

"You paid someone to put this together for you and print it, madam?"

"Yes, fifty dollars. One song writer who advertises that he will help beginners said that he liked this piece very much. You know him, I suppose."

She mentioned a name that I knew only too well.

"You have sent him others?"

"Oh, yes, quite a number."

To my dismay, she opened a manuscript case and dumped fully fifty songs on the piano top. She had written them all!

There wasn't anything like a good idea in the whole lot. Her favorite, it developed, was one called America, the Greatest Country of All. She expected to make a lot of money out of this. She thought it very patriotic and the theme up to the minute.

I hated to tell this woman how she had been deluded. I did, though. But that won't stop her, I'm afraid. That old lady, I'll bet, is sitting up writing songs right at this moment. She lives in a little town out West.

After thinking up her first song, White Stars on a Field of Blue, some of the neighbors told her it was good. They always do. Not knowing what to do about it, she saw an advertisement in the paper.

She answered it, sending her song along.

A few days later she received word that the song had promise. The lyrics, the man said, were excellent. It would be necessary, though, for him to adjust a snappy bit of music to the words. He would do this and would guarantee that the song was published for fifty dollars. If the woman did not have fifty dollars to pay at once, she could pay ten dollars down and five dollars a week until the full amount was paid. The man did print the song, but that was all. It was then up to her to sell it to some big publishing house—get it on the market. In the meantime he would also try. The copy she exhibited was a sort of proof sheet that can be got up cheaply.

In the course of three years this poor woman had paid out five hundred dollars. Now she had saved up two hundred and fifty dollars more to make a trip to New York to see that her songs were properly marketed!

While I was advising her to give up the song-writing business and stick to the method by which she saved up five hundred dollars, a friend of mine, a song writer, came in. I introduced him to the visitor.

"You won't mind, will you," he said to her, "if I run over this? We may have to run it in as a special number tomorrow night, and we shall have to get it orchestrated." She was delighted—looked at him in awe and wonder.

Billy sat down and ran off the melody.

"I don't care much for that," I said. "I don't believe it will fit."

"Well, that's that," he said, tossing it aside. "How 'bout this one?"

*We Have the Same Trouble With Writers Who Feel Sure That Their Stuff Is Good and Who Try to Influence Us Into Publishing It*

I rather liked that one. There was a catchy note in it. I nodded.

"Who's good on canoe stuff around here?" asked Billy. "It's about the water, the lake, and so on. Got to get a lyric by morning."

I happened to recall to him a good canoe-verse writer who wasn't busy. Billy called him upon the phone. He hurried away. Such a song was needed as a fill-in number in a show.

"When will they have that song ready?" asked the astounded woman.

"Oh, they'll finish it tonight," I told her. "It's a hurry-up job."

"And is that all they do to turn out a song?"

"Yes, ma'am. It's their business."

"Will a song like that be successful?"

"Oh, you can't tell. It's merely a filler and will answer the purpose for the time being. It might or might not be a hit."

"I'm afraid," she said wearily, packing up her many manuscripts, "that I am too far away."

I assured her that she was; that her environment was not such as would keep her mind whetted as to what was going on and as to what was needed. I also asked her to stop her neighbors from sending any songs to the fellows who had bunked her. She promised to do so. Her departure was pathetic.

I had given that woman more than an hour of my time simply because I felt a great pity for her. I couldn't do that often.

There are thousands just like her throughout the country. There is one dentist in a distant city who has sent me a song every ten days for the last three years. Not one ever had the slightest chance. But he keeps right on writing them.

Repeatedly we send out a form letter to those who submit manuscripts, informing them that our own special writers supply us with practically all the material we can publish and that we cannot consider additional numbers. Just the same they keep coming. We advise these people to try other publishers and assure them that these publishers make no charges for the publication of numbers they accept; that we do not recommend writers or arrangers. In this letter we suggest that the writer consult the local music dealer.

One day I received a letter from a woman explaining that she would have to rely on me for information by mail, as she was unable to consult her local dealer, or anybody else, for that matter.

This woman, it developed, was a cripple and confined to her home. The stuff she wrote was hopeless. All of it, though, teemed with cheerfulness. I always felt very badly over not being able to see that writer get a start. Imagine, if you can, a helpless cripple in a small town trying to make other people happy with what she thought were bright, jazzy, cheerful songs.

By the more thoughtful contributors I am often asked to point out just what are the requisites of a salable song. It is very easy for me to explain; but it is very difficult, it appears, for the average layman to understand. The artist, the fiction writer, the designer, the editor—anybody engaged in creative work—will understand immediately; but the average person doesn't get it at all. He appears to believe that there is a certain rule, something like the one laid down in copy books for punctuation.

The most direct answer to that is: Something that will strike the imagination immediately—something catchy. That, of course, to the lay mind means nothing.

### *What Makes a Song Salable*

ASIDE from a certain necessary amount of mechanical knowledge or craftsmanship, here are what I would consider the requisites of a salable song:

First, it must have heart interest, something that reminds you of things you have seen and emotions you have felt. The homelier this thought the better.

Second, it must have simplicity of melody, a tune that is easy to sing and to remember. A song that cannot be committed to memory—something that you cannot whistle—is no good commercially.

Fancy twists or elaboration in the melody means utter ruin to the popular song. Few minds have that good a musical memory. It is much the same as a story told with elaborate words and fancy descriptions. Popular songs must be direct and simple. Even one with bad English and impossible rimes is better than a highfaluting arrangement that no one can understand or remember.

We often hear criticisms to the effect that songs are not original; that one is simply a steal on the other. That is partly true, but it is not a fault. A song to be popular must suggest something that you have heard or thought of before. An absolutely original composition would be unintelligible to the average lover of popular songs.

The very trick that a writer seeks to put over is to have one, after hearing the new song, say, "That's catchy, isn't it? Sort of reminds you of So-and-So, doesn't it?"

I imagine the same thing applies to stories. Often I have read a story and been impressed with it because it made me think of something that I had seen or heard before.

I don't mean, of course, that a writer can deliberately copy the melody or the words of another song. I mean that the music strain or the thought in the words of one should suggest the thought for another. For instance, there are several gorgeous strains in the famous Blue Danube waltz that have suggested musical themes for any number of popular songs.

By transposing some of the powerful strains in Nearer, My God, to Thee, several songs have been written. The auditor is caught by the haunting melody and knows that it reminds him of something—something that he cannot locate. He does not forget it, and goes about whistling the song for hours. There you have a popular song.

I have heard that Paul Dresser, a famous ballad writer of several years ago, was so attracted by a combination of notes in Nearer, My God, to Thee that it suggested to him the air for On the Banks of the Wabash, an enormous seller in its day. All songs of that type are easy for amateur quartets; and, if for no other reason, that alone would make them last.

Continued on Page 85

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 14, 1922


## Another Argument Gone Wrong

MANY manufacturers—in the small towns as well as in the great centers of population, and west of the Mississippi as well as east of it—are addicted to shedding tears over the imaginary handicaps imposed on them by restricted immigration. This is due to the fact that, like most advocates of unlimited immigration, they fail to see beyond the ends of their own noses.

Thanks to the immigration policies formulated by short-sighted legislators, the United States has suffered, among all her other immigrant-induced evils, a most unhealthy growth in the past half century. The great centers have been overloaded with tremendous masses of the world's cheapest labor; while many of the small manufacturing towns west of the Mississippi or out of the line of immigration have stagnated and failed to prosper.

In asking for more immigrants the manufacturers in the latter towns are merely demanding a state of affairs under which they would get one immigrant for every nine that settled down in the great centers. That has been the percentage that they have steadily received and that they would continue to receive.

It seems impossible for these out-of-the-way manufacturers to understand that it is of no earthly benefit to them to get one cheap immigrant or one thousand cheap immigrants or ten thousand of them if at the same time their competitors in the great centers are getting nine to their one, or nine thousand to their one thousand, or ninety thousand to their ten thousand. The manufacturer's condition as to labor without regard to his competitor doesn't count; the only thing that counts is his relative advantage as compared to that of his competitor. If his competitor is getting nine cheap immigrants to his one cheap immigrant the competitor can make him look like thirty pfennigs in German money.

If the protesting manufacturers will take the trouble to remove the lid from immigrant labor and examine its internals with care they will find that immigration has been a welcome asset to industries that have ready access to Ellis Island alumni, inasmuch as these industries can hire immigrant labor freely and cheaply while they are running on full time, and keep this labor on tap without expense to themselves in times of depression. Industries that do not have this access to Ellis Island alumni are therefore handicapped by unfair competition where man power is concerned. If it were not for this competition industries in the smaller centers would naturally grow by drawing their workers from surrounding territory. Because of this competition native American labor can scarcely afford to work for the prices that factories not manned by immigrants must pay in order to compete with immigrant-manned factories. In one New England town almost entirely populated by native stock, for example, there are some industries that compete with similar industries in immigrant-populated cities. The average yearly earnings of the women employed in these industries in the New England town is five hundred dollars; and even so, the industries are barely able to hold their own against the factories that are located in the immigrant centers. In other words, immigration—and the settling of swarms of immigrants in the large centers—has been responsible for curtailing the growth of industries throughout the rest of the country, and has in countless instances prevented the establishment of other industries in smaller communities.

It should be apparent to every manufacturer outside of the great centers that the healthy growth of this country depends on the increased prosperity of the smaller towns, supported by industries manned by natives who have stakes in the towns. It is only by such a process of decentralization that this country can adhere to American traditions and put the brakes on its steady advance toward centralization in the large cities, with all its attendant evils.

There is no sound argument in favor of any immigration that this country does not actually need; and there are always several unanswerable arguments against admitting to this country any immigrants that are not needed for some specific purpose. Even those whose unsound arguments are inspired by their pocketbooks instead of by their patriotism will have to realize, when they study the matter more closely, that the yearly influx of unwanted and unneeded thousands of low-grade aliens will in the end wreck their bank accounts, just as it has already hurt our civic life, our political institutions and our national unity.

## War Debts and Indemnities

THE two most perilous international embarrassments of the present day are the grotesque size of the war debts and indemnities, and the grotesque cost of the military and naval establishments which nations once rich but now impoverished are compelled by their fears or by their governments to maintain. If all armaments, war debts and indemnities could be simultaneously reduced by international agreement credit would no doubt revive, trade would improve, and both the United States and Great Britain might gain far more in real wealth than they would lose by paper sacrifices. But a downward revision of legal debts and legal indemnities cannot be justified if the remissions made by one country to another are to be used by that other country for the maintenance or extension of armaments. If wiping the slate would wipe out the probability of future wars it would be cheap at the price. Yet, even though a conclusion cannot be reached at present, there is everything to be said for public discussion. It is a healthy sign that the press is teeming with controversial letters on the subject of war debts and indemnities.

Perhaps the principal source of bewilderment in all those discussions of international finance is the fact that the figures are far beyond the capacity of the ordinary mind. Who can comprehend the meaning of billions of dollars, or quadrillions of rubles? An American might do well to reflect upon the difficulty which the Government of the United States found, after the War of Independence, in paying back to France the few million dollars which the French Government had lent the American colonies during the later stages of that struggle. Frenchmen again might well revive the memories of 1816 and 1871. In 1816 about 150,000 German, Russian and British troops were occupying portions of France in order to extort some £30,000,000 of indemnities. By the influence of the Duke of Wellington the armies of occupation were rapidly reduced, a portion of the indemnity was remitted and within a year or two the occupation ceased altogether.

In 1871 victorious Germany imposed an indemnity of £200,000,000—5,000,000,000 francs—upon France. The revenue of France in the year preceding the war was about £87,000,000; and the funded debt of France, when the war closed early in 1871, was about £500,000,000. The population of France at that time was about 37,000,000. The value of the franc was maintained, and with it the credit of the French Government. Their bills were backed in London and Amsterdam, and the whole indemnity was successfully discharged in September, 1873, when the last German troops evacuated the soil of France.

After a war lasting eight times as long and costing the German people at least thirty times as much as the war of 1870 cost the French, the German Government was compelled by the Allies to promise to pay £6,600,000,000, 34 per cent of Germany's coal output, 40 per cent of its shipbuilding capacity, together with an enormous annual sum for the armies of occupation.

Up to the time of the collapse and default of Germany in August, 1922, nearly four years after the end of the war, Germany had paid to the Allies £415,000,000; rather more than double the amount paid by the French after 1871. The present population of Germany is probably about 63,000,000. The revenue of the German Government before the war was about £184,000,000. These figures tell their own story.

It would be a very beneficial thing if statesmen and politicians, and independent citizens who influence public opinion, could mark, learn and inwardly digest these comparative statistics, remembering all the time that war debts are not productive, and that wars always leave nations not only with larger debts but with smaller capacity to pay them.

## The Misfortunes of Cattlemen

ACCORDING to the Department of Agriculture the shrinkage in value of cattle in this country during 1921 cost the producers $447,000,000. The losses were due partly to lowered values, partly to decrease in number marketed. Our exports of beef and cattle products fell to almost nothing.

The world situation in beef is no better. The slump in sales of dressed beef is illustrated in the table below, presenting the figures for chilled and frozen beef in the export trade of the world for the year 1921 and preceding years. The figures are in thousands of tons:

| | 1915 | '16 | '17 | '18 | '19 | '20 | '21 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| From Southern Hemisphere | 521 | 662 | 724 | 734 | 673 | 693 | 661 |
| From Northern Hemisphere | 117 | 103 | 166 | 286 | 132 | 51 | 15 |
| Imported into United Kingdom | 380 | 352 | 305 | 384 | 324 | 493 | 580 |
| Imported into other countries | 258 | 428 | 585 | 636 | 481 | 251 | 96 |

The relative expansion was much greater in the Northern than in the Southern hemisphere, and the relative decline has likewise been heavier. Argentina had the largest expansion and has suffered the least decline, Australia the most.

Striking is the increase in imports into the United Kingdom since the war; equally striking, the falling off in imports into other countries. In 1920 France, Italy and Belgium imported 304,000 tons of beef; in 1921 only 175,000 tons.

The German position is peculiar and Teutonic. The present meat consumption of the country is less than half the prewar amount. This is largely because the Germans prefer fat to lean and use their importing power for lard and vegetal oils. Germany cannot buy from her neighbors as was her custom before the war; their prices are too high. She looks far afield. A German syndicate, under official sponsorship, has recently made a proposition to Argentina to buy annually for two years 60,000 tons of frozen beef and 70,000 head of live cattle—to be paid for with German goods. The city of Vienna once bartered a railway bridge for a large parcel of hog fat.

The American consumer is apparently the only one able to buy American beef at the current costs of production. Beef has always been the premium meat in trade, and at present is suffering from its superiority.

# COAL REMEDIES

## By FLOYD W. PARSONS

DECORATION BY HERBERT PULLINGER

NEVER before have the people of the United States passed through such a time of false reports and distortions of fact as during the months since the commencement of the coal strike. For five months we listened to a daily hymn of hope, the refrain of which was "Don't fear; everything will be all right." But a great many millions will be taken from consumers of coal, for no other reason than that the grave truth was withheld and the main issue obscured by discussions of matters of secondary importance.

One must conclude from the sugar-coated policy followed by our eminent leaders that we are a race of weaklings, with fluttering hearts and a disposition to sit down and cry under the shock of ill news. The whole nation should have been told plainly and sternly early in the summer that the moment coal supplies in the United States were reduced to 30,000,000 tons the safety limit would have been reached, and any further diminishing of coal stocks must be followed by social and industrial disaster to the nation. For many weeks after a calamity was certain the public was fed with daily reports that railroad equipment was in good shape and service unimpaired. The middle of each week attention was called to the large number of cars loaded with coal on the previous Monday; but no mention would be made of the fact that ever since coal mining was started in this country Monday's shipments always have represented the maximum loadings of the week, the reason being that the mines are idle on Sunday and the railroads have an opportunity to place cars on the colliery sidings.

All through the month of August propagandists spread the news that the railroad trouble was practically over and that the places of the strikers had nearly all been filled with competent workmen. Though such statements were displayed on the front pages of the papers, no mention was made of the truth that coal mines in many fields were operating at only 25 to 50 per cent capacity, due to railroad disability. Every hopeful item was taken from the weekly coal-production reports of the United States Geological Survey, but no one appeared to observe the figures relating to railroad deficiencies. Also, though wide mention was made of the fact that passenger service was well maintained, small notice was taken of the enormous losses resulting to fruit growers and others in many parts of the country, who were compelled to allow their products to rot because of inadequate transportation.

### An Intolerable Situation

FEDERAL officials say the public was not informed fully concerning the true situation because things were so serious that a buyers' panic might have resulted, causing record advances in coal prices. As a matter of fact the great need of the day is for something to happen that will stir the country to remedial action that has already been too long delayed. If the coal producers are gougers and profiteers it is time we were so informed. If employers and employes in the coal and transportation industries are inclined to consider only their own private interests and give only passing thought to the welfare of the nation, we should know that fact. If we have never realized it before it certainly must be plain today that the businesses of supplying the country with fuel and transportation cannot be carried on by interests that are uncontrolled and unregulated.

We hear the slogan "More business in government, and less government in business," but in the light of what is now happening we may be forced materially to modify our views respecting Federal interference in industry. There are some lines of business in which the workers and their bosses may fight to their hearts' content, and the effects of the controversies will not greatly inconvenience the general public. But when it comes to air, water, food and fuel the curtailment of any one of these life essentials constitutes an act that cannot and must not be permitted. For many years the people of the United States have waited for the coal operators and miners to stabilize their industry and establish the business on a basis of law and order, but the only reward the public has received for its patience is another, and let us hope final conflict, the economic waste of which is beyond description.

Is it true that the American public can be fooled not only some of the time but all the time? Is it a fact that we are concerned only with the ending of strikes, and that we are not interested in the terms on which peace is established? Is it possible we are too dull to know when we are being abused, and too stupid to recognize the perpetration of a gross injustice? Do we lack the grit and backbone necessary to see this thing through right now and, no matter what the suffering and the losses may be, refuse to accept any settlement of the issue that does not forever end the possibility of fuel famines here in a country that literally rests on a coal foundation? Shall we stupidly accept as final the statement that the operators and miners have settled their differences, and then with voices choked with emotion are we going to express our gratitude to the miners for going back to work at wartime wages to save the country from freezing this winter?

### Only a Truce

FROM the very beginning of the strike John Lewis, the president of the United Mine Workers, has been master of the situation, and in carrying on for his men, a mighty good job he has made of it. The agreement he had the operators sign at Cleveland, which was used as a basis for agreements in other fields, cannot be considered a settlement of the controversy, from any possible point of view. All that has been effected is a truce, which may give us several months of peace, and then, next year, when the opportune moment arrives, we shall in all probability witness another fight and be compelled again to go through all the agony of uncertainty concerning the possibility of another fuel-less winter. If we let this thing happen or fail definitely to eliminate the possibility of such an outcome, then the Government we have set up deserves to be pilloried on the score of incompetence.

Fortunately, this winter we shall have sufficient unpleasant experiences to keep the fires of memory burning. Day after day things will happen to drive deep the truth that it is about as unsafe, from a national standpoint, to permit two or three men, or groups of men, to control coal supplies as it would be to permit a few of our citizens to control at will the air we breathe or the water we drink. Though we should adhere closely to the ideas of government set down by our forefathers, it is pertinent just now to remember that even the wisest statesmen one hundred and more years ago could not comprehend the necessities of a mechanical age such as has been ushered in by science today. Two or three generations ago coal mining might have been looked upon as a purely private business, but that time has passed, and it requires a wide stretch of the imagination for anyone to picture a time in the near or even the more distant future when Americans will be free of the domination of fuel.

The common question is, What can we do about it? A year ago many people believed that the coal industry might solve its own problems. Today not one citizen in a thousand entertains any hope concerning such a possibility. John Lewis won a great victory for his union, but he has also opened the nation's eyes to a menace that cannot be tolerated. A short time ago the miners looked with favor on the plan of nationalizing the coal industry. Their recent victory has given them an idea that they can

Continued on Page 137

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

## From the Salome Sun

MANY tourists and Easterners ask about the past, present and future history of Salome—so here is it: Salome is the principal stopping point on the Santa Fe Railroad and the International Auto and Air Route, between Phoenix and Los Angeles—which means that when you are not in the auto you ought to be in the air—and Salome put the air in Arizona.

The train stops here twice each day—when it goes from Phoenix and when it comes back from Los Angeles. Some folks have wondered why it comes back from Los Angeles, but the engineer's wife has the asthma and lives in Phoenix—so he comes back. The train stops here because Salome has the only good water for a long ways—and the engine has to have water. The train goes through here becus it can't get through the Granite Wash Mountains without going right through Salome—otherwise some of the natives might not know what a train looks like.

When the train stops some of us buy a paper or an orange from the news butcher, while the rest of us reciprocatingly make faces at the supercilious and self-satisfied day-coach passengers, who make unkind remarks about our town and comment audibly upon its God-forsaken appearance—not knowing that we know that most of them come from even smaller and more God-forsaken towns than Salome—"Where She Danced"—and where the peace and quiet and the scent of Desert so make one's soul content that we should not be surprised, some day, if God himself should come this way.

Some Folks and Some Papers say the Salome Sun and our Road Signs are silly. Sure they are—and WE KNOW IT, but Some Folks and Some Papers are even sillier—and either don't know it or won't admit it. Better be just plain silly sometimes than super-sillyous all the time. Oil that spring, Bill, it's squeaking.

Please help buy a Bath Tub for our Frog. He will be Seven Years Old next month and he hasn't learned to swim yet. If it does not rain soon we are afraid he will turn into a long-horned toad.

Here's luck to the lady that rides the back seat—which takes muscle. She stands on her head and sits on her feet—or her bustle. She has wished every day that she had never left home. My, how she rants! But now she feels gay, she has got to Salome—"Where She Danced."

IT MIGHT BE A WHOLE LOT WORSE.

*—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*

*"The Next Time You Paint a Bacchante, Henry, I Will be Your Model"*

## New York

### A Rimed Editorial

*JAZZ, rattle, bang, crash, asphalt and cobblestones,*
*Roar of the Subway—clangor of the El,*
*Battering the brainpan—shattering the consciousness,*
*Some call it living, but I call it hell!*

*Jazz in the cabarets, the theaters and the phonographs,*
*Crashing of the trucks on the torn-up street,*
*Banging of the gates on the high-speed elevators,*
*Rattle of the clubs on the hobos' feet.*

*Howls of the traffic cops bawling out the draymen,*
*Shrieks of the singers in the vaudeville shows,*
*Felonious assault on the eye by Canal Street,*
*First-degree murder by Jersey on the nose.*

*Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Racketing cacophonies!*
*Bull in a china shop! Essence of a yell!*
*Noise! Noise! Noise! Noise! Hammerings and clamorings!*
*Some call it New York—I call it hell!*

*—Baron Ireland.*

## To a Lady

*LADY, pretty lady, delicate and sweet,*
*Timorous as April, frolicsome as May,*
*Many are the hearts that lie beneath your feet*
*As they go a-dancing down the sunlit way*

*Lady, pretty lady, blithe as trilling birds,*
*Shy as early sunbeams plays your sudden smile,*
*How you quaintly prattle lilting baby words,*
*Fluttering your helpless little hands the while!*

*Lady, pretty lady, bright your eyes and blue,*
*Who could be a-counting all the hearts they broke?*

*The Dining-Room Door During Dinner*

*Not a man you meet that*
*doesn't fall for you;*
*Lady, pretty lady, how*
*I hope you choke!*
*—Dorothy Parker.*

## Market Report

### Flappers' Page

EVENING gowns, lower with a slight falling off noticed. No surplus.

Skirts show a downward tendency. Few dealers selling shorts.

Heels show a sharp advance to the highest level. May be followed by a downward movement of pronounced character.

Bags show some snap. Extra fancy preferred.

Sweaters show good figures. Do not fear local pressure.

The new crop of Flappers shows curious and unexpected movements. Lively, with exciting effects. Public wary.

Chappies show sensational advances. Good financial backing, but unsteady at times, owing to liquidation.

College boys, lively; quickly snapped up. No reserve.

Millionaires, disappointing. Fail to rally.

Clubmen, dull and unchanged. Inclined to bearishness.

Belles show a declining movement.

Speculative interest is felt in Futures, and Sealed Proposals are in demand.

Mothers show some expansion but are quiet and inactive.

Jinks higher, with an upward tendency.

*—Carolyn Wells.*

## Alice's Adventures in Normalcy

ALICE looked around and saw that she was in a large shop. There seemed to be a great deal of bustle and activity, but she soon discovered that the silk-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen who were running frantically about were not customers but employes. Some of them wore red ribbons pinned on their coats, and some wore blue, and as they ran around the store they would rudely bump and jostle each other. The Red Ribbons would bump the Blues and dash madly away, and the Blues, whenever they had a chance, did the same to the Reds.

"It looks as though they were playing a game!" exclaimed Alice, and she looked about for someone to explain it to her.

Near the front of the store, at one of the counters, sat a small, tired-looking man. He had sandy-colored mutton-chop whiskers, and he held a large empty basket in his lap. Both the Reds and the Blues bumped him rudely as they rushed by, but he did not seem to mind it at all. He merely smiled and sat patiently at the counter.

"I beg your pardon," Alice said to him politely.

The little man looked up suddenly and burst into tears.

"You are the first person that has spoken to me," he sobbed, "since I came into this store."

"Have you been waiting long?" Alice asked.

"I've been sitting here since March 4, 1921," said the little man, "and no one has come near me to wait on me."

Near the door were several huge barrels labeled "Pork." Every once in a while the Reds and the Blues would stop at one of the barrels and help themselves liberally from it, and then rush off again.

"Why do you patronize them then? It seems like a silly way to run a store," said Alice.

The little man bridled indignantly.

"I should say not!" he exclaimed. "This is the finest establishment of its kind in the world. Every Wednesday each customer receives a package of seeds. Absolutely free. I wouldn't dream

(Continued on Page 92)

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We never know when to stop,
We work till we're ready to drop.
There surely is need
For we've millions to feed
Who think Campbell's Soup is tip-top!

## Tempting, delicious tomatoes sun-ripened on the vines!

Plucked and made into Campbell's Tomato Soup the very same day! No wonder you like it. Fresh, ripe, luscious tomatoes, the pride of the famous Jersey tomato fields—enjoy them any day of the year in that delightful tomato puree known everywhere as

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

Every spoonful of it is just pure tomato, blended and spiced and enriched with smooth golden butter, according to the exclusive Campbell's recipe. Our French chefs are masters in their art. All the way from the planting of the seeds to the sealing of the soup, Campbell's add their individual touch. You'll notice it at once!

**Have Cream of Tomato tonight!**

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

# Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

# BACKBONE

## By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

X

YVONNE DE MARSAY was learning the meaning of the word "loneliness." Her feeling was akin to that of a traveler who finds himself in a country with whose language he is unfamiliar, and who can find no interpreter. This is the most dreadful sort of loneliness. People were all about her, but she could talk to none of them, could discuss her problem with nobody. In all St. Croix she had no intimate. Her grandfather had monopolized her during her childhood, filling her volatile mind with his own archaic notions. He had taught her his own lofty attitude toward his little world, which was a mixture of affability to inferiors, and inapproachability. He encouraged fealty from retainers, loyalty from feudal dependents, but condescended to no friendship, no social intercourse upon an equal plane with any in the village. This attitude was instinctive in Yvonne.

Now, deprived of her grandfather, she was alone. Beset by suspicions, by stealthy fears, she had none in whom to confide or from whom to ask guidance. She was assailed by a dread of the unknown; conscious of furtively watching eyes; breathing an atmosphere heavy with threatening mystery, there was no friendship to sustain her, from which she could draw strength.

She was rich in the courage with which history has endowed its aristocrats, a class fortitude capable of serenity in a tumbrel. This was a strange courage whose basis was privilege. These old aristocrats deprived the *canaille* of the pleasure of witnessing their terror from much the same motive with which they deprived them of bread. It was a species of selfishness. They substituted the reaction of haughtiness for that of terror, and had the peasantry been endowed with keen insight it would have been satisfied. Yvonne possessed this quality of carrying her trepidation with a high head and scornfully arched lips, but such satisfaction as she found in it was a lonely, gnawing satisfaction.

With Mrs. Whidden, her old housekeeper and nurse, she might have talked and wept. There was precedent for confiding in one's nurse. She might have talked to Mrs. Whidden of soft padding footsteps outside her bedroom door at midnight; of the awful stillness of her grandfather's sick chamber; of whispers that died at her approach. She might have told of coal-glowing eyes burning in recesses and dark corners, spying, always spying upon her. She would have asked questions, begged advice. But there was no Mrs. Whidden, and so she came to know why it is that human beings set so high a value upon the quality of self-reliance.

She had also determination, or stubbornness, if you will. Whatever unspeakable thing threatened her she would master it. That was her resolution. She would defeat and subdue it. If there was a secret she would penetrate it: if there was a plot she would frustrate it. Yvonne was as capable of hatred as she was of fortitude.

What she lacked was craftiness. She could not meet guile with guile. What battles she won would be by frontal attack across open fields, not by stratagem or surprise. She was as open and straightforward as a view from a mountain top on a mistless day. And she was splendidly reckless, most lovably impulsive. At the bottom of all of which lay the further fact that she was not in the least acquainted with herself, with that basic character which lay concealed deep within her, the living spring from which flowed her daily conduct. It is no aspersion against the spring if the brooklets which flow from it trickle down eccentric winding paths, nor if they leap recklessly over sudden waterfalls or with sudden anger lash themselves into foam among rocks and bowlders. Wherever the stream flows, however it conducts itself, its waters are still the issue of the crystal-pure spring. If Yvonne knew nobody else she knew herself even less.

*"Have You No Defense? Is There No Decent Reason You Can Give for Such an Action?"*

She had made one other resolution, and to the carrying out of this thing she subordinated everything else. She would see her grandfather. She was determined to see him face to face, to stand by his bedside, to hear from his own lips the facts of the matter. More than once she had essayed to enter his room, but always the Indian, Jean, wooden, impassive, had barred the way silently. If she moved about the house stealthy footsteps followed her. If she strolled about the grounds the figure of the Indian flitted in the background. As for the Chinaman, she could not make him out. He, too, became unexpectedly visible, always bland, smiling, the antithesis of the Indian, Jean. He had never affronted her, never dared, as the Indian had done, to bar her passage or to interfere with her movements. Yet she was conscious of him, certain that his sloe-black, slanting eyes missed none of her goings or comings.

He was not repulsive to her. Always he was gentle, solicitous, with a queer unexpected humor that might have gained her affection in other surroundings. She asked herself if there were not design in this; if it were not Oriental duplicity seeking to gain her confidence for unspeakable ends. He was the creature of Anthony Bracken, and that alone placed him in the ranks of the enemy. Apparently he despised the Indian; that might have been calculated strategy. At any rate, she suspected him.

One gesture she marked in Chow Chek Ken; it manifested itself only when he came unexpectedly upon the Indian; when Jean scowled at him or showed a desire to come to quarters closer than Ken deemed expedient. When this happened the Chinaman's right hand flew as though automatically to the back of his neck, and rested there, his palm clasping the base of his skull. It was a queer mannerism, and Yvonne noted it with curiosity.

The house, which she had loved, was now unbearable; it had no longer the atmosphere of gayety, the spirit born in high and gentle ideals. It had become a pile of stone, cold, dank, reechoing emptily like a prison. Suddenly it had filled with shadows and dark corners. She shuddered as she passed through its halls, and knew comfort and ease only in her own room with shades flung high to admit the warm sunlight. It was no longer her home, the home of the De Marsays. Something had invaded and conquered it. She felt as if its every door and window should be opened to let the pure air of heaven blow through and through cleansingly. Because of this she spent her waking hours abroad, riding for the most part over mountain roads, alone.

She was dressing now and stood, slender, flamelike, in whipcord riding breeches, shoes that laced almost to the knee, a shirt of fine white flannel, and upon the blue-black mass of her curling hair a Panama hat with down-turned brim. She seemed almost tiny, fragile, yet fragility was far from being one of her defects. Her slenderness was the slenderness of steel wire, her grace the grace of a Toledo blade. Soft and pliable she was, yet with the endurance of braided cable. Many a boy could well envy her strength, her skill, most of all, her daring. She stood, a glorified tomboy.

She descended the stairs, aware of the Indian, Jean, in the hall behind her, and passed out of the front door. Then by the graveled path she walked through the garden toward the stable in the rear. As she passed the easterly side of the château she paused and gazed upward at her grandfather's window. The shade was drawn; it was blank, expressionless. Whatever ailment possessed André de Marsay seemed to demand the exclusion of light and air. There were two windows, each of which gave upon a tiny iron-railed balcony tangled in the tendrils of ivy which for a quarter of a century had been spreading itself over the face of the building.

Yvonne looked about her, at first instinctively, then deliberately. It seemed, for the moment, she had escaped espionage. She turned negligently and moved toward the house, reached the foot of its sheer wall. Then negligence exploding in impulse she sought among the concealing leaves a stout three-inch stem, seized it as a sailor seizes a rope, and scrambling for footholds commenced rapidly to climb the vine to the balcony above. The room above held the secret she must fathom, and her moment had come to fathom it.

Exultation swelled her heart; she was conscious of a glow of impish delight. She was outmaneuvering her enemies; succeeding in her purpose despite their spying and precautions.

Then a hand grasped her heel. Clinging to the vine she turned her head and looked down into the coal-glowing eyes of Jean. He pulled, she clung. With her free foot she kicked his fingers, but they did not loosen their hold. He fastened to her foot with both hands and let her feel his weight.

*(Continued on Page 34)*

# Reaching Round the World with the Hupmobile

## *Expert Organizations Give Representation to American Car on Five Continents and the Islands of the Seas*

*Organization of Mariano Sancho, Paseo de Martinez, Campos 9, Madrid—Hupmobile distributor for Spain This organization is typical of those which represent the Hupmobile throughout Europe, Africa, the Orient and Australia*

LARGE numbers of men, and vast sums of money, are engaged in the foreign representation of the Hupmobile.

Here at home, our dealer organization spreads far and wide.

The same kind of an organization busies itself in serving the Hupmobile demand abroad, and in safeguarding the interests of our foreign owners.

Our foreign dealers are fully cognizant of the good name the Hupmobile bears.

They know how the car is regarded in the United States—not only by those familiar with its splendid qualities through ownership, but by all owners of cars, and by the people at large.

They have seen it quickly reach the same plane in public regard across the oceans.

They know it is thought of in the same terms that the finer European productions are thought of—and for the same reasons it is so well thought of here.

They are proud to be known as Hupmobile representatives; and they are jealous of the car's good repute in their own lands.

Almost a hundred business houses are engaged in the wholesale distribution of the Hupmobile abroad; and close to a thousand retail dealers form the final consumer contact.

Except in Russia, and some of the smaller of the Balkan States, the Hupmobile is actively represented in all the foreign countries of the world.

England, France, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries of Europe; Africa, China, Japan, India, Australia, New Zealand, the republics of South America—all know the Hupmobile well, and favorably.

It may be surprising to you that the Hupmobile should thus have covered the world.

But it really is not surprising when you remember the kind of a car it is—when you recall all you have heard of its wonderful endurance, its rare need of repairs, its low running costs and its fine performance

Buyers abroad set even more store by these qualities than we do here They are, many times, hundreds of miles from a source of supply—even a road-side blacksmith shop.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

*Harbor of Barcelona, one of Spain's principal seaports*

Their cars must not fail them. They must go through where sometimes there is only the merest semblance of a road.

In the light of these things, it seems most natural that the Hupmobile should hold its high place in a world-wide way, instead of merely a domestic way.

For everybody seems to know that it is a car that can be relied on with the utmost of confidence.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

*Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid. Troop of Lancers in foreground*

# Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 32

"Let go," she said in French. "I'll come down."

He continued to imprison her heel, and she, lest she be dragged from her hold, commenced to descend. When she was well within reach he released her and stepped back, his beady eyes alertly upon her movements. She dropped to the ground, discomfited, humiliated, raging.

"Go," said Jean in his barbarous French. "I lock you up till he come."

"Lock me up? You'll do nothing of the sort! Step aside!"

He blocked her way and she backed off along the wall to pass around him. Yvonne had never experienced such rage or known the dreadfulness of impotency.

"Go," he said, motioning to the house.

She eyed him with the glint in her eye that one sees in those of a cornered cat. Lock her up! They would dare to put that indignity upon her! Jean advanced, arms outstretched. She could read his purpose to seize her and to carry her into the château. The thought of his touch was unendurable. Then a voice, soft, placid, came to her:

"Missee say Ken, eh? Missee think call Ken?"

The young Chinaman passed before her, stood between her body and the Indian, who towered a full head above his slenderness. He smiled blandly, deferentially.

"You no hkum Cabbage Face?" he asked in exactly the tone he made use of to inquire if she would have cream in her coffee.

Then she was aware of that peculiar gesture. Ken's hand rested against the base of his skull—a seemingly negligent attitude.

"Go 'way, Cabbage Face. Missee no like you."

The Indian's shoulders dropped, his hands lifted, his eyes glinted as he tautened for the leap upon the young Chinaman. Ken's hand flicked away from the back of his head and came to a rest in front of him some eight inches from Jean's abdomen—and the eight inches were steel, pointed and ready.

"Go 'way," he repeated. "I pushee once, you go 'way for all time." He paused and half turning his head said with bland interrogation, "You like I keel him now?"

"Hold him there while I climb," she said breathlessly.

"No climb. Go lide horsy. Ken no like you climb; like ver' much you lide horsy."

She stood irresolute. Here was mystery upon mystery. Ken had come to her rescue, stood ready to kill for her, yet, it appeared, was as ready to prevent her seeing the inside of her grandfather's room as was Jean. The thought came to her: If these men fight, while they are fighting I can get up there. But she dismissed it as ingratitude unworthy of a De Marsay. She was puzzled. Why had the Chinaman befriended her? If he were willing to stand her champion why did his assistance stop short of her desire?

"Will you be safe? Can you manage him?" she asked, reluctant to desert in a moment of danger

"I manage, you bet. Missee go lide horsy."

She moved toward the stables, paused and turned again.

"Thank you, Ken," she said.

"You much 'bliged," said Ken in return. "G'by."

Yvonne saddled her horse, mounted him and trotted out of the yard. Once in the street she urged her mount to a gallop, then to the mad gait of a runaway, and so she dashed through St. Croix's sleepy street, scattering chickens, children and populace to right and left. Her lips were set and white, she sat low and forward, her legs well back as they should be in a daring horsewoman—and St. Croix paused, after it had scuttled to safety, and admired. It was not the first time the girl had passed through the streets like a shooting star. They hoped it would not be the last, for it was a sight worth seeing.

She swung out of the village toward the east, easing her pace as she approached the upslope of the mountain. Presently she was walking her horse, forgetting him in the rush of her thoughts and of her emotions. The Indian would have locked her up! This he would not have done without orders—therefore Anthony Bracken would have dared to make a prisoner of her! Anthony Bracken! What was there about her grandfather's illness that compelled Bracken to lock her up if she showed a determination to enter André de Marsay's room? Instinct carried her more certainly than reason. The answer flashed into her mind and made itself permanent there. It was fear! From this she reasoned, taking it as a major premise.

Bracken was capable of fear only for himself. Therefore he had some personal reason to fear the consequences of her penetrating to her grandfather. If she succeeded in entering that room she would discover a thing that spelled danger to Anthony Bracken. Now she knew the name of the look she had seen on the man's face so often of late. Its name was fear. He was terrified of something. There was a thing that threatened him, and he trembled in constant apprehension. She reviewed with keen recollection his every word and action. Then, as thoughts will do, she found herself wandering down a bypath as she named John Thorne.

Anthony Bracken had led her to Thorne, because Bracken had forbidden her to see or converse with the strange young man. She held this fact up and looked at it from all sides. It must mean that Thorne had some connection with the mystery; that something might arise from her association with Thorne which would be dangerous to Bracken. Either Bracken was afraid of Thorne or he was afraid of what Thorne might say to her. She fancied that was it.

She scrutinized Thorne, as much of him as was visible to her. He had come to St. Croix to see her grandfather. Bracken was preventing the meeting as he was preventing her from seeing old André. Did that mean she and Thorne should become allies? Allies and friends? In that moment John Thorne assumed an importance he had never before possessed. She acknowledged she was prepossessed in his favor, yet was conscious of a capricious contrary impulse to stick little pins into him. She felt a certain solidity in the man, but her femininity was irritated by his placidity and by the evident fact that he had fallen no easy victim to her beauty. She had not disturbed him in the least. On the contrary, he rather seemed to disapprove of her, and had stepped close to the border line of rebuking her. He was not good-looking, yet, as she conjured up his picture, he was something rather better than good-looking. Her conclusion was that she would like to be friends, modified by her contrary impulse to cause him discomfort by her behavior toward him. This is a dangerous state of mind. At any rate, he had been promoted in her estimation from the ranks of the almost negligible to those of the carefully considered.

Her horse took his own time to climb the mountain, and then in the same unhurried way descended the rough winding road down the opposite slope. It was a rutted stony road which followed the vagaries of a mountain stream in its erratic lovely course to a junction with the East Branch of the river. Its course was through a forest of upstanding virgin timber; beech, birch and maple predominated on the heights, but lower down, the blacker shades of towering spruces filtered the sunlight. Yvonne was the descendant of generations of lumbermen. She had breathed the air of the woods from babyhood, had lived in an atmosphere of timber sapience. She was as able to cruise and estimate a tract as many a man, and now with subconscious eye she delighted in the wealth that surrounded her. These trees she saw were destined for the De Marsay Mills, a part of her heritage, some day to be incorporated in the De Marsay principality. The fact that the ownership rested for the moment in somebody else did not affect her. It was to be a De Marsay conquest when the moment arrived, and as such she regarded it with proprietary affection and pride. The East Branch! For years upon years she had heard the stream discussed and the day approximated upon which the De Marsay invasion must begin. It was more than an *irredenta;* it was a possession in all but legal title.

Presently she could hear the murmur of the stream, then the surge and rush and foaming of the falls as the water descended The Devil's Stairway. She urged her horse to a trot. In a moment she debouched upon the little tableland that formed the right-hand jaw of the falls, and then in sheer astonishment she jerked her horse back upon his haunches. She could not believe her eyes.

(Continued on Page 96)

*It Was a Rutted Stony Road Which Followed the Vagaries of a Mountain Stream in Its Erratic Lovely Course*

*The Standard of Comparison*

# A Fine Sedan at a Modest Price

## *The 1923 Buick Four—$1395*

For those seeking the comfort, refinement and convenience of a closed car, this distinguished five passenger sedan affords every satisfaction at a cost well within the average purse.

The body, built by Fisher, rides low to increase the smart streamline appearance that a long wheelbase, higher hood and full crown fenders have given to this new model.

Beautiful plush trim and upholstering, handsome hardware, silk window shades, soft dome light and fine carpeting are all of a quality found only in closed cars of a much higher price.

The marked refinements in the chassis and in the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine, the long wheelbase, the completeness of the equipment not only bring an enhanced riding comfort but add materially to those inherent Buick qualities of power, performance and dependability.

No closed car as fine as this sedan can be obtained for a like price.

*Included in the appointments of this model are:—Transmission lock, drum type head and cowl lamps, heavier door locks, longer steering column, aluminum steering wheel spider, new style door pockets, pull to door handles, adjustable rear sash windows.*

*$1395 f. o. b. Buick Factories*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

# ONE HALF DOZEN RAW

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

A CERTAIN party which I am acquainted with got off a wise crack the other day when he remarked sotto voice that I was in soft. "Jimmy Conroy does all the fightin'," he says humorously, "an' you grab off 25 per cent of the jack The only thing I know softer than that," he says, "is a egg which has been boiled one minute."

He got a big laugh, that guy did, and a lot of them which heard him shook their heads and wished out loud that they had it easy like I have. Me, I didn't say nothin' an' I kept right on sayin' it. Only it kinder riled me, thinkin' what dumb-bells them babies are, which is the reason I'm puttin' this into cold type; so as the world will know once an' for all that when it come to gittin' headaches Jimmy Conroy had a snap alongside of me. All he had to do was get hit, which was a pretty easy job for him. I had to pick the guy which did the hittin' an' see to it that he couldn't hit too hard.

I was rockin' along pretty down in Atlanta when Jimmy Conroy drifted into town. I was gettin' 10 per cent of the gross for matchin' 'em up at one of the fight clubs there, an' I'd gradually built up a stable of ham-an'-beaners which knew just when to lose and why. Funny thing about that. A guy which has a match-makin' job 'most always has a cinch gettin' a gang of fighters to split their earnin's with him. Maybe it's because they think that if they don't let him do their managin' they might not get any fights. Which ain't far wrong, at that.

Anyway, I had a pretty good bunch of boys fightin' under my wing then. There was Freddie Walters, lightweight; an' Lou Harrigan, ditto; Pete Jernigan an' Battling Kalesch, welters; a snappy little bantam named Tommy Johnson and an old-time middleweight called One-Round Watson on account of the fact that it never took him no longer to get knocked out. They tell me said Watson slings a wicked waffle now in one of them side-street eateries.

Ol' Bill, the Referee, Was Square. It Took Him Twenty Seconds to Count That Ten

I had an old loft rented at forty a month and I'd spent good hard credit for a set of pulley weights, a heavy bag, a light one and a rope—a real rope. You could jump with it if you was awful good. We put on bouts twice a month, and I usually managed to have at least two of my boys in the main bout. They was gettin' 25 per cent of the gate per each, an' I was gettin' the same split offen what they got, so I didn't worry much about when the rent collector come around.

It was a busy afternoon when Jimmy Conroy hove into that gym. Over in the corner One-Round Watson was givin' Jernigan an' Kalesch a dress rehearsal in a grudge battle they was to pull off two nights later in Columbus, an' Tommy Johnson was ripping away at the light bag. At first I didn't know there was nobody there, an' when I did see him it was just to remark that the sign read no smoking or bums allowed. He didn't seem to take a hint so I repeated what I had said before. He flang me a deef ear.

"I'm lookin' for a fight," he says.

"You're dog-goned close to gittin' one," I counters.

"I can make 133 ringside."

"Can you do the hundred in ten flat?"

"Pretty near."

"Then do it—outa that door."

He broke loose with a smile and I sort of thawed out. That's one thing I'll hand myself—I'm a feller which uses his head for somethin' besides havin' photographs made of it, an' right away when I seen the way he smole at me I reelized if there was any safety sprintin' to be done around there I'd be the one which was doin' it. I'm awful keen on sizin' fellers up. He was a nice-built chap an' couldn't of be'n a day more'n twenty-two.

"Thirty-three ringside?" I asked.

"Yeh. Twenty-seven now."

"Trained down?"

"Uh-huh. Ain't et for two days."

I slipped him two bits.

"That's good for four hot dogs an' a cup of coffee. Beat it!"

A half hour later he was back. He looked terrible satisfied.

"Where's Jack Dempsey?"

"Why?"

"I feel like lickin' him."

He was grateful, that kid was. He told me his name and borrowed a razor offen Tommy Johnson. Fifteen minutes later I wouldn't of knowed him. Good-lookin' kid, an' I seen right away that maybe I had been mistaken in thinkin' he was just a tramp.

"You really can box?" I asked him.

"Try me!"

I waited two hours to give them hot dogs a chance to git settled for the evenin'. Then I stripped him down. He shaped up real pretty, hefty, an' well developed, with a good pair of legs an' not too much muscle. I give him a pair of twelve-ouncers an' done the same for Freddie Walters.

"One of you birds is the best man," I announces. "Lemme see which one."

I seen in just about three rounds. If they had of been five-ounce gloves instead of sofa pillows Freddie would of been sleepin' beneath the daisies. I let the shine trainer give Jimmy a rubdown an' I pulled him into my office.

"How about me managin' you?" I asks.

"Can you get me any fights?"

"I'm matchmaker at one of the clubs here."

"Show me the contract."

I showed it to him; same ol' stuff us bush-league managers always use, givin' us 25 per cent of all the money our boys makes from fightin', an' bindin' us—absolute an' legal—to git 'em all the fights we can. I ain't sayin' it ain't a sort of one-sided contract; but a gent has got to live, an' I ain't been able to fight for the last five or six years on account of my lamps goin' bad.

Jimmy signed quick.

"When do I fight?"

"How about Monday week? Can you be in shape by then for ten rounds?"

"If I was in any better shape they'd arrest me. Who do I fight?"

"Freddie Walters."

He released that slow grin of his.

"That bird I was just sparrin' with?"

"Yeh."

"Say"—his forehead puckered up—"do you own an insurance policy on him or somethin'?"

"You think you can lick him?"

"Ask dad," he chuckles. "Say, listen here, Mr. Garrison, I ain't claimin' to be no world champ—see? I've got licked more'n once since I started out. But if you was to ask me to pick somethin' soft I wouldn't have the heart to choose that boy. I sure hope the murder laws ain't very strict in Georgia."

I lowered my voice; that's a sort of habit I've got into when I'm prophesyin' how a fight will come out.

"Carry him along, son; about to the ninth round. It'll make you more popular than stoppin' him right off. Make it look good. He gets sleepy after about twenty-six minutes of fightin' anyway. Get me?"

Jimmy didn't make any bluff at not bein' wise.

'Sure! It's too easy to be a cinch. I make it look right an' then the fans love me, eh? There might even be a return bout."

I knowed right away he was a lad anybody would be proud to manage. He had a natural instinc' for logic.

"You said it, son. When there's so few fighters in a town as there is in this a manager has to be awful careful how he let's 'em get knocked out."

Well, Jimmy Conroy fought Freddie Walters a week from that Monday night. He beat Freddie so bad in them first three rounds that there wasn't no chance of Freddie double-crossin' him an' slippin' one over. Then he pulled a line of stuff which would of done credit to the late lamented Richard Q. Mansfield. He took all that Freddie had to give an' wabbled around the ring an' faked grogginess until he almost had me fooled. In the eighth he come like a whirlwind, an' in the ninth he hit the key an' let Freddie hear the birdies sing. The fans all went home enthusiastic; some yellin' that it was the greatest fight Atlanta had ever saw, an' others howlin' that it was a fluke an' I should sign 'em up for a return bout, contestin' that Freddie could lick this bum any day in the week except Sundays, which was vacation.

Well, I an' Jimmy got along fine. I was too wise a bird at the managin' game to think I had a champ under my wing. I've seen these would-be champs too often. They look like a million dollars when they're fightin' in their class, but stacked up against a real topnotcher the original Limburger looks like a four-carat diamond alongside.

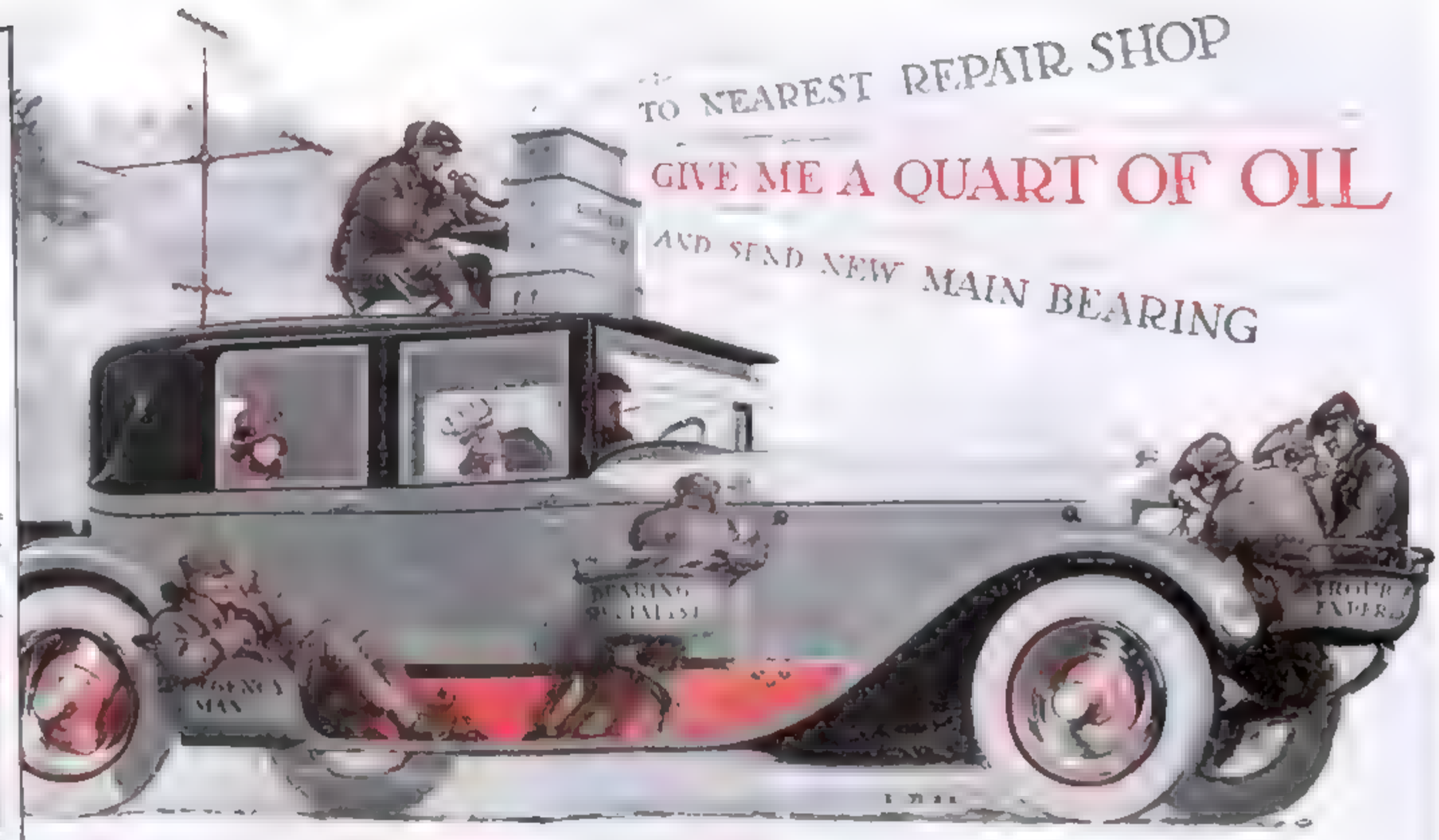
Not that Jimmy was a slouch. Matter of fact, few of these fourth-raters are slouches. They often know as much as a champ, but they can't do what they know. There was only one thing I'll say about Jimmy: He had a most deceivin' punch. It started from nowhere and it usually found the button, and when it found the button it rang the bell.

In his return match with Freddie he let one fly three rounds ahead of time, an' Freddie was eatin' milk toast an' chicken broth for the next three days.

It was a few days later that Jimmy come to me an' shows me a telegram that he's booked for ten rounds in Birmingham.

"You don't get no cut out of this," he explains. "Jerry Thomas, which is my manager in Birmingham, got me the fight an' he gets the 25 per cent, not you."

(Continued on Page 39)




# Lubrication Wild Oats

## *How to avoid a harvest of Troubles*

WHY is "Give me a quart of oil" so rapidly going out of fashion? Because "green" drivers are becoming veteran motorists. Owners are determined that their cars shall last longer. Poor lubrication has been the root of at least 50% of all engine troubles -and engine troubles are no joke. The experienced motorist has paid good money to find that out.

Today there are more requests for Gargoyle Mobiloil by name than for any three other oils combined. The more careful and conservative the buyer, the more he insists on Gargoyle Mobiloil.

### *Save Dollars instead of Cents*

At most, your lubricating oil costs you but a few cents per day—only a small fraction of the cost of your insurance, your gas, or your tires. And that tissue-thin film of lubricating oil is all that protects you against destructive friction. It alone postpones noise, wear, trouble, repairs, and excessive carbon formation.

The cheapest oil made costs *you* but a few cents less per gallon than Gargoyle Mobiloil. By the month or year it rarely fails to cost many dollars more. You can't have both your yearly dollars and your gallon pennies. Which will you save?

### *Caution against By-product Oils*

Most of the lubricating oils sold to motorists are simply by-products secured in refining gasoline. 9 out of 10 oils fall in this by-product class. They **are made from crude oils chosen and "cracked"** for the highest possible gasoline yield.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by the world's leading specialists in *lubrication*. The crude oils are specially chosen to yield the highest possible type of lubricating oil. This one purpose is kept in mind during every step of manufacture. The superior economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil is the natural result. **Remember this when you buy oil.**

### Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* not Mobilo) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

GARGOYLE

# Mobiloil

*Make the chart your guide*

*Domestic Branches:* New York *(Main Office)* Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh Indianapolis Minneapolis Rochester Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

## Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

| NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS | 1922 Summer | 1922 Winter | 1921 Summer | 1921 Winter | 1920 Summer | 1920 Winter | 1919 Summer | 1919 Winter | 1918 Summer | 1918 Winter |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Anderson | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A | Arc | A | A | Arc |
| Apperson (8 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| All Other Models | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| Briscoe | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Buick | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Cadillac | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Chalmers | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Chandler Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chevrolet (4 cyl.) | | | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| " Model 490 & Del. | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A | Arc | A | A | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | Arc |
| Cleveland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | | | | |
| Cole | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Cunningham | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Dodge Brothers | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Dort | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Durant Four | Arc | A | | | | | | | | |
| Elcar | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| Elgin Six | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Essex | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Federal Model 32 | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| " (Cont. Eng.) | | | | | | | | | Arc | Arc |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A |
| Ford | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F |
| Franklin | BB | BB | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Gardner | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " Model 12 | | | | | | | A | A | | |
| " All Other Models | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | |
| Haynes | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " | | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| H C S | A | A | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| Hudson | A | A | A | A | B | A | | | | |
| Hudson Super-Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Hupmobile | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Jordan | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Kelly-Springfield | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| King | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Kissel Kar (12 cyl.) | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| La Fayette (Indianapolis) | A | A | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| Lexington | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| Liberty (Motor Eng.) | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Lincoln | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| Locomobile | A | E | A | E | A | E | A | E | A | E |
| Marmon | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Maxwell | A | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " (cont'l | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Mercer | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Metz | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Milburn | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A |
| Nash (Model 671) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A |
| " (Model 4 | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| National (Cont. Eng.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " (Lycoming) | | | | | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Oakland | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Oldsmobile (6 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | | | | | | | |
| Overland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Packard | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Paige (Cont. Eng.) | Arc | Arc | A | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " (Lycoming) | A | A | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Peerless | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | | | | | | Arc | Arc |
| Pierce-Arrow | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " (Lycoming) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | Arc |
| Premier | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| R & V Knight | BB | A | B | A | B | A | | | | |
| Reo | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Rock Falls | B | A | B | | | | | | | |
| Saxon (Motor Eng.) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | | | | | |
| " (Lycoming) | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | E | E | E | E |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Scripps-Booth | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Selden | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | M | A | A |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Stearns-Knight | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Studebaker | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Stutz | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Templar | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Velie (Model 58 | A | Arc | | | | | | | | |
| " Four Eng. | | | | | | | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " Cont. Eng. | | | | | | | | | A | Arc |
| " All other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Westcott | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| White (Models 15-61 & 20-61) | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| " (6 valve) | | | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| " Cont. Eng. | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| " All other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Willys-Knight Sixes | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| Willys-Knight | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Wilson | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |

### Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ansted | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| Buda (Mod. O, R, FL & | | | | | | | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " Mod. BL & WK | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Continental (Mod. | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| " Model R | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| " Model E | | | | | | | | | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc |
| Falls | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Herschell-Spillman | A | A | A | A | | | A | A | A | A |
| Herschell-Spillman (Model 1 & 4 V.A. | | | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | | A | A | | A |
| Hinkley | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| Lycoming | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Midwest Model 6-8 | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| " Model 4 | A | Arc | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| Northway | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| Waukesha (Model U, | | | | | | | | | | |
| " DU, EU, & FU | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Weidely | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Wisconsin (Model C & CU | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " All Other Models | | | | | | | | | | |

**Transmission and Differential.**

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY

THE LIGHTING SYSTEM of the Marshall Field Store is equal to that of the city of Des Moines, Ia

"Cathedral of all the stores"

Drawing by HUGH FERRIS
Copyright by Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Co. 1922

# An example of good light

"TO BE AN EXAMPLE," reads the statement of principles of Marshall Field & Company of Chicago. And for half a century its merchandising methods and service ideals have been accepted as standard by thousands of smaller merchants throughout the country.

The lighting of the Marshall Field Store exemplifies the proper use of Light in retail selling and service.

"Our records show that the proper lighting system for a department increases the sales of its goods," says Frederick J. Pearson, electrical engineer of Marshall Field & Company. "Good Light reacts on customers and sales people alike. It intensifies the customer's desire to buy and increases the enthusiasm of the sales person.

"We use Light to enable customers to make satisfactory purchases under satisfactory conditions. That moves merchandise more rapidly and creates good will."

* * * * *

Today progressive merchants everywhere are increasing turnover, reducing selling expense and creating confidence with Light. And the lamps which light the stores of many of the out-standing mercantile successes of the country are Edison MAZDA Lamps.

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 36)

That suited me all right. That's the way some of these ham-anders have. They've got a manager in every town where fights are held, an' even though they've got bindin' contracts with each of 'em, they only split with the bird that gets 'em the bout. It ain't the way the contract reads, but it's the custom. Just to get the lay of the land I asked Jimmy how many managers did he have.

"You make six," he explains. "I got one in Birmingham, one in Memphis, one in Chattanooga, one in Shreveport an' one in N'Yawlins. That keeps me pretty busy."

It was a good system at that, an' I didn't have no kick comin'. To make a long story short, Jimmy jumps to Birmingham an' gets a ten-round decision, then he hikes to Shreveport an' goes on with Frankie Butler, who has fought all the topnotchers. For eleven rounds of that fifteen-round bout Jimmy gets hit with everything but the smellin' salts, an' when he comes back to Atlanta he looks like something which has just escaped from a wiener fact'ry.

The following Monday night I stick him on for ten rounds with Lou Harrigan, which is goin' better then he ever has in his life. I gave 'em the reins an' let 'em go to it. Lou flattens Jimmy in the first an' nearly bumps him loose again in the second. But Jimmy comes back an' proceeds to give Lou the trimmin' of his life from then on. Referee remembers them two knock-downs an' calls the fight a draw, which makes it easier to match them up three weeks hence, Jimmy this time bumping Lou off in the fourth session.

From that time on there wasn't nothin' to it but Jimmy. He fought every once in so often in the towns where his other managers lived, an' I managed to import a few soft ones to Atlanta for him. He done himself proud on all starts, an' first thing you know the Atlanta bugs would sit up an' beg whenever his name was mentioned. An' when he beat Young Barber, from Macon, which was supposed to be the lightweight champeen of Georgia—whatever that means—there wasn't a fight fan in Atlanta which didn't swear that Jimmy could lick the world an' then have somethin' left over. They was all for gettin' me to book him for a return fight with Frankie Butler, which had stopped him in Shreveport; but I was too wise. Frankie was a topnotcher an' would of murdered Jimmy, so I just wired Frankie that I would give him 15 per cent an' one one-way ticket, an' the wire which he sent back I turned over to the sportin' editors. They hadn't seen my wire to Frankie, an' his answer made it look like he was afraid of Jimmy.

Me an' Jimmy had got to be real buddies. The kid had developed into the likeliest-lookin' meal ticket I'd had in years, an' he was a willin' worker. One afternoon I taught him all I knew about the game, an' we settled down to a coupla years of soft coin, when what should I do one day but get a letter from New York tellin' me that Herb Warren, lightweight champeen of the world, was bookin' a tour through the Sunny Southland, takin' on all comers at 35 per cent of the gross an' two tickets. The letter allowed he was willin' to fight in Atlanta August tenth against some good local boy, an' no decision, on account the big ones are afraid of these small-town referees' eyesight, for which I ain't blamin' 'em. The letter went on to say the lad had to make 133 ringside an' the champ was comin' in just as he pleased, which meant pretty close to 140. I took the letter to Jimmy an' asks him how about it

"Herb Warren?" he says. "Who's he?"

"George Washington," I answers "Who's he?"

"You don't mean the real champ?"

"I do! Just that! Will you fight him?"

"How much do I get?"

"Fifteen per cent," I says. "Under my matchmakin' agreement I give the main-bout boys 50 per cent of the gate. If Herb gets 35 that leaves you 15, if I ain't forgot my algebra."

"Pretty soft for the champ," he comments.

"Pretty soft for you, you poor fish! We draw a two-thousand-dollar house easy, which gives you three hundred berries, same bein' more money than you've saw at one time since Frankie Butler give you that sleepin' portion over to Shreveport. An' from then on you can talk about when you fought the champ. 'When me an' Herb Warren had our last fight,' you'll say, 'I remember I clouted him in the third round an' he come right back with a right cross to the jaw, an' - '"

"Three hundred plasters, eh?" he muses. "An' all I got to do is to git hell beat outa me."

"By the champeen! Think of it! Think of the glory of fightin' a champ! It'll pack the house."

"With birds that'll see what a bum I really am."

"They're bound to find it out sooner or later, Jimmy. An' anyway, our contract says you accept such matches as I make for you, an' I've a'ready matched you with Herb So that's those"

"Thanks," he returns. "I guess I'm in for a pleasant evenin'."

"You won't have no trouble goin' to sleep anyway."

Two days later I called a concave of the sportin' editors an' told them that Atlanta was goin' to have a battle for the lightweight champeenship of the world, an' that Jimmy Conroy, the famous local idol, was goin' to be the lamb. One of them birds shakes his head.

"Do you think Jimmy can beat this Warren?" he asks. "I hear Herb is awful good."

For a few seconds I thought that guy was tryin' to be witty, but then I see he's serious.

"Well," I says, "I ain't sayin' that maybe Herb oughtn't to be the favorite; but Jimmy is an awful hard socker, an' there ain't no tellin' when he might hang one on Herb's jaw. Funnier things have happened," I says, "although I ain't never heard of 'em."

Well, eight columns was the smallest headline we got the next day, an' before we even put them tickets on sale every ringside seat was reserved an' we was rearranging the house so's to add a couple hundred more. Those Atlanta folks were standin' up on their hind legs beggin' for punishment. They couldn't see a thing to it except Jimmy. Remember, they hadn't seen Jimmy only when he was winnin', an' anybody which is winnin' looks as good as a bathin' beauty in a barber shop. Of course they admitted that maybe the champ would hang one on Jimmy an' fluke out a vict'ry; an' there was an awful howl about that no-decision business, they claimin' that the champ was a yeller bum which wouldn't take a chance of losin' his title, an' altogether they was so anxious to look Jimmy over before layin' their money that I found it necessary to charge two bits a head for watchin' his work-outs

That was where I an' Jimmy went to the mat.

He claimed that the work-out money was all hisn. I said it was 25 per cent mine. We finally compromised by us drawin' up a new contract, stipulatin' that everything I got was all mine an' everything he earned was 25 per cent mine; that is, anything which was related in any way to pugilistic endeavor. With that contract all signed an' sealed an' paid for, I felt easier. I made up my mind then an' there I was always gonna have them sort of contracts There ain't no tellin' where a few good dinners might drop from.

Jimmy trained. I'll hand him that much. I ain't sure yet whether he trained so hard because of them twenty-five centses which was comin' in or because he figured he had a chance with Herb Warren. But if he thought he had a chance, I'm here to admit I didn't. An' I don't believe he did neither.

"He's a set-up," Jimmy would say, with that funny little grin of his that made him so popular with the fans "It's gonna be a shame for me to take the money."

I hate to encourage my boys too much; it's liable to make 'em overconfident.

"It's good you're trainin', Jimmy, because the better condition you're in the sooner you'll git out of the hospital."

"After I lick Herb," he says, "I wonder couldn't I get down to 126. I'd like to be the featherweight champ too."

That was Jimmy Conroy all over, jokin' all the time, even up to the day before the fight, when Herb Warren come to town an' worked out at my private gym.

*It Was Downright Cruel. Them Poor Fish Hadn't Saw That Much Money Since They Last Thought of Robbin' a Bank*

Jim Henry's Column

## Why Don't They Change?

Why is it that a lot of otherwise normal-minded men hang on to the old order of shaving until some unusually painful session makes them grit their teeth and decide to try Mennen Shaving Cream—like a confirmed bachelor resigning himself to the uncertainties of matrimony?

The funny part of it is that once they try Mennen's, they stick. They're sold! Nothing seems able to make them change again.

Why? Do they like our green barber pole tubes? Or does the cream really live up to my obviously unrestrained enthusiasm?

I'm willing to admit that I could trade upon the sporting instincts of several thousand good fellows to give Mennen's a one-time trial. But when a couple of million hard headed males buy it and stay sold, doesn't it seem reasonable that Mennen's must have something you're missing?

Isn't it just possible that Mennen has discovered the secret of the ideal shave—that three minutes' brush work with lots of water (hot or cold) will produce the most miraculous mountain of meringue that ever decorated your morning countenance?

Isn't it within reason that when your razor starts down the course, you will experience that delightful non-resistance of a head-barber seance? And haven't you a suspicion that afterwards your face will feel soft and friendly?

Why not try it? If you are still a bit skeptical, don't plunge 50 cents for the giant tube at your druggist's. Just send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and say, "Dear Jim: I'll try it." If you can use Mennen's once and then go back to hard soap you're the one man I'm looking for.

Incidentally, I want you to try our Talcum for Men—made expressly for the male hide—face or body. Great after shaving or bathing. Has all the well known Mennen virtues—*and it doesn't show!* I'll send you a sample.

*Jim Henry*
*(Mennen Salesman)*

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Before I go any farther with this true confession let me remark a few remarks to them which ain't wise, said remarks havin' to do with prize fighters in general an' champeens in particular. I've been in the game for fifteen years, an' I'm statin' right here an' now that while maybe a champ ain't always the best in his class, he's better'n any pork-and-beaner which ever split with a hard-luck manager like me. There's just the same difference between a third-rater an' a topnotcher as there is between a ten-second man an' one which does it one second slower. One second ain't much, but the eleven man ain't got a chance unless the speedy boy breaks a leg or somethin'. So when Herb Warren showed up there wasn't no false delusions runnin' around inside the old bean on account I knew that what was gonna happen to Jimmy would make him think the Candler Building had fell on him.

Herb an' his manager come over to me confidential-like when Herb finishes workin' out.

"What kind of a boy is this Conroy?" asks Herb.

"Well," I says, perfectly honest, "he ain't exactly a tramp, but he ain't got a thing."

"Hard socker?"

"Frankie Butler darned near ruined him."

Herb chuckled.

"Frankie's a pretty good boy; but any lad which Frankie can lick was made to order for me. Frankie ain't got nothin' but a left jab."

"Yeh," I answers, "Jimmy has met it."

"Shall I carry Conroy along?" asks Herb.

"I'd be obliged," I says gratefully. "He's in awful strong with the bugs here. Of course I don't want you to take no chances or nothin'; but if you could let him go the route I'd feel thankful. He's one of my best meal tickets."

"All right," says Herb. "If he don't get too rough I'll let him ride; if it don't look too raw, that is."

"Thanks. An' I'll tell the ref'ree to give him long counts."

When I told that to Jimmy he didn't seem as happy as I thought he oughta be.

"I got to get knocked out for fifteen seconds, huh? You're a terrible thoughtful guy, you are, Mr. Garrison."

"Well," I explains, "the fans are payin' out their good money to see a fight, an' I an' Herb are tryin' to make it look like something."

"I'm the one you're gonna make look like something," answers Jimmy sarcastic-like, "an' that something is gonna be a nickel's worth of dog meat."

We was holding the bout out to Ponce de Leon Park, where the Atlanta ball club sometimes wins a game. Eight-thirty was the zero hour for the first prelim, an' when it come time for them boys to climb into the ring it took a cordovan of police to make a alley for them to stride down. The house, not countin' passes an' a perfectly legitimate shakedown for the ticket seller, was about three thousand dollars.

"Wonderful!" I says to Jimmy. "We make pretty near four hundred and fifty bucks."

"Minus doctor bills," he says pessimistic.

"Huh! That's the way with you tramps. You don't appreciate a good match."

"The hell I don't!" says Jimmy, just like that. An' then he repeats over again, "The hell I don't!"

Well, as the newspaper boys say, it was a large an' enthusiastic audience which greeted Jimmy Conroy when he negotiated that aisle an' climbed through the ropes. A lady friend of hisn had made him a new pair of trunks of a sort of death-purple satin embroidered with the letters J. C., an' the get-up did sort of remind me of that town.

About that time there was a beller from the spectators, an' I looked over from the ring to see the champ an' his manager an' handlers comin' through the crowd in a solid phenolax. He was up in the ring in one jump, an' strolled, grinnin', across to where my boy stood up to greet him, an' they smole into one another's eyes friendly like. They took their corners, an' Herb's manager ties on Jimmy's gloves while I'm doin' a likewise service for the champeen. Then the ref'ree, a big husky guy which used to play football in Syracuse, called 'em to the middle of the ring for the farewell sermon. Herb didn't pay any attention, because it was all old stuff to him, an' Jimmy only made one remark.

"Tell my seconds not to throw up no sponge," he says. "Tell 'em to use a towel. It can be seen plainer."

Well, they took their corners again an' a solemncholy hush fell over those multitude. The poor suckers thought they was really seein' a champeenship fight. Then come the gong. It was an awful loud gong. The boys come out fightin'. That is, Jimmy did the comin' out an' Herb Warren did the fightin'.

It's like I said—when a guy gets to be a champ there might be other boys which can beat him at his weight, but there ain't many. An' anybody which ever called Herb Warren a cheese, an' his name is lesion, had ought to of been there that night. It looked like one of these here shambles.

There was only one good thing about it: After the first forty or fifty punches Jimmy was sort of in a daze. At the end of the first round he opined that maybe he was gonna get licked.

"That guy is pretty fast," he says; "but it ain't fair for a man to have more'n two fists."

I give him some advice; that's what a manager is for. It ain't always good advice, but a manager which don't give advice between rounds is a bum.

"Make him lead," I starts, "an' then ——"

"Make him lead?" howls Jimmy, gettin' all excited. "My Gawd! I want to make him stop leadin'!"

You can't argue with a guy like that.

The second round was just like the first, only more so. Once Herb worked him over into my corner an' he says to me, "I'm tryin' to make this look like somethin', Mr. Garrison, but it ain't no use. This kid is terrible."

Well, he did look pretty rotten at that. Even his best friends was beginnin' to suspect that somethin' was wrong. An' in the third round they knew it. It was in the third round that Jimmy begin hittin' the floor. He never in his whole life hit nobody as hard or as regular as he did that floor. He'd go down an' stay down for twelve or thirteen seconds, an' then get up again when the referee would say "Nine!" He was game all right. In the fourth round matters went from worse to rotten, an' I felt real sorry for Herb Warren. The poor feller was havin' his hands full tryin' to hold Jimmy on his feet. Every once in a while the referee would break 'em an' Jimmy would do a Brodie. I reckon that floor looked awful comfy to him with the air all full of boxin' gloves.

The fifth round come up. I pulled Jimmy's stool from under him an' he stood up in preference to floppin' on the floor right there. He stood still, kinder wabblin' around, an' Herb come slidin' across the ring, easy an' congenial.

Herb come closer. He jabbed Jimmy fifteen or twenty times before Jimmy went down. He got up at nine. Herb shook his head an' poked out his left. Measurin' Jimmy for the knock-out, that's what he was doin'. Reckon he didn't have the heart to punish the kid any more. So he led with the left an' stepped in with a right cross.

An' then somethin' happened. Instinc', I reckon. An' maybe there was even a little bit of luck in it; but I'm on record as always havin' said that Jimmy Conroy was an awful hard socker, which if he hit the Statue of Liberty right the light would go out.

Up come Jimmy's right fist; an' it come up hard; it come awful hard. It landed square on the button. A hush fell over the crowd which could of been heard to the Ansley Hotel. At the same time an expression appeared in the face of Herb Warren. His lips spread out into a sort of sick, surprised grin, an' he spun around a bit. His knees sagged an' then suddenly he pitched forward.

Ol' Bill, the ref'ree, was square. It took him twenty seconds to count that ten, but he could of counted twenty more an' it wouldn't of been no use. An' when I seen Herb Warren lyin' there an' Jimmy Conroy still standin' up I got an idea; got it right out of my own head, although maybe the yellin' of the crowd was a sort of reminder.

"Sufferin' tripe!" I says to myself. "I'm the manager of the world's lightweight champeen!"

Now listen! Suppose you was a single man an' broke—which ain't likely—an' the most beautiful woman in the world come up to you an' said she was worth a million dollars which you could have all of it if you would marry her. I reckon you'd be pretty happy, wouldn't you? Well, that's what was occurrin' to me just then. I was as happy as a bridegroom on his natal day, an' just as dazed. Poor Herb Warren lyin' there on the rosin didn't have nothin' on me for bein' s'prised.

As for Jimmy Conroy—well, that kid was beat up too bad to know what was happenin'. He stood teeterin' aroun', lookin' kinder foolishlike at his fallen foe an' wonderin' why Herb didn't get up an' knock him for a ghoul. But by that time the crowd had become delirious, an' they was sweepin' through the ropes an' into the ring, yellin' that they knew all the time Jimmy was pullin' a Leach Cross, an' I got to Jimmy first an' I yells congratulations in his least cauliflowered ear.

"F'r what?" says he.

"You're the lightweight champeen of the world!" I howls.

With that he turns his one open eye upon me.

"I've been kidded enough tonight, Tom Garrison. If you try any wise cracks ——"

"Wise cracks nothin', you poor ham!" says I. "You made the weight an' you stopped the champ. Now you're him."

The crowd got to him then an' he was carried off triumphant on their shoulders. I reckon he must of recovered his equilibrist some, because the sportin' editor of the Constitution interviewed him, an' this was the statement he give out as it appeared the next mornin':

"Herb Warren is a mighty good boy, and he gave me one of the toughest fights of my career. One of us had to go down, and what happened only goes to show how true the old saying is that may the best man win."

I ain't kiddin'. That's exactly what the newspaper man said Jimmy told him.

I won't go into what happened for the next few days. It's enough to say that Atlanta, which is a town which always believes in boostin' home products for a little more than all

(Continued on Page 42.

*"Can You Do the Hundred in Ten Flat?" "Pretty Near." "Then Do It—Outa That Door"*

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(Continued from Page 40)

they're worth, went plumb nuts about Jimmy. There he was, a local lad by adoption, which had won the lightweight champeenship of the world. It was all a guy's life was worth to say he done so by a lucky punch. Herb Warren was howlin' bloody murder an' beggin' for a return bout. Me, I issued a statement which was put on the wires which said as follows:

"Jimmy Conroy, new lightweight champion of the world, intends to be a fighting champion. He is prepared to defend his hard-won laurels against all comers. He is particularly anxious to give the ex-champion a shot at his crown and is awaiting bids from the promoters."

That got 'em. It was a new line of stuff, about his bein' a fighting champ, an' it didn't bind us to nothin'. Well, we hadn't hardly give out that statement when we begin to get wires from promoters in New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Newark, Brooklyn an' Boston, sayin' please to come on at their expense to discuss a contract. I wired three of the biggest, askin' if that expense stuff meant one ticket or two, an' did it include Pullman. They said it was good for the whole works, includin' a drawin'-room, so I accepted the four best offers, which made a net profit of six tickets an' three drawin'-rooms.

It was on the Special, New York bound, that the reaction set in. We had just pulled out of Gainesville when Jimmy turned to me an' loosened up his grin.

"We're in a helluva fix, Tom," he opines.

"Huh! We should worry."

"I'm serious. I'm gonna have to fight, an' the first topnotcher I step into the ring with knocks me for a row of doughnuts."

"Well," I says, "what of it?"

"What of it? What of it, you poor drink of water? Don't you suppose that havin' won the world's title I wanna make a little grubsteak?"

I'd been studyin' that part of it over while I was busy buyin' myself new clothes an' silk shirts as befit the manager of a champ; also redeemin' my best di'mond pin.

"Jimmy Conroy," I explains, "muah is hard in comparison with how soft in we are. First place, we pick up a little easy jack around New York—chances are we can get a few weeks in vaudeville at about a couple hundred a week. Then we choose the best offer we get for a fight. We might even get as high as twenty grand for lettin' Herb tickle you on the jaw. That'd be fifteen thousand for you, clear profit, an' five thou' for me, which is more than either one of us ever thought of at one time. Furthermore, after you have been beat, we'll go back South an' you'll get all the bouts you want on account you'll be the former lightweight champeen of the world, an' that'll pack 'em in everywhere. Jimmy," I says, "Eve had a hard time selectin' her gowns compared to your troubles from now ensuing."

I never knew how many newspapers there was in New York until we was met at the train by their reporters an' photographers. The New York papers was even willin' to make the cuts at their own expense. That was the first champeenship taste we had. I an' Jimmy both was so scared we didn't have hardly less than nothin' to say, an' when the mornin' papers come out with our pictures they all wrote us up about how modest an' unassuming we was; an' here was one champ an' his manager which was willin' to let their fists do their talkin', which if that was true we would of been deef mutes for the rest of our lives.

Next morning bright an' early a guy comes in to see us. In his hand was a contract. He was a vaudeville agent, an' he offered us a thousand berries for four weeks. He was also to furnish the act an' rehearse it himself. I an' Jimmy almost died of excitement.

"That's two hundred an' fifty a week," I thinks awfully. "Ain't it a graft?"

I signed up so quick it made that agent groggy, an' it wasn't until the next day that I read that contract over—an' what do you think? It was a thousand a week! Seven-fifty for Jimmy an' two-fifty for me.

"There must be a trick in it," says Jimmy. "They ain't that much jack in the world."

Well, I kind of agreed with him until another vaudeville guy come to us an' offered to us fifteen hundred. I didn't tell Jimmy about that, because there wasn't no use makin' the kid feel as unhappy as I I learned a lesson there, too whatever they offer they'll pay more. An' then, with Jimmy rehearsin' himself into a bad actor, we got busy talkin' with them promoters.

They started right off biddin' at twenty-five thousand for a fifteen-round decision bout in New York, with five thousand for trainin' expenses throwed in extra an' advance. The Jersey crowd was offering twenty grand for twelve rounds, no decision. Well, that no decision didn't interest me none on account I knew that the only way Jimmy would stand a chance of goin' the route was to have a one-round fight, an' then it wasn't no odd's-on bet.

About that time I and Jimmy begin to figure that the best thing for us to do was to stay out of the ring. Anybody could knock him for a row of grapes, an' we knew it; an' if there was this much easy money comin' to him just because he hung one on Herb Warren's jaw, there wasn't nothin' to it but stall off any fightin'. So right then an' there we decided that Jimmy was gonna be one lightweight champeen of the world which was gonna retire undefeated.

He done his four weeks in vaudeville, an' then eight weeks more at fifteen hundred. We let a guy write a swell piece in the paper about how clean, healthy livin' an' untiring work won a title, which was signed by Jimmy's name an' Jimmy got a thousand smackers for that. We had an offer of ten weeks with a burlesque show which Jimmy was awful keen to take on account of wine an' singin' never bein' his worst vices, an' we held that offer up a little while to see what was gonna happen.

Well, after four months of stallin' around an' livin' easy an' watchin' the bright lights wink the newspapers begin to holler about wasn't Jimmy gonna defend his title. Struck me we was defendin' it the best way in the world, but what they meant was fight. Herb Warren was beggin' for a bout at any price on account of him knowin' he could stop Jimmy easy, an' then when the public begin to get wise that we wasn't gonna scrap unless they made us the New York State Boxing Commission said that if we didn't sign up for a bout with Herb Warren inside of the next thirty days they was gonna take our title away from us.

It was the flooie end of a perfect dream, an' there wasn't nothin' doin' but to make it as big a shakedown as we could. So I went to the promoters an' told 'em we'd sign for Herb Warren—fifteen rounds to a decision—for thirty-five thousand dollars. At first they sort of stalled, but fin'ly, when they seen I wasn't comin' down a nickel, they said all right.

"We can put the bout off three months," I says to Jimmy, "an' we can pick up somethin' in that time. An' we'll split a nice pile. Course I'd rather go on this way, but they won't stand for it. I reckon we better sign."

"A'right," sighs Jimmy. "But it makes me feel like measurin' myself for a coffin. For another six months I'd give most anything. I got a sort of likin' for this champeenship stuff. It makes a guy awful popular."

Well, there wasn't no more stallin' to be done. The newspapers was yellin' Camembert an' the boxing commish was frownin'. An' just when we was all ready to sign up with Herb Warren an' I had give out a statement to the newspapers sayin' that my boy wasn't the kind to pick no set-ups, but would give the ex-champ a chance, provided he was willin' to agree in the contract that he'd give Jimmy another fight, in case the title was won back—just when everything was set, something happened.

It happened all at once, an' Jimmy's face was a sight when he seen 'em settin' in the hotel lobby when we come in from interviewin' the promoters. There they was; all five of 'em—count 'em—five! There was Jerry Thomas, from Birmingham, an' Jed Herrick, from Shreveport, an' Frank Monroe, from Memphis, an' Billy Furey, from N'Yawlins, an' Aleck Gunster, from Chattanooga.

"My Gawd!" states Jimmy, "there's my other five managers!"

I got 'em up in our soot an' asks them what was what. Jed Herrick, which had a pretty good gift of gab, done the chatterin'.

"Every one of us has got a contract with this cheese champ," he said, "which gives us a 25 per cent split of whatever he makes from his fights. We're here to collect out of this bout with Warren."

Well, for a minute I couldn't think of nothin' to say, an' then I forgot that. Fin'ly my arithmetic comes to my assistance an' I commenced doin' sums on the back of an envelope.

"You poor flock of fish!" I says to them. "You're cuckoo, the whole shebang of you. You ain't got one brain among the five."

"We got contracts," says Jerry Thomas.

"Contracts be hanged!" I replies. "On account there's five of you an' me added, makin' an even half dozen, an' if each of us gets 25 per cent of Jimmy's purse when the fight is over Jimmy has got licked an' also he gives us 150 per cent of his profits. Which means," I expostulates, "that he ain't got a dime for himself, an' also he owes us seventeen thousand five hundred dollars."

Jimmy took a hand in the conversation.

"Repeat that over again," he says. "I'm sort of thick-headed t'night."

I explained. It was simple as the nose on a parrot's face.

"When it's all over," reflects Jimmy, "I not only ain't got nothin', but I've got seventeen thousand five hundred dollars less than that?"

"You said it, Jimmy."

"Garrison," he says to me, "you call up the New York State Boxin' Commission an' tell them there's one champeen gonna be barred in a short time. Also you tell Herb Warren that if he gets his title back it's gonna be give to him an' not won in no ring. If these highway robbers thinks they're gonna gyp me out of all I've got an' something more besides they might as well buy return tickets, because, Mr. Garrison, I may be a sucker, but there's a limit to everything."

I finally got Jimmy out of the room an' I held a session with them five other fatheads.

"You know good an' well," I says, "that you bums ain't gonna get what you come after. I'm askin' you, what do you want?"

They told me all right. Each man wanted his 25 per cent split an' not a copper cent less than that.

"Nothin' doin'," I says. "You know as well as me that the custom is for the manager gittin' the fight to get the split."

"That ain't what our contracts says. Our contracts is plain an' simple, an' we've all saw our lawyers, which advises that we get our 25 per cent from any money Jimmy Conroy makes fightin'. We ain't in on this side-line graft you're gettin', but we're sure gonna grab our rake-off when he steps in the ring with Herb Warren."

"You are like sin!" says I with some hotness. "A fine trout you must think I am! Things would be bad enough ordinary, but I'm dad-blamed if I'll let Jimmy give you everything he makes an' a heap more besides."

I an' Jimmy was pretty melancholy that night. Of course I had knowed all along about them other five managers, an' I never thought nothin' particular about it. Most ham fighters do that. It means more bouts. An' nobody never thinks nothin' of a contract until it stings them, which is where I an' Jimmy was then. We seen a lawyer the next day an' give him the lie of the land. He allowed that them contracts was hidebound an' we didn't have a leg to stand on, an' on his say-so I called in all the sportin' editors in New York an' give 'em the story simontaneously. It made what they called swell copy. We got enough publicity in the next three days to satisfy a circus man. An' on our lawyer's petition the New York Boxing Commish agreed to give the bunch of us a hearin', an' meanwhile postpone their suspension.

I'm here to say that hearin' was a bird. I an' Jimmy was there with our hired mouthpiece, an' them five bimboes from the South was there with also a lawyer. The contracts was produced, an' first crack out of the bat the commish held that all six contracts was legal.

"You fellers have to get together," said the commish.

"Give us two weeks," I suggests.

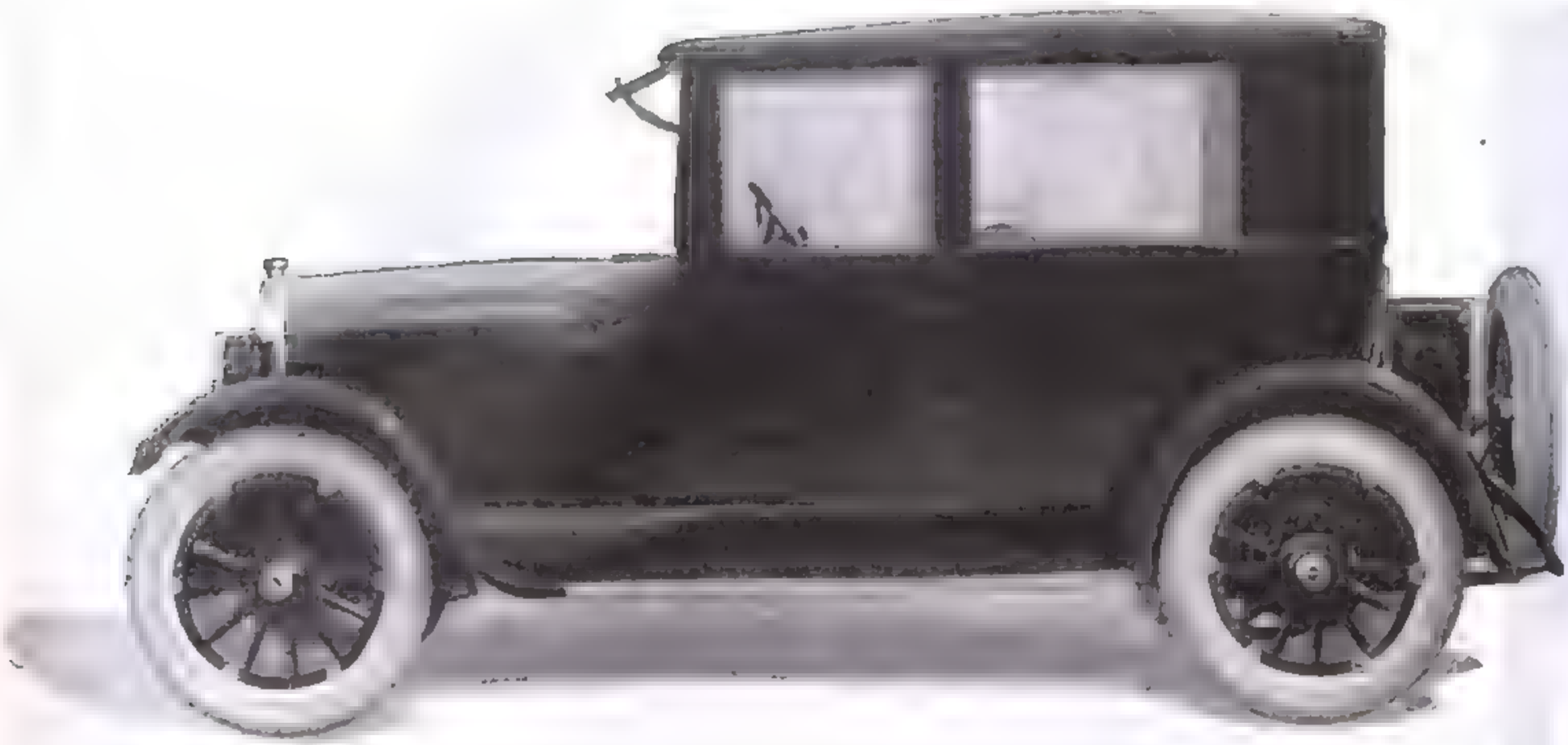
"O. K." says the commish.

We played two weeks in vaudeville while we was tryin' to get together. It was a regular pick-up. An' when it come time for another hearin' we wasn't no nearer together than the Giants an' the Phillies.

"It ain't fair to make the kid fight under these conditions," I argued. "No matter what happens to him, he owes seventeen thousand and five hundred dollars when the bout is over. Then one of these other birds can match him up again an' he owes us money when that's done."

"The contracts are legal an' bindin'," says their lawyer.

"But their effect ain't equitable," counters mine, which seemed to dent the commish. (Continued on Page 44)



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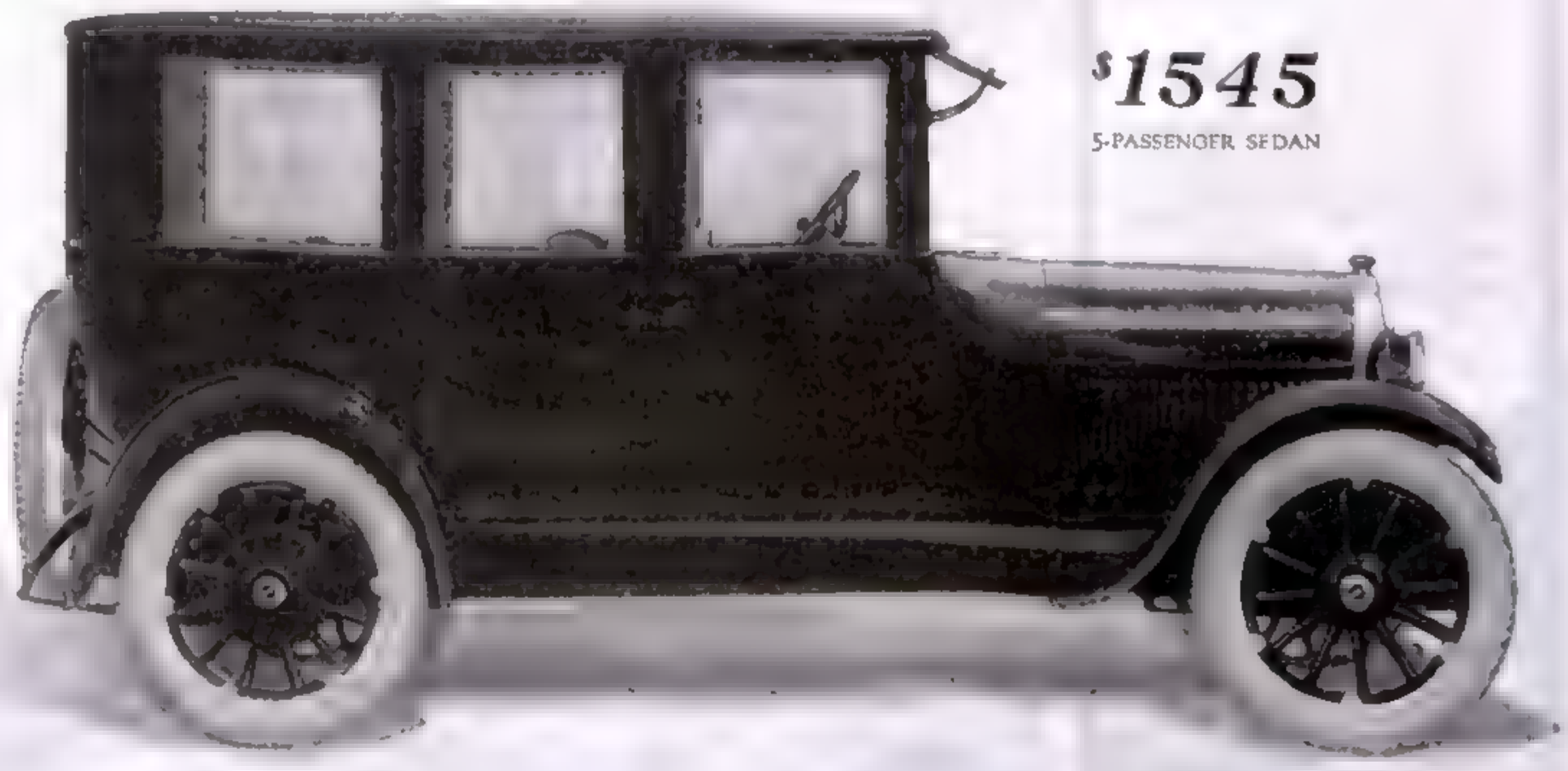

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(Continued from Page 42)

Well, they was up a tree as bad as we was. An' sportin' editors all around the country was writing articles about us. They was surprised to hear of a champ with six managers, although they said they'd heard of ham scrappers which done that, but they all agreed that Jimmy couldn't be made to fight an' lose money on the bout. So, instead of bein' sore at us for not defendin' the title, they was all with us an' sore at them five other managers.

There y'are. They wouldn't make Jimmy fight an' they couldn't say the contracts wasn't legal. I an' Jimmy walked Broadway tryin' to look sad, but inwardly we was singin' hallelujahs. We was gettin' an awful lot of publicity, an' the public was with us, an' we was grabbin' off a new wad of soft jack. An' it was soft. Once again we was a good card in vaudeville, an' they even used us down to the circus which come to town about then. The money was just rollin' in. It was just naturally too good to last.

"An' the best thing about it," says Jimmy, "is that it's extra. I thought that bird would of long ago knocked my block off."

"He would of," I says, "if these other managers of yourn hadn't showed up."

Yes, sir; them other five managers had give us what we needed, which was a good stall to keep from climbin' between the ropes with Herb Warren, which could lick Jimmy in his sleep an' with both hands tied. Accidents don't strike twice in the same place an' we knew it.

For six months we rocked along, with the commission puzzlin' its noodles over what to do an' us rakin' in the coin an' Herb Warren yellin' for a bout an' them five managers remainin' macadam in their position. I was doin' all I could to cheer 'em up.

"You birds ought to be enjoyin' yourselves," I says to them. "You're seein' all the sights of a big city an' you're gettin' your names in the papers as a bunch of tinhorns. Your business down home is goin' to hell an' most likely when you get back somebody else will of grabbed off all your meal-ticket fighters. Best of all, you ain't gonna get nowhere by stickin' around here, because you know as well as me that the commission ain't gonna make Jimmy fight under these conditions. You're a bunch of bums," I finishes, "which ain't got sense enough to see no wall where there might be some handwritin'."

Cheerin' folks up—that's my specialty.

Well, after a long time it seemed like they was comin' to see the truth of what I said. They had all moved out of a good hotel into a rotten one, an' from there to one that was worse. Their clothes was gettin' kinder wore at the knees an' elbows, an' their eyes held a sort of hopeless, hunted look like what comes to a feller when he brings comp'ny home to supper an' finds out the cook has quit. He knows he's gonna catch hell sooner or later. At that, I couldn't help but admire their esprit de corpse.

I'll say one more thing for them babies—they died hard. It wasn't until I explained to them that they'd be swappin' nothin' for somethin' that they was willin' to listen to reason. An' by that time they'd give I an' Jimmy an extra seven months which stood us in about twenty thousand fish clear profit which we wouldn't ever of earned if they hadn't come there in the first place.

More an' more they was comin' to realize that the longer they hung on the less they was gonna get, an' they commenced to see that they was doin' I an' Jimmy a favor on account they give us a swell excuse for not fightin', an' we was rakin' in the soft coin right along. I reckon that sort of peeved them, but they didn't know what to do. They had all they could handle an' was yearnin' to return South, but after the play they'd made they couldn't see their way clear to just lightin' out an' lettin' things slide.

Personally, I let 'em suffer. The longer an' the harder they suffered the happier I was. I an' Jimmy was workin' out every day at four bits a head an' sportin' around the cafeterias at night in dinner coats an' doin' vaudeville occasional an' considering a movie offer an' all the big promoters was ravin' for a match on account of all the publicity we was gettin', same only bein' rivalled by Georges Carpentier before his stummick got in the ring with Jack Dempsey's fists. Well, there is one promoter in New York which when he wants a bout he usually gets it, unless a feller is color blind an' don't recognize the long green, an' fin'ly we agreed that when the tangle got all cleared up I an' Jimmy was to sign with him to fight Herb Warren, an' we was to get seventy-five thousand dollars flat for our end, plus 20 per cent of the picture rights an' five grand more for trainin' expenses. An' the fight wasn't to be for three months after we signed up.

"All you got to do now," he says, "is to get rid of them hams which want to split with you an' Jimmy."

"Yeh," I says, "that's all. On the other hand," I says, "it ain't gonna be near as hard as it would of been seven months ago when they first come an' made it possible for I an' Jimmy to collect all this extra cash in hand."

An' that wasn't no lie either. I called them birds into a conventional an' I honest got awful sorry for them, sittin' around tryin' to look like they had et since last night, which they hadn't. Well, I got them sittin' around my luxuriant hotel soot an I cleared off a table an' then out of my pocket I takes fifty one-hundred-dollar bills. Fifty—fifty hundreds—five thousand.

It was downright crool. Them poor fish hadn't saw that much money since they last thought of robbin' a bank. In horrible contrast to them I was all dolled up in a refined new check suit an' Jimmy reclinin' on the chaste lounge in a neat striped suit an' lavender shirt an' tie, with socks an' handkerchief to match. We looked like ready money an' they looked like an unsuccessful strike.

"I reckon you poor trouts are about ready to throw up the sponge, ain't you?" I inquired.

They bluffed that they wasn't, but their eyes was fixed sort of watery on that five thousand.

"I asks you, what ever give you the idea in the first place of comin' to New York?"

Well, Jed Herrick always done the talkin' for them, even when he was hungry, an' he gives the explanation now.

"It was this way, Garry," he says: "I an' the boys wasn't aimin' to bother you an' this Roquefort champ none at all. We was surprised to hear he had lucked one over on Herb Warren an' was wishin' you the best in the world. But three or four months later we all begin gettin' letters from unknown friends which said what suckers we was to let you get away with all that graft when we held contracts with the champ. An' it was awful logical, Garry, an' with that many folks thinkin' we was simps we just naturally got together an' come North ——"

"An' made bums outa yourselves sure enough."

"We ain't admittin' this or that. But we are admittin' that we're good an' sick an' tired of the whole mess, an' the only reason we ain't beatin' it back home is that there ain't one of us which has had no experience in ridin' the rods."

I waved a hand at them five thousand bucks.

"That's for your five contracts," I says. "One thousand simoleons apiece, provided I get all five. How about it?"

Well, it was only my ring generalship which saved my life just then on account those fellers pretty near mobbed me. I paid them the five thousand dollars an' right before their eyes tore up them contracts which they had with Jimmy Conroy, lightweight champeen of the world. They was so grateful it was funny, an' I wasn't awful sad myself. I never knew when they left New York, but there was a train out forty minutes after they collected their money, an' I'm layin' a hundred to one they was on it—an' in the diner.

Twenty-four hours later we had saw the big promoter an' signed articles to meet Herb Warren three months hence, fifteen rounds to a decision. Our five thousand expense money was paid over in advance, an' that evenin' the sportin' sheets blossomed forth with the news of the battle of the century which at last was comin'.

That night I an' Jimmy faced each other in the parlor of our hotel soot while I handed Jimmy his 75 per cent of the trainin' money an' kept the other 25 per cent for myself, we havin' made arrangements to train free at a downtown gym where it wouldn't cost us nothin'.

"Soft," I says, "ain't the word for this, Jimmy. Them lads show up here just when we'd stalled all we could an' was bein' forced to fight. We get seven months extra time an' twenty thousand additional money which we wouldn't of otherwise got. We've got the public ten times as anxious to see you get your block knocked off an' the promoter raises the ante from thirty-five thousand dollars to seventy-five thousand dollars. Altogether," I says, "on account of them managers showin' up in New York we get to split sixty thousand dollars which we otherwise never would of saw. Ain't that a fact?"

"Yeh, it sure is," agrees Jimmy. "Of course Herb is gonna cut me into sausage, but I reckon that had to come sooner or later. An' we've had an awful swell time." He stares out of the window silently an' without a word for a few minutes, an' then turns to me. "Pretty near a hundred thousand in the last nine months," he says. "That gives me seventy-five thousand dollars clear."

"Just a minute," I says. "There's a few expense items. First off, there's the five thousand I paid them bums to gimme their contracts."

"O. K.," says Jimmy, "an' cheap at the price."

"An' furthermore," I says, "there's a little item of five hundred dollars which comes outa the gross."

"Five hundred?" he asks. "For what?"

"Well," I says, "you think it was pretty lucky that them guys showed up in New York just when they did, don't you?"

"Luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he says.

"Well, you poor fish," I explains, "there wasn't no luck about that a-tall."

"How you make that?"

"You remember," I says, "that them birds said they never would of thought of comin' to New York if they hadn't of got a whole slew of letters from admirin' friends tellin' them they ought to?"

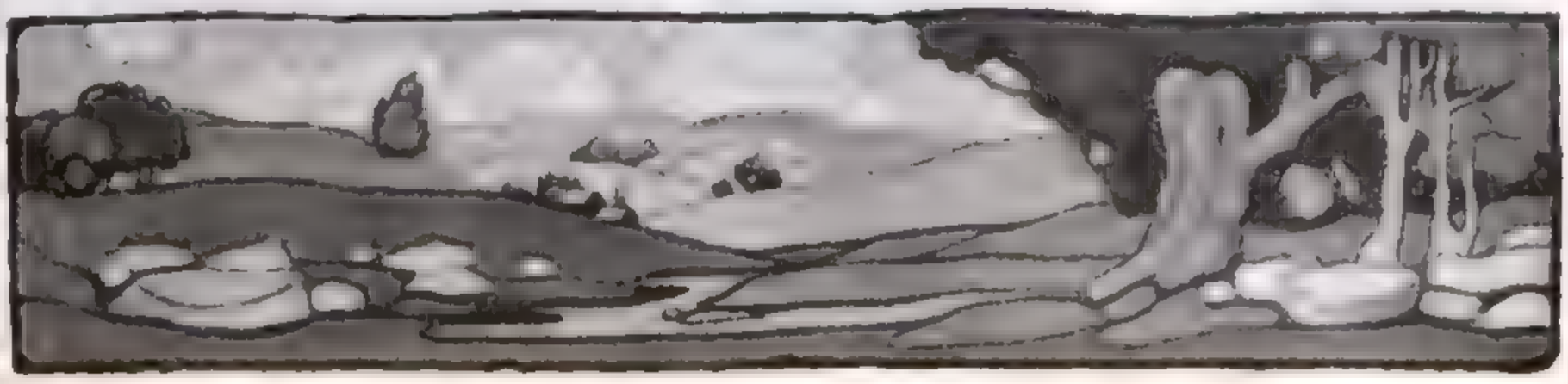
"Sure," says Jimmy, "I remember that. But ——"

"But nothin'!" I responds. "Except that the five hundred expense money you don't understand was what I paid a guy to write all them letters. He wrote 'em because I told him to. I knew what would happen when they come to New York—an' it happened."

Jimmy's eyes was poppin' wide.

"Mr. Garrison," he says, "I sure got to hand it to you!"

"Sure you do," I agrees modestly. "An' I'll just conclude by remarkin', Jimmy, that there ain't only one piece of real good luck ever happened to you—an' that was when you got me as your manager."



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# AS I REMEMBER

## Glimpses of Old Actors—Henry Irving

### By JEFFERSON WINTER

O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! — *Shakspere.*

OF ALL the many famous persons with whom, one way or another, it has been my fortune to come in contact, Henry Irving was—excepting only my father, William Winter—the most interesting, the noblest and the greatest exemplar in ambition, courage and virtue. If ever there was a man "who had a heart to pity and a hand open as day for melting charity"; if ever there was one whose life made the world of his time better to live in, it was Henry Irving.

But there was one person toward whom Irving felt a lasting animosity that erratic, brilliant, often irresponsible genius, Richard Mansfield. It has been recorded—by my father, who introduced them and who did all in his power to harmonize their jarring estimates of each other and to make them friends—that, after a considerable period of open and bitter alienation, though they never became friends, they were reconciled and met on amicable terms.

That, of course, is exactly true—as far as it goes. But the whole truth is that, privately, they detested each other; Mansfield cherishing rancorous, bitter envy of Irving; and Irving entertaining for Mansfield profound sardonic contempt. Irving, however, knew and respected my father's affection for Mansfield, and therefore avoided saying to him any of the harsh things he felt about the younger actor. Mansfield, on the other hand—indiscreet, impulsive, inconsiderate, quarrelsome—frequently voiced his animosity, sometimes in private, sometimes in public, in the most vituperative strain. This led to several extremely sharp exchanges between Winter and Mansfield—of which, also, some were public, some private. One of the sharpest of the former was an article by Winter, of which the following is the first paragraph:

Mr. Richard Mansfield's recent colloquy with himself at Cincinnati [March, 1895] was conceited, rude, ill-bred and foolish; but there is a comic side to it. "What is Irving?" asked Mr. Mansfield; and, himself responding to his inquiry, he replied: "He is no better actor than I am!" This recalls one of the Ellenborough anecdotes. "Now, My Lords," said Lord Westmoreland, "I asked myself a question." "Yes," said Ellenborough, unconsciously murmuring his thought, "and a damned stupid answer you'd be sure to get to it!" Mr. Mansfield's answer, however, is doubtless satisfactory to himself.

A little later, in a personal letter to Mansfield, Winter wrote:

And for God's sake, Dick, do stop talking about Henry Irving: or at least—if you must go on talking about him instead of attending to your own business—stop talking like a fool! You cannot rail him out of his well-deserved reputation and popularity, and you cannot rail yourself into either the one or the other. An old editorial associate of mine used to say, "It is always better to prove a man a liar than to call him one." That is the wisest way in all things. If you wish to be accepted as a better actor than Henry Irving, you have only to show that you are so—by your acting.

*Last Picture of Henry Irving. Taken in 1904*

And in yet another message to Mansfield my father wrote:

I received your letter this day about your relations with Mr. Irving. I am very glad to hear that the money is paid and the business part settled. [Mansfield left London in 1888, owing Irving, for theater rent, £1675 and money loaned, £1000—which finally he paid in full, with interest due, though under legal process.] Perhaps you and he will one day understand each other. I hope so. I never heard him say an ill word of you. It is a great pity that two men, whom God has blessed with such genius and such power for the good of the stage and society, should not agree and get on in kindness.

Irving—being aware that I had had a vigorous personal disagreement with Mansfield and felt lively resentment towards him—displayed no reticence in expressing his views to me, well knowing that, whatever my feelings, I would not repeat his remarks while doing so could make bad blood.

I remember that while I was acting with Joseph Jefferson I stayed over in Cincinnati to see Irving, and sat up with him most of the night—April 8, 1900—in his rooms at the old St. Nicholas Hotel. Much of our conversation was of Mansfield. Irving was explicit and particular in his denunciation of him. His views were summed up in these words:

"Iago was a child to Richard Mansfield, my boy—a mere child. As to his acting, he does not know what Richard III means! Our friend the Wily One [by which name Irving was accustomed to designate Herbert Beerbohm Tree, whom he also disliked] was a much better Beau. I saw his Jekyll and Hyde. His good man was most uninteresting, and his Hyde—why, his Hyde was just a damned bad Quilp" [Old Curiosity Shop]. "And your dear father thinks he is a great actor! I cannot understand it!"

What an unpleasant rise in the social temperature there would be if actors and artists and writers in general were to air all their private opinions of each other! It was, I often have occasion to reflect, indeed a fortunate thing that my dear father invariably took men and women as he found them, not as they regarded each other; and that in judging acting he was able to appreciate all schools, and saw only with his own acute, considerate eyes, and estimated according to his own equitable, exact standards.

As to Mansfield's views of Irving, they made Irving on Mansfield seem almost tame. I still marvel that a man who could speak as I have heard Mansfield speak of Irving could ever enter the same room with him.

Having contrived at last to quarrel with my father, the kindest, most patient man that ever lived and the best friend he ever had, Mansfield appealed several times to my mother to intercede for him with his old friend. In one of the singular letters which he wrote to her he reverts to his grievance, which was, in fact, nothing but jealousy:

VICTORIA HOTEL, CHICAGO.
November 14, 1893.

*MY DEAR MRS. WINTER:* We are struggling in the very slough of despond, and God knows how we shall come out of it. Business is wretched for us and does not begin to pay our expenses. We get no aid; the people will not come, altho we play a different play every evening. Irving can play to $36,000 a week! We can barely play to $4000; our share of that is $2400; our expenses over $3000.

The work of the critics is bearing fruit—and it's dead-sea fruit! Irving has, as usual, left the slime of his trail behind him; he fêted, wined and dined and supped and beringed the critics. They condemn my "Merchant of Venice," to please him, and send him the articles to read and nod over and we *starve* here, where we have worked so long. I think I could bear it if he were really great and good.

I have quarreled with Willy. I can't help it! He must know—he does *know* or he can have no sense of sound or sight.

I put all my strength into "The Merchant of Venice" and spent a great deal of money—all in vain! I do good, honest work. I am received with immense enthusiasm—by a few.

Wherever we go, Irving has just been, or is just coming, and the people desire to pay $3—to see The Freak!

It is well to say be patient—I have been patient for fifteen years—and we must live—and I am growing old. [He was then in his thirty-ninth year.]

We shall need every straw to keep our heads above water, if we can do that. Managers are writing to us, from all over the country, asking us to cancel our dates and repudiating their guaranties.

Irving's latest announcement is that he will play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!" *My friends cannot and shall not be his friends!*

Always yours sincerely,
RICHARD MANSFIELD.

(Continued on Page 48)

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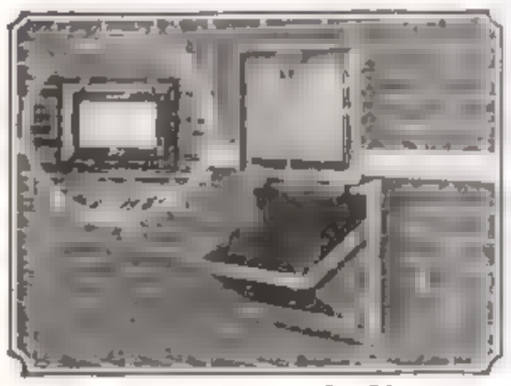

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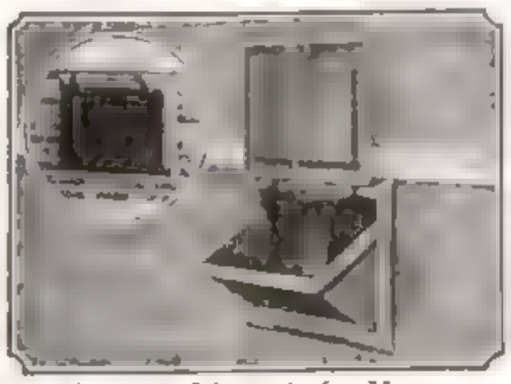

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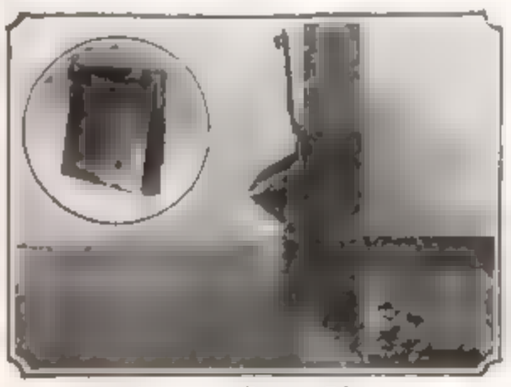

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(Continued from Page 46)

After much observance of the theater I have about reached the conclusion that no actor was ever with justice criticized adversely, and that the public never stays away from any dramatic performance for the simple, all-sufficient reason that it is not attractive. All adversity of judgment concerning acting, all lack of popular support of things theatrical, are invariably due to the machinations of some rival actor or to the celebrated and perennial conspiracy of critics.

Others than Mansfield have meanly ascribed to Irving a vast, comprehensive and malignant control over the critics, blandly ignoring the significant little fact that no other actor, in any period, ever had to endure and overcome greater and more persistent adversity of criticism than he did. One of the undying fables of Irving's malignity is a story that he tried to ruin Edwin Booth by the singular expedient of inviting that actor to alternate with him at the London Lyceum in Iago and Othello, never having himself played Iago and not having acted Othello—in which, with the general public, he was a failure—for five years. The testimony of Booth himself about Irving in letters to my father may fitly be recorded here; and because the letters are, like most of the letters the great tragedian wrote, so good, I give them almost *in extenso:*

ST. JAMES HOTEL, PICCADILLY.
LONDON, January 22, 1881.

*DEAR WILL:* After I had finished *Othello* last evening, I was told of poor [Edward A.] Sothern's death. I had spent an hour with him on Monday, and really thought he might die while I was by his bedside, so weak and emaciated was he. They had taken him to Bournemouth at the doctor's suggestion; but he suffered so much there he was hurried back to London. The journey, there and returning, was enough to prostrate a man in his condition. Poor fellow! What a full company of players has made its exit this twelvemonth past!

I think I've acknowledged all the books you sent me, as well as papers; some of the latter came yesterday. [John] Ryder [the famous old actor who played in support of Macready and, later, Charles Kean] remembers you with apparent delight, and wants to see your Trip [to England]. Can it be got here? He's a dear old boy—full of good.

I'm after The Era for you. One of the Almanacs, 1879, I think, is out of print; but [Frederick] Ledger says he will hunt for a copy, and let me have it if he can possibly get one; soon as I get them, they shall be mailed. [John S.] Clarke sails on Tuesday, and perhaps I can send them by him.

I have sent no criticisms home, to anyone; don't know why; have lost my interest in such matters, though some of them were very ——

Forget what I was about to say. Twenty-four hours have elapsed since I said "very"; but you may guess how "*very*" some of them are!

Othello has been damned by the severe snowstorm, the worst in fifty years, and by the faintest of faint praise from the few critics who ventured out last week. My *Iago* is "clever." My *Othello* "feeble." Both are compared with [Herman] Vezin's and [Henry] Forrester's. The former I've never seen; the latter I *wish* I never had seen, for his acting is about as direful as you'd find in Ypsilanti or Oshkosh. Comparisons, too, with pumpy old [Samuel] Phelps, whose tragedy was dreary, are still indulged in, and not very complimentary. The fact is, I'm not *sociable.*

The public should not be judged by the critics—in London, at all events. The *applause* has not flagged since the first night of my engagement. The houses have been well filled, and commendations from private sources continue—verbally, as well as by letter. I never felt more warmth and genuine appreciation and have seldom seen such demonstrations of satisfaction at home, yet the critics say I fail to touch the hearts of my audience, and attribute the applause I receive simply to the kindly feeling the Englishman bears his guest. Isn't it encouraging to read such trash?

True, I have not felt much like acting since I began, for everything connected with the management is distasteful to me. Gooch has taken a vile advantage of me and coerced me into a bargain on his own terms, closing my engagement at a time when it should have been in full bloom and hampering me every way with a wretched company, and in many other things, making my spirit ill at ease.

No actor ever had more odds to fight against, on the one hand; while I must confess, none has had more favorable auspices, on the other. My lack of judgment and foresight and my idiotic credulity prevented me from securing the advantages that were

*Henry Irving as Hamlet*

really in my hands. I failed to close my fingers tightly, and the chances slipped from my grasp. What opportunity may be offered in the spring I know not; at present, I see nothing.

I can hire Irving's theater in the fall, but I've had my swing at that season, and want the Springtime "Nobs," who come just as I go. Irving has been very pleasant of late, and I cannot blame him for guarding his own interests, which are very important and not to be neglected. I hope the American press will treat him kindly [Irving's first American tour, 1883–84, was then being negotiated]. His friends think the newspaper treatment of me will influence the American critics; I hope not. I've already seen several such hints in print, and many "blatherskite" compatriots of mine have openly threatened to roast the English actors, &c., &c. People I don't know, thank God!—but their remarks come secondhand to me; and I'm told they have been used as coming from *my friends.* I've no doubt the "spread eagle" has created a sour feeling for me, in certain quarters.

Yes, it *is* strange that "scalliwags" are permitted to remain, while the good are so frequently called away. And how sad it seems that, when the good fellow—who had such a host of friends—goes to his grave (very often, of late, at all events,) he should be so poorly attended; witness [John] Brougham's and [William R.] Floyd's cases. I don't know what is to be done in Sothern's. I've heard nothing; and, on account of a severe cold which I fear to aggravate while acting, I shall not be able to take any part in the affair, beyond visiting the house of mourning. I doubt very much if there will be many, of the hundreds who flocked about him in life, to follow his corpse, or think of him after today.

I do not dread "The Referee" and "Bolton Rowe" [a pen name assumed by Clement Scott] clique. The latter has greatly moderated his tone; the former is an ingrate and a falsehood to the core.

Have lunched with Lady Coutts and Irving lately; she saw *Bertuccio* [The Fool's Revenge] and *Othello,* but is too much occupied to think of theaters just now—or, perhaps, I'd ask her to build me one! Supper is being served and I must again defer this interesting epistle.

(Supper's done gone.) What have I gained by acting here? I haven't "knocked the dust out of old Drury's [Drury Lane] cushions" (I think you prophesied I should), nor "scattered the old owls from their roost"—or words to that effect. It seems to me a loss of time and labor. I shall leave no impression. There seem to be few minds here worth impressing. The actor's art is judged by his costumes and the scenery; if these are not "æsthetic" (God save the mark!) he makes no stir. I believe Clarke is the most disappointed of my set, for he had built high hopes on the tradition of Kean and others' great successes here; which I never did. I did expect, however, more interest for the Shakespearean drama than is manifested. Charles Kean, Fechter and Irving have feasted the Londoners so richly, they cannot relish undecorated dishes. I was at the same ill-work at home, but was, fortunately, checked first by fire and afterward by bankruptcy. I do not regret my losses now, since I've seen the evil results of "grand revivals."

[February 15.] I send two "Era" Almanacs; the third cannot be obtained, although I have a scout still on the search for it; with them will be mailed a "Saturday Review," about *Othello*—my conception and performance of which part are so rarely understood or commended by my critics. A Shakespearean (!) friend, who gloats over my *Iago,* fails to discover in *Othello,* either read or acted, by me or anyone, anything but "a beast—as Shakespeare *intended him to be!*" Did you ever? ! ! ! ! I cannot possibly see the least animalism in *Othello.* To my mind, he is poetically pure and noble; even in his rage, which wrings from him occasional "*curse*-ry" remarks—not over-refined, perhaps—I perceive no *bestiality* such as my learned friend discovers.

Last night I produced "Lear," and from the wild demonstrations that greeted my every scene, from first to last, I judge it to be a "go." I've seen but two articles this morning. Most of the papers wait a day or two before publishing their notices of important plays and players. All the critics were there in force, however, and I dare say tomorrow's press will record their opinions. I'm glad I've been able to "hit 'em again" with a test part, Shakespearean, before my too-brief engagement closes.

Day after to-morrow I play at Irving's Lyceum, the Fourth Act of "Richelieu," for [F. B.] Chatterton's Benefit; don't know why—but "everybody" said I ought to, and so I consented. Shortly I shall act again (Drury Lane) for the Benefit of the Dramatic Fund (*Petruchio.*) This is alright, of course; but 'tis hard to be acting in the day, at other theaters, and other parts, while working at *Lear.*

I am in doubt as to what I shall wind up my term with; "Richelieu" is asked for, but I somehow feel as if I'd like to give a week or two of "Richard II." The company is bad, the management mean and very disagreeable, and I rather rejoice at the prospect of getting rid of such embarrassments; but—where else to go? . . .

The 26th will terminate my "job" with Gooch and, after a month's rest, I shall begin a series of performances, alternating *Othello* and *Iago,* during May—perhaps longer—with Irving, who very kindly met my request for an occasional matinee [at

(Continued on Page 50

# PIERCE

To continue to create each ensuing year a restricted number of incomparable motor cars, is the perpetual responsibility of The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company. Strict adherence to such ideals is obviously incompatible with haste or speed in manufacturing. Precision can be attained only by the utilization of highly skilled and experienced hand work. Pierce-Arrow open cars are now $5,250 at Buffalo; closed cars, $7,000 at Buffalo. Pierce-Arrow Dealers in most localities can assure fairly prompt deliveries.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, New York*

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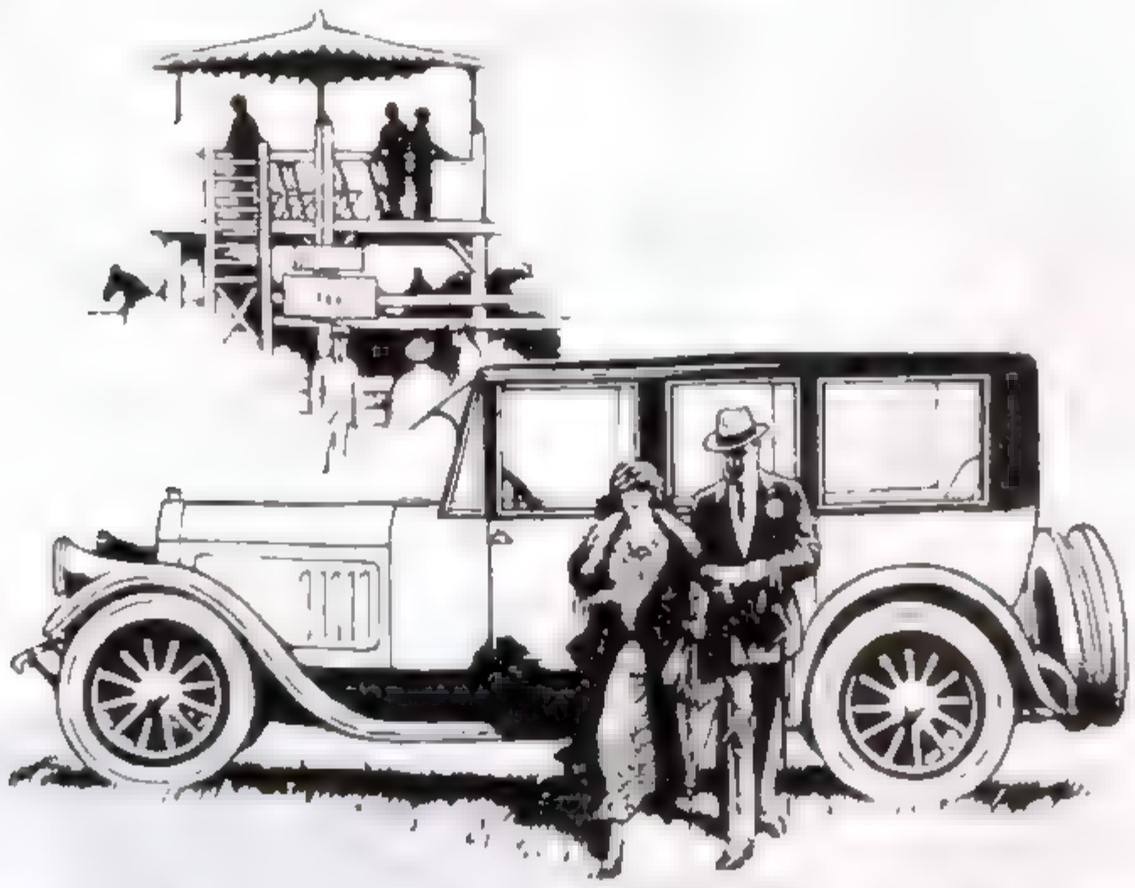

*This is the most sought for motor car that ever bore the Pierce-Arrow name*—THE ENCLOSED DRIVE-LIMOUSINE. *Instantly convertible from a chauffeur-driven limousine to an owner-driven seven passenger sedan*

# ARROW

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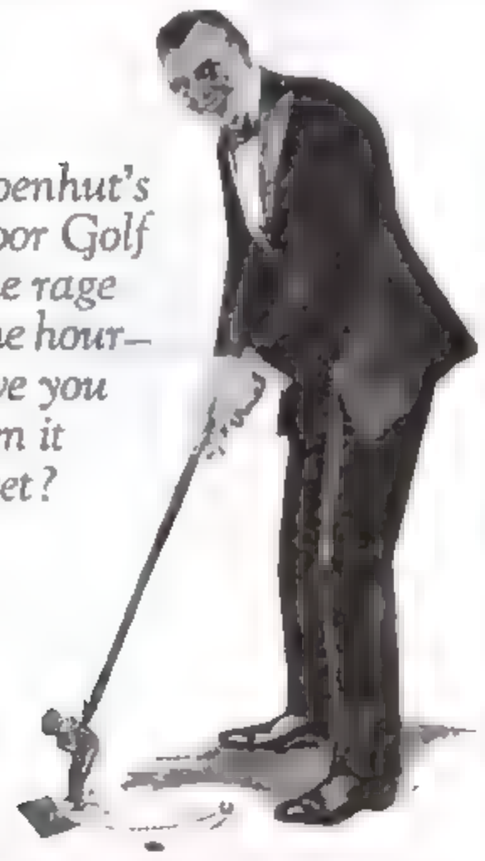
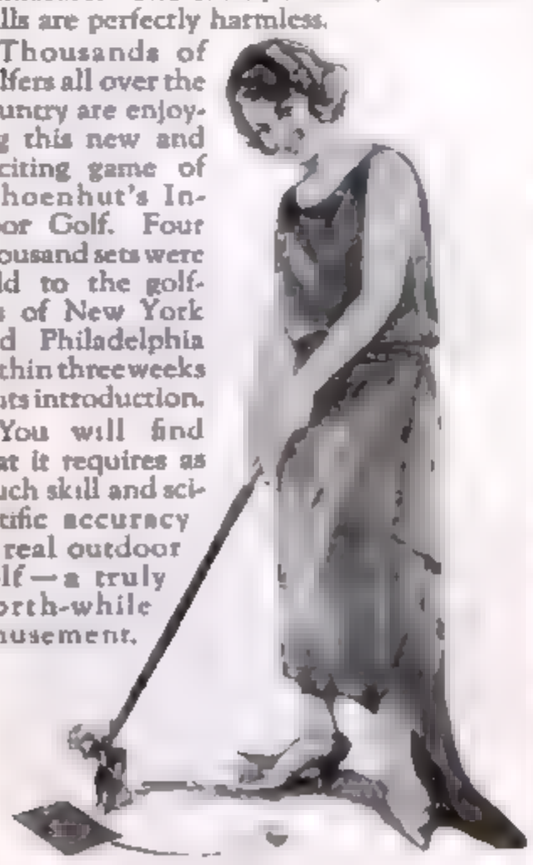


*Schoenhut's Indoor Golf is the rage of the hour—Have you taken it up yet?*

Schoenhut's Indoor Golf is one of those games that everybody can play and 'most everybody does. It is played with a stick resembling a golf stick, but in place of the head there is a miniature golfing figure—"Tommy Green" when a man, "Sissie Lofter" when a woman—who makes your strokes for you.

You control the action of "Tommy" or "Sissie" through a lever located between your first and second fingers. It's the greatest sport imaginable. "Tommy" and "Sissie" drive, putt or approach, just as in real golf, according to the kind of club you put between their fingers and according to your skill in operating the lever.

A full set of clubs is furnished with each miniature figure, together with putting greens, tees, bunkers and everything that goes with a regular golf game in miniature. The small, hollow, celluloid balls are perfectly harmless.



Thousands of golfers all over the country are enjoying this new and exciting game of Schoenhut's Indoor Golf. Four thousand sets were sold to the golfers of New York and Philadelphia within three weeks of its introduction.

You will find that it requires as much skill and scientific accuracy as real outdoor golf—a truly worth-while amusement.

*SCHOENHUT'S Indoor Golf Sets are sold for $10.00 and $15.00 a set, depending on the number of parts included. If you cannot get one at your department or sporting goods store, write direct to the Factory.*

Notice to Professionals—It will pay you to carry Schoenhut's Indoor Golf.

**The A. Schoenhut Co.**

2162 East Hagert Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

MANUFACTURERS & PATENTEES


(Continued from Page 48)

the Lyceum Theater], during the season, with the proposition to act three nights a week with me, instead. This is very good in him, and proceeds, I am sure, from a genuine artistic feeling. If you can give him a "lift" and let him know that I appreciate his feelings, I'm sure 'twill make him happier than anything *I* can say. He had a doubt of how he would be received in America, on my account, though I assured him he would receive a cordial welcome there, and that no ill-feeling whatever existed concerning us "poor players," except, perhaps, among a few feeble-minded, little-brained bummers of the press. Edwin Forrest set all such damned nonsense at rest, by the bloody farce of 1849. [Meaning the disgraceful Astor Place Riots, instigated by Forrest, because of his vicious jealousy of and animosity toward William C. Macready, and which resulted in the slaughter of twenty-two persons.]

*Lear*, to my surprise, has toppled over even *Richelieu* and *Iago!* 'Tis the one character that even Hazlitt admitted my father [Junius Brutus Booth] to have acted better than Kean. I have received many flattering congratulations on the performance, while not a few want to see *Hamlet* again. But I see no opportunity, at present, to do that. If I could only have a swing at a theater, for a year, untrammeled by cheap-John managers, I could do something worth working for.

[April 28.] Various worries prevented my writing you even a line, as you requested in yours of March 30, until the advent of John [McCullough]; so I thought I'd wait a day or two longer to tell you the result. So far as one can judge of these Englishers, he has made a very favorable impression. The papers treat him well and the "first night" audience seemed mightily pleased. 'Twas the second time, only, that I had seen him "from the front"—once, at the Opera House, as *Coriolanus*. On both occasions, I was impressed by his repose and his freedom from that fault we tragedy-boys indulge in so freely—over-gesticulation; both qualities are most difficult to acquire, but I think they are natural with him. If he had a longer engagement, in order to keep up the newspaper talk about him, it would be better for his popularity. As it is, the one play [Virginius; before he ended his engagement at Drury Lane, McCullough brought out Othello] may not give him the means of riveting the nail. I heartily wish him the fullest success.

I have been rehearsing *Othello*, with Irving, the past two weeks. The play will be finely set, and will be well acted by the subordinates. Whatever may be the opinions concerning Irving's histrionic ability [which, after all, is but a matter of opinion] he certainly has the element of greatness, largely developed, for the very difficult art of stage management. His patience and untiring energy, his good taste and superior judgment in all pertaining to stage-craft, are marvellous! He is very gentle and courteous, though tried, to the extremity of endurance, by "the awkward squad." To be on his stage, and find all one's ideas perfectly carried out, is delightful! He imparts to the humblest member of his corps a somewhat of the true artistic feeling that animates himself. Rehearsals, which were always an exhaustion and a bore to me, are, on his stage, with him as director, positively a pleasure. It revives all my old interest in my profession. He deserves all the honors heaped upon him, and he wears them modestly.

[May 22.] My engagement continues with Irving till June 12, and is very great, in all respects; only my domestic misery [meaning the mental breakdown of his second wife] prevents it from being the happiest theatrical experience I've ever had. I wish I could do as much for Irving, in America, as he has done here, for me.

A suggestion has reached me, yet indefinite, that I should again take the reins at Booth's [Theater, New York]—but be relieved of all financial cares, &c. I cannot scrape up even the scraps of my old-time ambition to decorate the plays and to act as unceasingly, as I should be obliged to do, were I at the head of affairs, as once I was, on that stage.

John [McCullough] closed his engagement last night, and this evening I shall meet him, at dinner, at Mr. Bigelow's (of Philadelphia). Nearly all the newspapers speak highly of him, and many call him—as they did me—"old school," &c., &c. I wonder what the devil is the "new" school of Tragedy? Thine, EDWIN

To revert for a moment to Mansfield: His only real grievances against Henry Irving were that the latter excelled him as an actor, and as a man had treated him with princely generosity.

"I did not buy the English rights of Jekyll and Hyde," so Irving told me in the course of that Cincinnati night, "until I learned that Mansfield was circulating stories to the effect that I had tried to make him pay rent for two London theaters. What, actually, I did was to save his London first appearance at my theater by hiring the Opera Comique, so that [Daniel E.] Bandmann was unable to get into London ahead of him with an unauthorized version of Jekyll and Hyde. I protected Mansfield. Then I learned, too, that he was paying other debts—contracted after those to me, about which he did not write me even a line. I became very angry, and I made up my mind to have my money—which, had he treated me decently, he need never have paid at all, if he did not wish to. I told Bram [Stoker, his business manager from 1878 to the end] to attach his property and see that he paid up—if at the rate of only one hundred dollars a week, or even fifty dollars a week. 'Do not make trouble for him,' were my instructions, 'but see that he pays to the last farthing.' And that was done.

"As for the play—I mean to do it some day. But a good dramatization will have to be made." [One was made for Irving, by O. Booth and J. Dixon. He never produced it.]

"The transformation should not be made on a darkened stage, with green limelights. It is a psychological change, a change of soul, which affects the body. I mean to do it—the first time—in a soft, clear light. I am going to have Jekyll take up a newspaper and read in it the account of a child being trampled in the street by a miscreant—whom he knows, of course, to have been himself, as Hyde. Then in an agony of distress he sinks back in his chair, concealing his face with the newspaper. In a moment it slips to the floor, and the audience sees that the change from Jekyll to Hyde is just taking place."

Irving acted this scene as he described it to me, and the effect—even without stage lights, settings or make-up—was grisly and thrilling beyond words.

Irving, like many another actor and manager, has been much and bitterly blamed, because, as alleged, he did not do anything for the modern drama. The detraction is nonsensical. Irving was not a dress-coat actor. He was a legitimate tragedian, and a player of romantic and of what are called melodramatic characters. Most of his greatest successes were achieved in Shakspere. He was, however, at all times vigilantly on the lookout for new plays suitable to his requirements. He sought great themes and great characters. Among new plays which he caused to be written and which he produced are The Bells, Wills' King Charles I, Eugene Aram, Ravenswood—on the Bride of Lammermoor—and Faust; King Arthur, Don Quixote, Peter the Great and Robespierre. He gave to the stage both The Cup and Becket, by Tennyson, and it was because of a suggestion of his that the great poet wrote The Foresters, which eventually was produced by Augustin Daly.

During his last stay in New York Irving told my father in my presence: "I have paid close on to fifty thousand dollars for new plays that I have not been able to produce—and some of which, though paid for, have never even been written. I have between twenty and thirty on hand now which will never bring me back a penny."

Among new plays written for him are J. M. Barrie's The Professor's Love Story, which finally he rejected as not suitable to his special needs, and in which the late Edward S. Willard—a wonderful actor—achieved notable success; and Frank Marshall's Robert Emmet which Irving turned over to Dion Boucicault, who tinkered and then produced it.

Irving was, among other things, remarkable for willingness to stand comparison with other actors of first rank and established standing, in characters in which they had been accepted as preëminent. It was in large part this belief in himself which led to his proposing to alternate with Edwin Booth in Iago and Othello—parts which Booth habitually played, and in one of which at least he was deemed incomparable.

When Irving engaged Ellen Terry as leading actress of his company he bought Wills' play of Olivia, which had previously been brought out at the Court Theater with great success by John Hare, presenting Miss Terry as its heroine and Herman Vezin as the vicar. Irving revived it, himself assuming Doctor Primrose and entirely eclipsing the precedent player, one of the best actors of his time.

The only comparison that he ever shunned was when he, by my father's very urgent and repeated counsel, dropped Richelieu from his American repertory. Writing to Irving in 1885 on the subject of his presenting that play in America, Winter said:

I can only repeat again what I have before said and written to you about *Richelieu*. It is not *good management* for you to play it here. *It is Edwin's* [Booth] *part*. His performance of it is better than yours—for it is perfect. It never has been, and it never will be, equaled. Even if you were "to act it like an angel out of Heaven," they would not accept you in it, here. You are stronger without it than with it. Therefore, I counsel you again, most earnestly, to omit it.

It was the same when Booth went to London, five years ago. I entreated him not to open in *Hamlet*, but, instead, to begin in *Richelieu*. And I told him why. He promised to do as I advised; but, after he got to

(Continued on Page 52)

Henry Irving, Laurence Irving and Frank Tyars

# OLDFIELD

## *The Most Trustworthy Tires Built*

BARNEY OLDFIELD'S career shows no worthier achievement than the practical use he made of his lifetime of racing and driving experience.

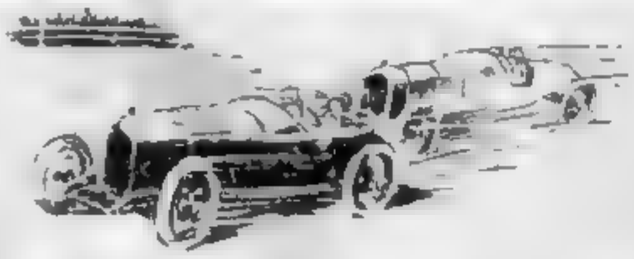
His keen understanding of what tires must do, his success in building tires that eliminated the greatest dangers from racing, have been utilized to benefit the motoring public. Oldfield Cord Tires could not otherwise give their steady, consistent service and extra mileage.

Facilities not to be surpassed make it possible for Barney Oldfield not only to produce better, longer-mileage tires, but to put them on the market at prices that make them a genuine economy.

For three years they have fulfilled everything promised and everything expected of them—winning every important race and establishing notable mileage records on thousands of cars.

Such has been Oldfield accomplishment that today Oldfields are selling at the lowest prices in history—and Oldfield demand has kept production pressed to capacity.

Thousands of Oldfield dealers now enable car-owners everywhere to get Oldfield values and enjoy a measure of satisfaction and economy never before obtainable at such low cost.



TIRES

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO. AKRON, OHIO

"Safeguard the trip from Bottle to Lip"

Over 23,000,000 school children will be better protected from disease germs just as soon as *all* milk served in the schools is sipped directly from the sterilized bottle through Stone's Sanitary Straws. Then the unclean glass will go and good rich milk can do its wonderful body-building without danger.

*Straws Prevent Gulping*

The use of Stone's Sanitary Straws encourages slower milk drinking and thereby assists the proper digestion of the milk.

*School Officials:*

Stone's Sanitary School Straws do away with the expensive washing of cups and eliminate the "broken glass nuisance." They eliminate untidy waste. Just tell the children to leave the straws in the empty bottle. Get your supply now before the Fall school term begins. Order through wholesale druggists, wholesale stationers, school and dairy supply houses, or write us and we will put you in touch with our nearest distributor

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

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FACTORIES

WASHINGTON D C BALTIMORE MD

*Get a Box*

of Stone's seamless straws at your druggist's for home use

Small cost

*Continued from Page 50*

London, he was over-persuaded (largely by Clarke and by his unfortunate wife) to open in *Hamlet*. It was a grave error of judgment.

Where public and press alike are committed to support of a sterling performance, why *force* comparisons? Old *Richelieu's* "grand maxim" is the wise one in this situation: "First employ all methods *to conciliate!*"

In answer to the letter from which the above passages are quoted, and also, I think, to an earlier one—of which I have no copy—referring to the same subject, and telling Irving of his purpose to make a book about him—which he did—the actor wrote:

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO,
22 June, 1885.

*MY DEAR WINTER:* "It is the favor I would have asked of thee, had I dared!" To be recorded by William Winter, in company with Joseph Jefferson—nothing could gratify, or satisfy, me more! The fact of your wishing to do this book delights me, and it will be of the greatest—the very greatest—interest to my friends at home. A book that will live when I am forgotten—a poor subject, which only you can adorn, with your lenient tenderness, your friendship, and your genius. . . .

Before we play it [Eugene Aram] in New York, I should like to talk it over with you; and if you can come to see it, I know you will.

Your advice about "Richelieu" I follow—and I thank you for it. You have good, kindly and sufficient reason—and that's enough; so ends it. After next Tuesday, I play it *no more*

Good-by, dear friend. God bless you! and yours,

HENRY IRVING.

Robespierre—which, though not history but entirely fiction, is a capital play—was first produced April 15, 1899, at the Lyceum Theater in London; and in America at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, October 30, the same year. It was the chief feature of Irving's sixth American tour—1899–1900—which lasted for twenty-nine weeks, and during which he played to gross receipts of about five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That tour came after a protracted period of trouble, illness and ill-fortune—growing professional dissension with Miss Ellen Terry; an injury to his knee on the first night of his revival of King Richard III which incapacitated him for months and cost him thousands of pounds; an almost fatal attack of pneumonia; the destruction by fire, February 8, 1898, of the scenery for more than forty plays—and its success saved Irving from absolute ruin.

These were Irving's own words, spoken to my father in my presence, driving down to Pier 39, New York, to board the steamship Menominee, May 19, 1900, "America has saved me! Without this tour I should have been utterly ruined!"

And then he spoke with deep feeling of the love and fidelity of his old comrade and friend, John L. Toole.

"Just before I sailed from home," Irving said, "Toole sent for me and I went to bid him good-by. His state is very dreadful" Toole's disease was locomotor ataxia "but he may live for years yet. He could talk but little, and several times became confused. But when I was coming away he held my hand with extraordinary strength, and kissed it and said, with tears running down his face, 'If you need money draw on me for twenty thousand pounds.' I think that is every penny he has!"

Among my father's notes, I find the following:

[1894. Edinburgh.] November 1. Yesterday Willy and I visited a jeweller's shop in Prince's Street, to see the process of making jewelry. Bad weather! I walked to the top of the Salisbury Crag and composed my speech for the night. Irving called. Was anxious about his speech, and the others. Very earnest conversation. I gave him my views about the occasion. Arranged for a cable to the paper. Spoke of Robespierre; Henry much interested At night attended the supper to Irving, by the Pen and Pencil Club, at the Waterloo Hotel. Delivered my speech, which was received with great favor and sympathy N. B. To try to recover the opening part of it, which I did not write down. It was humorous and it delighted the company. No MS. Spoke all from memory and repeated five stanzas of my poem in honor of Henry, written nearly ten years ago. Beginning at: "But let the golden waves leap up," and on to the end. A tidy little feat of memory, and I am pleased to think I pleased him and all the gathering.

About 150 persons present—fine company. G. W. W. Barclay, of Aberdeen, in the Chair. Vice-chairmen, J. C. Dibdin (grandson of Charles, who wrote the Sea Songs) and A. W. Vokes. Good speeches by G. A. Peacock and Dibdin. Irving, replying to the chairman's address, made a capital speech and earnestly advocated establishment of a Municipal Theater. Musical exercises, and clever imitations of Gladstone, Disraeli and Johnny Toole—which latter, I think, Irving did not like. He is very sensitive and dislikes caricature. Bram Stoker spoke with rare felicity. Home about 5:30 A. M. *Memo*—To remember story of the Scotchman who, after consuming two quarts of champagne, expressed a desire to have something to *drink*, because "these mineral waters are so tiresome!" [This story was used, years afterward, with amusing effect, by Ian MacLaren in a speech at the Lotos Club, New York—J. W.] N. B. That the Waterloo Room, in which we had supper, was once a *theater*. Irving said that he played *Claude Melnotte* in it, for the first time, and had played many other parts there, at the outset of his life. The occasion was the twentieth anniversary of Irving's appearance as *Hamlet*, at the London Lyceum, under old Chain-Lightning Bateman's management. Rather used up. The morning after a banquet is not the pleasantest part of it. Like *Mr. Pickwick*, I am today inclined to "silence and soda water."

Irving did not much indulge in letter writing. I remember to have heard him say, in the indescribable accents of sardonic scorn which he could utter with such pungent effect, "I have not Mansfield's gift; he's great at letters!" [which, by the way, was exactly true. Mansfield wrote some of the most interesting letters I have ever read] and several times I have heard him express approval of Talleyrand's maxim, "Never write a letter and never destroy one," and also of Napoleon's observation that "all letters will answer themselves, if you give them enough time."

In all the years that I knew him, though he sent me many telegrams—he was more addicted to the telegram habit than anybody else I ever knew, excepting David Belasco, who radiates them perpetually—I received, I think, only four letters from Irving—all short. Nevertheless, he did sometimes—especially when his feelings were deeply moved—write real letters, particularly to my father, who gave to me an invaluable collection of them, from which I select the following characteristic and interesting specimens, which are of special note as revealing the true quality of a man so often alleged to have been devoid of sympathetic human feeling; of whom one of his closest associates, Ellen Terry, has—most untruly—said that "he was gentle, never tender"

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK,
31 December, 1883.

GOD bless you, my dear Winter, and God bless yours, is my heartfelt wish on the eve of this New Year.

I am longing to be in your home and in your midst and by your fireside, but whether that can be this week I hardly know. Brooklyn and back is an expedition which I have twice to take, daily.

Shall we wait till this play-acting business is over, and spend our last Sunday together, in your home; and will you come here one night this week and have a bed and a chat and "a crack wi' a friend?"

On Saturday night we are off to Chicago. I'm almost sorry, for the further I get from New York the more I regret it.

The book you sent to Boston—indeed, made with your own hands!—I shall ever treasure as a tribute of affection.

You have no friend would wear you closer to his heart than I, and at the close of this year I cannot help telling you so.

"I am ill at these numbers," but yours ever, dear friend, H. IRVING.

The following was written not very long after the death of one of my brothers, as the result of a horrible accident:

15A., GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.
LONDON, 2 June, 1886.

*MY DEAR FRIEND:* You are not coming over to me. I am coming to you, to hold your hand with a true and loving grip.

I have been with you in all your sorrow, and my heart is ever with you.

Words, words, words! I have none. I love you.

For the sake of those who love you—for your wife's sake, and your friends' sake—be brave, old friend! 'Twill make the happy and dear spirit happier; the spirit that, I'm sure, is ever hovering near you, to guard and bless you

I shall see you, please God, in about two months' time—the seventh or eighth of August. We close on 31 July, and start by the Fulda on August 1.

Dearest Ellen Terry comes, too; and if she knew I were writing, would send you her dearest love. You have no warmer friend than she.

News I have none and would not bore you, if I had.

I am prospering beyond my expectations or desert.

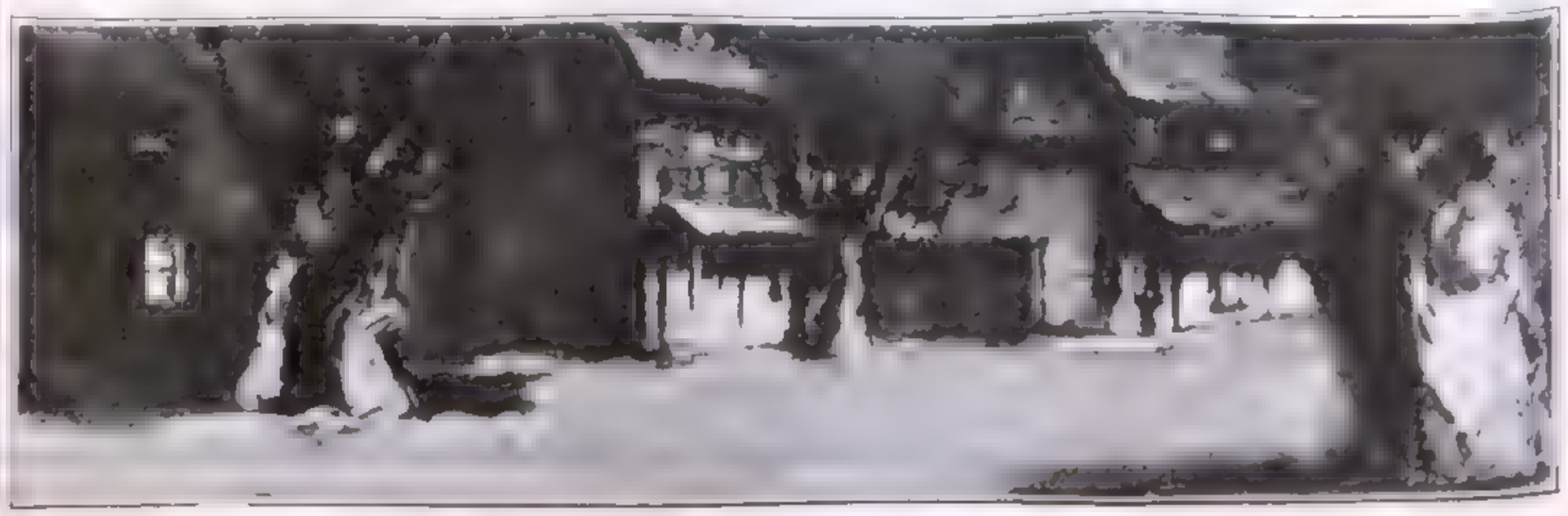
My love and respects to Mrs. Winter. And my love and friending, ever, to you.

HENRY IRVING.

The lad referred to in the foregoing was a child of rare genius, of whom Irving was exceptionally fond and with whom he much liked to talk. Once, at the actor's request, he recited two of Hamlet's soliloquies that beginning "Now I am alone" and that on life and death. After the boy had finished and gone about his play my father said, "Irving, that child reads those speeches better than you do."

"Yes," Irving answered, "he does. But he does not know what they mean. His reading is elocution only. He cannot illumine and interpret them. And that is the difference between reciting and acting"

Editor's Note—Another article by Mr. Winter on Sir Henry Irving will appear in an early issue.



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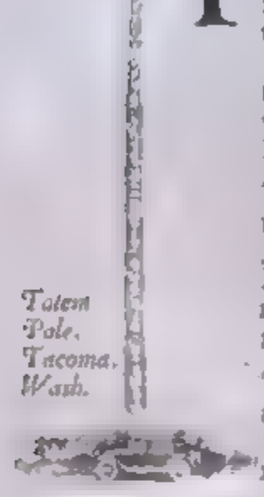
*Across the Continent and Back—10,000 Miles*
*Without Tire or Engine Trouble Averaging 22 Miles per Gallon*

FROM sunny Pasadena, through the Southwest desert country, through heavy Texas mud, over the tortuous Tennessee mountain trails to Washington, D. C., and on to New York. Then back along the Great Lakes, through Yellowstone and the Pacific Northwest, down the Pacific coast and back to Pasadena.

This remarkable ten thousand mile trip was made by Mr. A. F. Van Ornum and Mr. J. W. Cooper of Pasadena in a Willys-Knight roadster, the trip occupying forty-nine days, including stopovers, actual running time being thirty-four days.

"'A Tribute to a Marvelous Automobile' is a fitting title to this unsolicited testimonial written after making a double transcontinental trip *without so much as a moment of engine trouble or a flat tire from any cause,*" writes Mr. Van Ornum. "Average miles per gallon of gasoline was 22 over all roads in all gears. Average miles per gallon of oil was 690. Between Conway, Ark., and Minneapolis, Minn., (by way of New York) just 3443 miles, we used exactly 3½ *pints* of water."

This trip demonstrates in a practical way the inherent qualities of all Willys-Knight cars. Exclusive features, like the wonderful Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor that grows smoother and more powerful with use, are responsible for such extraordinary service records. Performance alone is rapidly making the Willys-Knight one of the most popular cars in America.



*Totem Pole, Tacoma, Wash.*

*A Glimpse of the Capital—Washington, D. C.*

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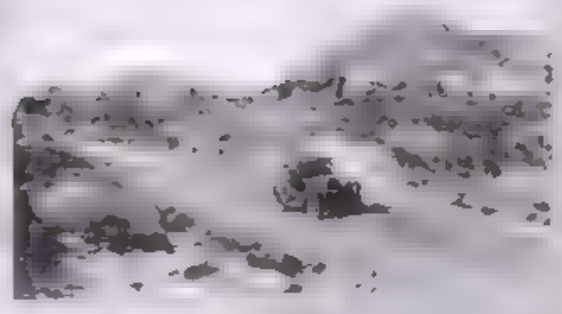
*Canadian Factories, WILLYS-OVERLAND, LTD., TORONTO*

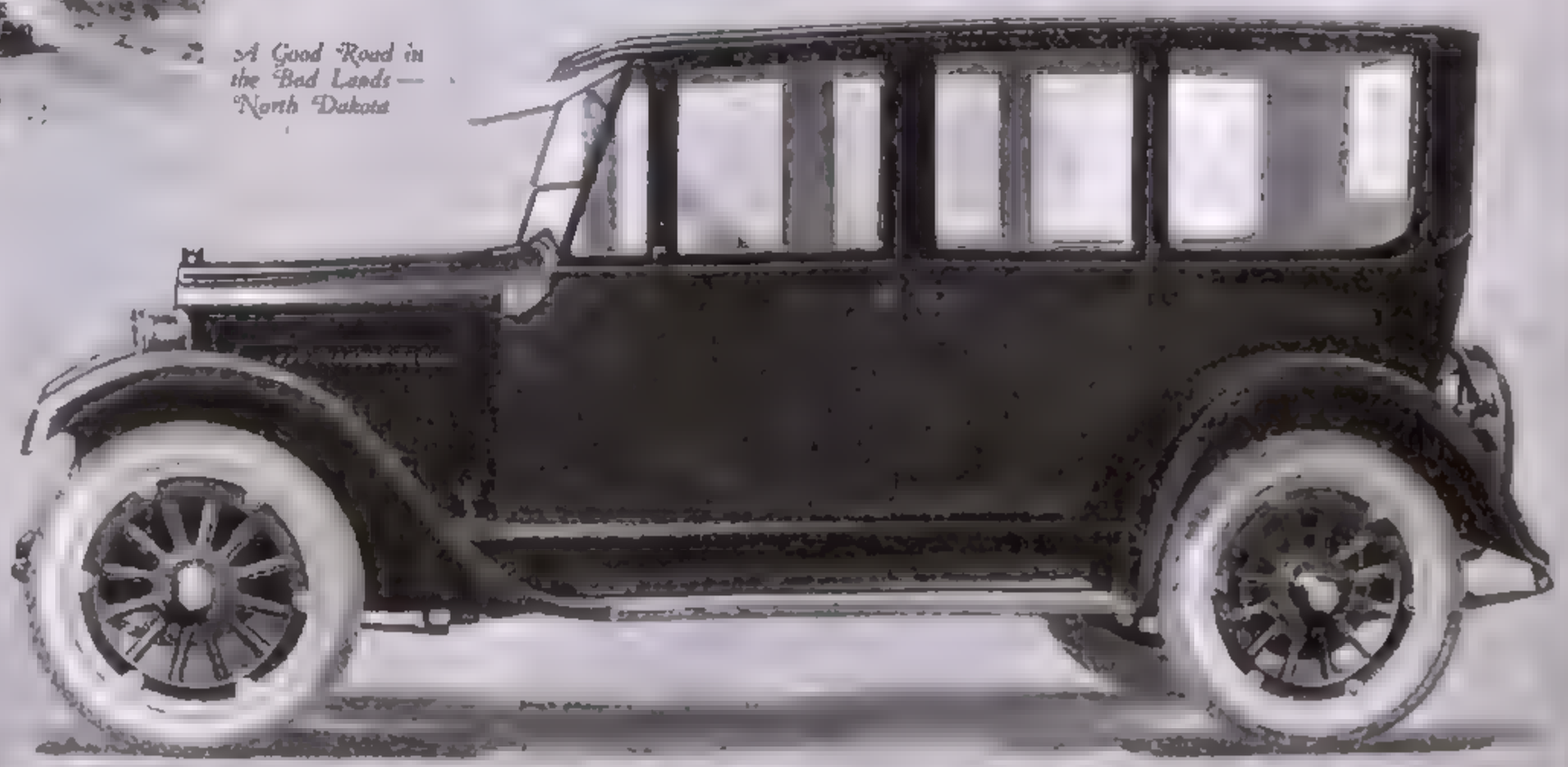
*"The Willys Knight Motor Improves with Use"*

*A Desolate Trail in the Petrified Forest—Arizona*



*Through heavy Texas mud*

*A Good Road in the Bad Lands—North Dakota*



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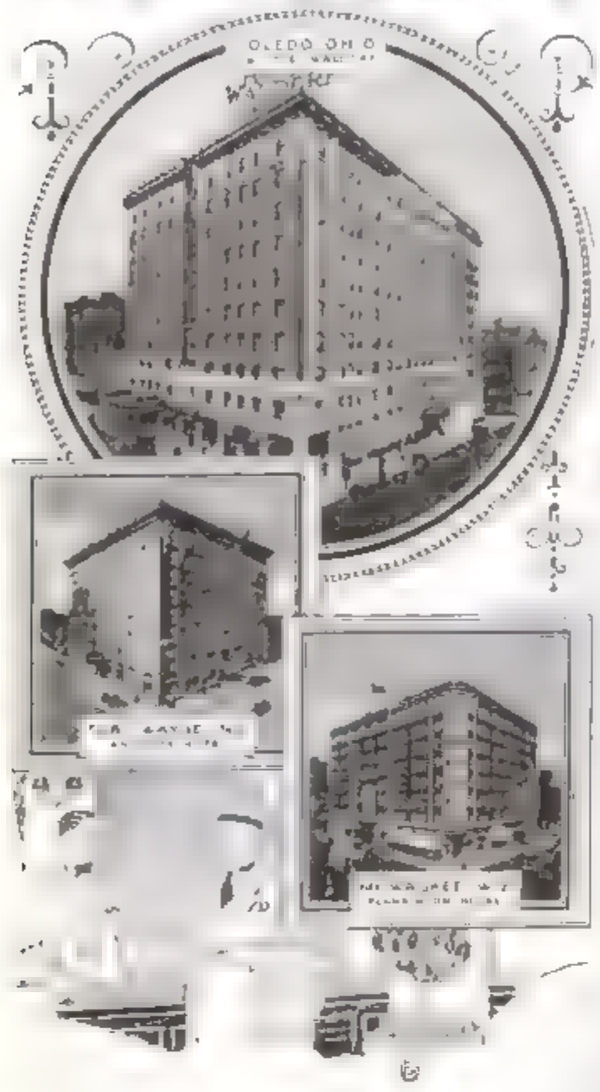

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Hotel Service has been defined as *giving the guest all that he pays for.* This is where many hotels leave off; but the Keenan System tries to go further. We assure you of every possible courtesy, service and consideration while you are with us. You must get a little more attention than you expected so that you depart with a pleasant remembrance of having received excellent service.

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# BUILDING A RESERVE

## By J. R. Sprague

IN A LITTLE family restaurant which I used to patronize there was one table reserved for near-by business men who liked to get together at lunchtime to discuss mutual problems. One of these regular lunch customers was a young man who had a furniture store up the street a couple of blocks. He was a large young man with a heavy voice, which he liked to exercise, and his main topic of conversation was the tremendous amount of business that he did in his furniture emporium. He was so wrapped up in his success that he did not always observe the niceties of table manners. He was, to tell the truth, a little careless in the handling of food, and this was accentuated by the fact that he ate and talked at the same time. But trifles like this did not take away the respect we felt for him as a successful business man. Each day he had some special triumph to report.

"Sales ran a thousand dollars before eleven o'clock this morning," he would announce exultantly between knifefuls. "I guess maybe I'm doing my share of the business of this town!" At other times he went more into detail. "Man and wife in the store today who drove fifty miles especially to trade with me. Furnishing up their whole house. I guess that's going some!"

Sometimes, as concrete evidence of his prosperity, he would have his bank book with him and allow the other restaurant patrons a peep at it in his inside coat pocket with the tens and twenties sticking up over the edge. But we did not need the sight of a bank book or stories of distant patrons to believe that the young furniture man was a power in his chosen calling. His establishment down the street was four stories high with a double front, and the great show windows were always impressively trimmed with the latest in bedroom sets, dining-room tables, fancy lamps and electric washing machines. Inside, one could see long vistas of furniture on each side of cool-looking aisles, with groups of customers being waited upon by the young furniture man and his assistants.

### Smartness Comes to Grief

But this appearance of prosperity, apparently so stable, came to an untimely ending. One morning the furniture establishment did not open up as usual, and passers-by stopped to look at a placard that was pasted on the front door. This bore the brief information that the business was in the hands of a receiver and interested creditors might file their claims at his headquarters in a near-by office building.

The failure created something of a surprise in the business district. In spite of the young furniture man's eccentric social manners he had been recognized as an industrious merchant and an exceptionally good salesman. He himself never offered any explanation other than to state that if he could just have kept on a couple of years longer he would have had all the furniture trade of the town. But there was no way to prove this, and he left shortly afterward to accept a position as salesman in another city.

It was not until the receiver made his report to the creditors that the matter was explained. The furniture man had been a good salesman, the receiver stated, but a poor financier. He had never made any attempt to build up a reserve for use in time of trouble. At the time of the failure his bank balance was nothing, while his store was filled with merchandise—all four floors and basement. And this merchandise, the report added, had cost the furniture man too much money.

This explanation was not at all in line with the talk which the young furniture man had been in the habit of making at the restaurant round table. He had, in fact, frequently told of incidents to show how shrewd he was in both buying and financing. I remember one of these incidents distinctly. It had to do with the purchase of a carload of merchandise and he had gone into it with considerable detail.

"You bet I know how to handle those drummers who come around all the time trying to sell me goods," he said. "I treat them rough. Even if I want to buy some of their stuff I pretend that I am not interested. I tell them I'm busy and make them come back two or three times before I will even talk business with them."

He looked around at the group of listeners to see if they appreciated his astuteness and then proceeded: "I pulled off a good one this morning. Day before yesterday a salesman came into the store; I saw him standing around waiting a chance to talk to me, but I pretended to be awful busy and let him wait half an hour before I gave him a chance. Then I said I wasn't very keen about buying anything from his house because I didn't believe their prices were as low as their competitors'. Of course the salesman argued this point, but I acted indifferent and told him he would have to make some special concessions if he wanted to do business with me.

"He asked me what concessions I meant and I told him flat-footed that I did not propose to buy anything from his house at their regular credit terms. If they wanted to get me on their books they would have to open up a little. I said I might consider a little stuff if they would bill it out on six months' time. Then I walked away from him and acted as though I didn't care whether he accepted the proposition or not."

Again the young furniture man glanced around at his hearers to see if they caught the shrewdness of his methods.

"You see what I was driving at?" he chuckled. "I was making it so hard for him that he would be extra anxious to sell me. He followed me up and said he had no authority to change his firm's credit terms. I told him if he was a regular salesman he would get his firm's permission to do what I proposed; I said the telegraph wires were working, and he could afford to spend a dollar or two in the interest of getting a good order.

"To make a long story short, he did as I suggested, and yesterday he got his firm's permission to grant me the terms I demanded if I would buy a carload lot. He wanted to close the deal yesterday so as to leave town last night, but I made him stay over until this morning. I wanted to let him know who was boss when it came to doing business with me.

"Of course," the furniture man concluded, "I didn't exactly need a carload of stuff, but when you can make people grant credit terms like that it pays to buy in quantities. I bet I'll have it all sold before the bill falls due. That's the way to make money. Work on the other fellow's capital!"

The theory of business as explained by the furniture man did appear impressive, in a way, but it turned out that there were flaws in his reasoning. The manufacturing firm had indeed granted him six months in which to pay the bill, but only on condition that he give an interest-bearing note for the amount involved, a very reasonable request in view of the long terms and the further fact that he had kept the traveling man in town three days to get the order. This, however, was not all, according to the receiver's report.

### Skating Too Near the Edge

The furniture man had been overoptimistic about working on the other fellow's capital. When the six months' note fell due he had not turned his carload purchase into money as he had expected, and could pay only part of the amount; he had to renew the balance, and of course paid interest on that. Nor was this the only transaction of the kind. The receiver stated that along toward the last the furniture man was paying interest in twenty different places. His interest charges amounted to as much as his store rent, and a good deal of his time was taken up each day in running around to different banks to arrange for renewing notes which had been sent in by different firms for collection. He was crowded so closely that he could seldom pay even his electric-light bill on time, and it cost him 10 per cent extra because he would be a few days late each month.

The receiver, who had been a merchant himself, let drop an informal opinion at the creditors' meeting which contained a good deal of business philosophy.

"The furniture man," he said, "seemed to believe he could skate along on the edge without ever falling in. Apparently his idea was to buy all the merchandise the factories could turn out, for fear his competitors might get some of it. It never occurred to him that he ought to try to build up a reserve to carry him over a bad time."

The receiver's comment as applied to the young furniture man's disastrous finish is particularly applicable to the present time. Business men in all lines who expanded themselves too optimistically during the period of rising prices and easy credit are now wishing they had not been quite so optimistic. It is surprising how few of the rank and file of business men made any effort to create anything of a reserve during the flush period.

The trouble, perhaps, lies in the fact that the average small business man looks upon a reserve as something quite important for banks and big institutions, but not for him. He figures that sometime or other when he gets his business just where he wants it he will begin taking some money out of it; but meanwhile he just goes along and does the best he can. And indeed it is hard, even in the best of times, to wrest cash money from a going business, as many thousands of men can testify. Just when one has managed to get a little balance in bank and it seems that he may safely divert some of it for outside investment the most aggravating things are liable to happen. A note may suddenly come to light which the business man had signed months before and forgotten to enter on his books; someone fails to pay an account which had been confidently counted on to help out on the month's expenses; or business may suddenly go flat and continue that way until the balance in bank has duly disappeared. I need not remind any business man of these discouraging things; he knows all about them without being told.

### Amateurs in Business

But the events of the past couple of years have shown conclusively that the small business man needs some kind of reserve just as much as the big institution. The other day I sat in the office of an able lawyer who handles the credit troubles of a great organization of wholesalers in the Middle West. On the lawyer's desk and in his files were documents representing the embarrassments of nearly a hundred men in various lines of business.

According to this executive there are two main reasons for the troubles that come to him for attention: The first is that so many men go into business without any particular knowledge of the line they enter and expect to compete on even terms with the old-timers. It is a case of amateurs, the lawyer said, going up against professionals. This is a condition that has been especially noticeable since the war. For a couple of years it looked so easy to make money in merchandising lines that hundreds of men jumped into the game of buying and selling who had no knowledge of the thing they had jumped into, and now they are falling by the wayside.

But this was only one phase of the business troubles which were contained in the documents about the lawyer's office. By far the greatest number had to do with the misfortunes of business men who had failed to make provisions for a rainy day. He showed me the papers on a particular case, that of a department-store owner in the lawyer's own city.

"There is a man," the lawyer said, "who thought, two years ago, that he was worth a hundred thousand dollars. Now he is asking his creditors for an extension of his debts. Of course he will get what he asks, because we never force anyone to the wall who shows signs of trying to do the right thing; but we would feel a good deal better about it if he had displayed an ability to lay aside something out of his business when he had the chance.

"I know the merchant personally," the lawyer continued; "he is a man who talks a good deal about thrift to his employes and in fact even makes speeches about it. I heard him make a speech once to an audience of young fellows at the Y. M. C. A. He told the boys how important it was for them to lay aside something out of their wages, and how much better they would

(Continued on Page 56)

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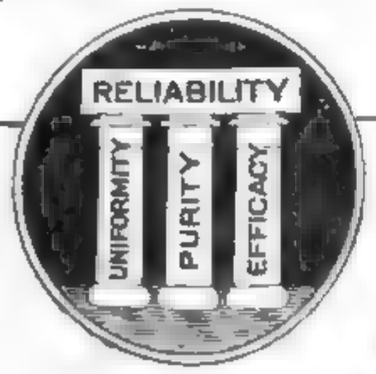


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(Continued from Page 54)

stand in the business world if it were known they had a nest egg saved up. He closed his speech by stating that if two young men came to him for employment, one of whom had a savings account and the other hadn't, he would always choose the one who had it.

"But the merchant himself has never practiced what he preached. He has not seemed to realize that the same rule applies to business men as to those who work on salaries. There has been no time during the past ten years during which he might not have pulled a little cash out of his business to set aside as a safety fund, but he has not done it. Instead, he has slapped all his profits back into his business and gone into debt besides, and now that the slump has come he is up against it."

In one of the big Texas cities I had an interview with a man who has decided opinions on the subject of building a reserve. He has a reserve himself which he states saved his business life on one occasion. This man is in the lumber business and specializes on the building of homes for people of moderate circumstances. It is, he says, about the most satisfactory business in the world. On Sundays when he takes his family out for a ride he can point with pride to numberless houses which he has helped to build, and every householder a satisfied customer. It is a standing joke in the family that he thinks more of his lumber business than of his wife; but there are no hard feelings about it, because she knows it is not so.

Although the lumberman is in a most prosperous condition now, he has had his ups and downs and knows what it is to sweat over finances. The hardest knock of his career came just about a year after he started his business. A money panic swept the country, and in the general mix-up the bank at which the lumberman transacted his business closed its doors. In any line of endeavor it is embarrassing for one's bank to quit, and especially so in the lumber business. His customers were not ordinarily able to pay cash for their homes, and the lumberman had an arrangement with his bank by which it discounted the notes his customers gave him. As the bank was now closed he had no outlet for these notes. Manifestly it was impossible for him to go ahead and finance any more homes on credit. Unless he could find someone able and willing to take his paper off his hands his business career was at an end.

### The Man of Last Resort

The lumberman had a couple of unhappy days following the closing of his bank. There were plenty of other banks in town, but naturally none were anxious to take on heavy-borrowing customers at the height of a money panic. Nevertheless he had to try them out. Not having been in business long enough to acquire much of a reputation, and besides, being only thirty years old and young-looking for his age, the lumberman says his quest for a bank connection was the hardest job he ever did. He admits that he walked up and down in front of the first institution he tackled for two hours before he worked up courage enough to go in.

When he did sit down in the president's private office he did not feel much better. He laid his problems before that official, explaining that he had forty thousand dollars' worth of lumber ordered from various mills which would have to be paid for, and at present he did not have enough cash even to pay freight charges on the material when it should arrive. Whatever money he had was tied up in the closed bank and it was very problematical when it would be available. But the forty thousand dollars which he needed to pay his bills was not all. He wanted the banker also to furnish him with an outlet for the notes that his customers gave him in paying for their homes.

The banker considered the situation courteously but without enthusiasm.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you," he said. "What you are asking might be all right in normal times, and if you had been doing business with us right along probably I might be able to fix you up now. But the way things are, we've got to use our resources to take care of our regular customers. I'm sorry, but I can't do what you want."

The turn-down was final. The lumberman tried two or three other institutions on succeeding days, but with similar results. One banker went a little further than the others and advised him that there was not much use for him to try to work out of his difficulty. He suggested that the lumberman would do well to close out his business to the best advantage possible and take a job on salary somewhere.

This was just what the lumberman did not want to do. Closing out a business in panic times is a wasteful proceeding; he had spent his life so far in accumulating what he had in the enterprise, and besides, he was not the sole owner. It was a stock company, in which several other men had invested money, trusting in his business ability to make their investments profitable. There was every reason for him to try to keep afloat if possible.

There was in the city at that time a banker, an old-timer, who had the reputation of being somewhat hard-boiled. He was not much of a mixer among the business element, and it was understood he did not take many chances in his loaning operations. It was even rumored that he could be acrimonious on occasions when he thought a would-be borrower wanted accommodation on insufficient security. The lumberman dreaded an interview with so formidable a character but it was about his only chance, because he had been turned down by most of the other financiers of the community. He had never met the banker and was afraid he might not even get an interview, so took the precaution to have a friend of the financier's make an appointment for him.

### A Dramatic Interview

This interview, held in a dismal-appearing office in the rear of the bank, did not start out happily. The lumberman had learned his piece pretty well by that time and began to explain what he wanted, when the banker broke in impatiently.

"I don't want to listen to your life story," he said. "Show me the figures. I want your financial statement."

The lumberman explained that he had not brought the statement with him as he thought he could explain matters orally, but he could run back to his office and bring the papers in thirty minutes.

"I don't wait thirty minutes for anyone," said the banker. "Come tomorrow at ten. Probably won't amount to anything, but I'll look at the figures anyhow."

At the appointed time the lumber man was on hand. The banker glanced over the typewritten sheet in an impersonal way, scanning the opposing columns of assets and liabilities. The lumber man, sitting anxiously on the edge of his chair, realized that the figures were not very convincing. The banker was, in fact, in the act of shoving the sheet aside in a dismissing gesture when his eye caught an obscure item at the bottom.

"What's this?" he demanded. "It says, 'Reserve, $3600.' How does it happen you have a reserve when you are so near busted?"

The lumber man did not know if the item in question was hurting or helping, but he explained it in detail. His concern, as before stated, was a stock company. He held a controlling interest and presumably could dictate when dividends should be declared, but he wanted to avoid unpleasant consequences.

"It's this way," he told the banker: "None of the other men who have money invested in my company actually work in it. They are in it merely as an investment, and I know they will want dividends. But I know, too, that a lot of firms have gone broke because the stockholders insisted on having dividends regardless of consequences.

"I figured that my company ought not to pay out any money in dividends until it got thoroughly on its feet; perhaps in four or five years. So I thought of a scheme. I would set aside a certain amount each month and put it in a special savings account.

"If my stockholders pressed me too much for dividends I could show them the bank book and tell them their dividends were there all right, but they couldn't have them yet. That, I thought, would keep them satisfied, and if a crisis ever should come the fund would be there to help out.

"But now," the lumber man concluded dismally, "the crisis is here and my reserve isn't any good because it is tied up in the closed bank. Anyhow, it wasn't enough to help much."

The banker pulled the typewritten statement sheet back across the desk and looked at it more interestedly.

"You've been in business about a year," he commented, "and you've got thirty-six hundred dollars in this reserve. That means you dragged three hundred dollars out of your business every month?"

"Dragged is the right word," responded the lumber man. "Some months it seemed as though I couldn't manage it, but I always found some way to squeeze it through."

For the next five minutes, the lumber man says, he did not know whether to go or stay. The banker sat looking out the window without a word. When he did speak it was to call loudly to his cashier requesting that official's immediate presence. The cashier came and stood beside his chief.

"I want you to look at this fellow here," the banker said, pointing at the lumber man. "He's been in business a year and he's got a reserve! He's got what a lot of these fellows around here who have been in business twenty years haven't."

Then in a tone of authority: "I want you to look at him good, because he is going to borrow money from us. Take him up front and fix him up with what he needs. I think it will be about forty thousand dollars."

I have told the foregoing story without frills and precisely as the lumber man related it to me. Its value does not lie in the fact that it was a dramatic incident in the career of a business man, but as showing how a very shrewd financier appreciated the importance of money which has been set aside as a reserve in case of emergency. In the lumber man's case he could not even get at his reserve when he most needed it, but the banker did not consider that; it stood as evidence that he had had the character to do it.

But the lumber man states that the incident has had a more important bearing on his later operations than the fact that he got out of a tight fix. Always he has kept up the habit of pulling a certain amount out of his business each month, no matter how hard it has been to do it. It has, he says, been an incentive to economy.

He took me out of his office and into the long sheds which house his stock of fresh-looking lumber and showed me the rows of neat bins in which various sizes of boards were stocked. The main feature of these bins was that none of them were very large.

"I had them made that way as a sort of moral control," he said. "I can't get myself into trouble from overbuying; when these bins are full there just isn't any other place to put anything."

### Loss on Overstock

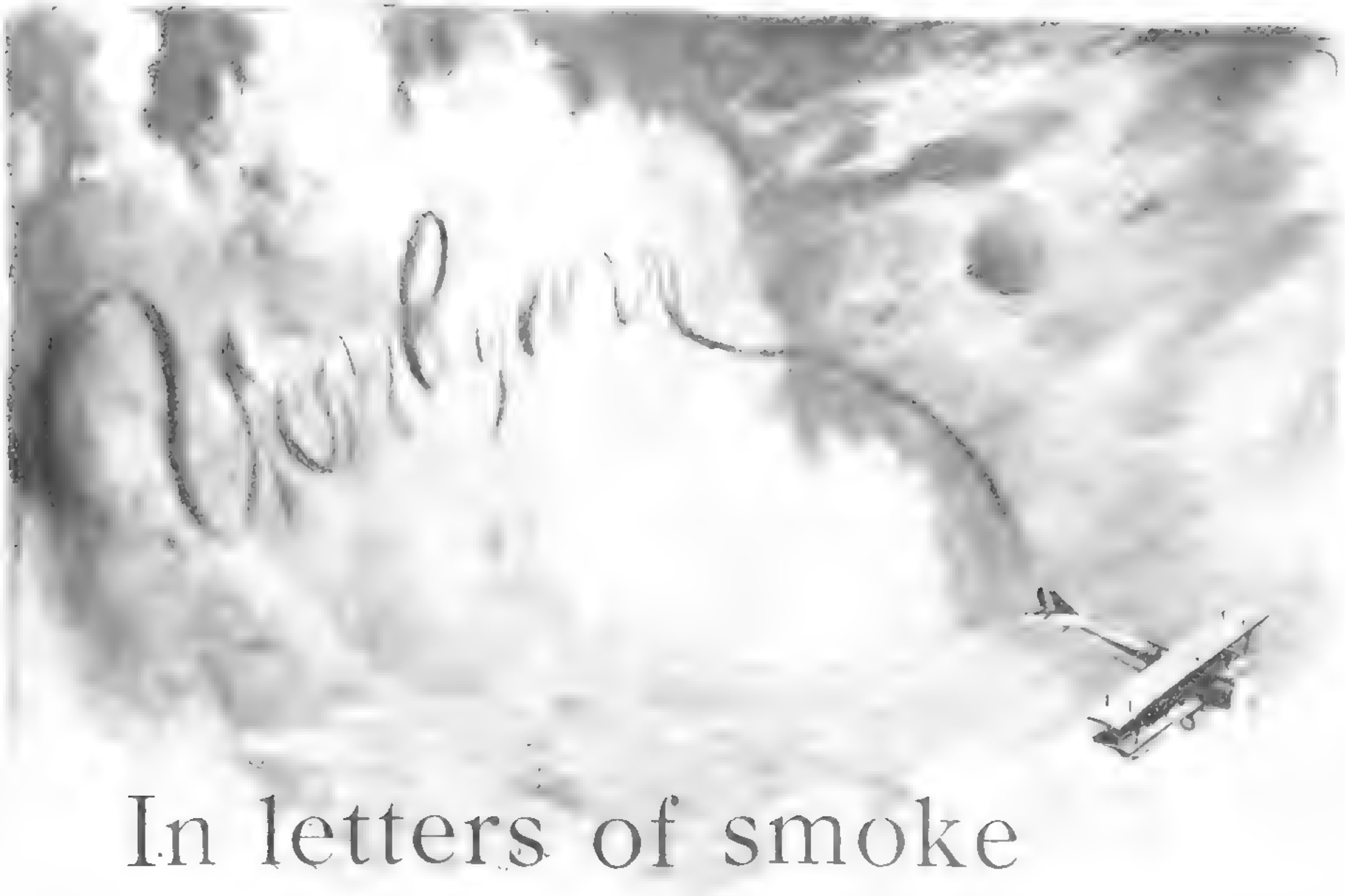
"I have noticed," he continued, "that most failures in business come from men buying more than they can pay for. They get their whole capital tied up in stock, and then some. There is always a temptation, when a salesman comes around, to buy in big quantities so as to get a little lower price. But the man who yields to temptation of that sort forgets how fast he can lose money on his overstock. The interest on his investment works days, nights and Sundays, and it costs money to keep it insured. But the main loss is usually on the overstock itself. Many a man has bought ten thousand dollars' worth of stuff he had no immediate need for, only to find at the end of a year that its value had gone down to six or seven thousand, and then he wonders why he doesn't get along better.

"If such a man would only put the burden on himself of taking a little out of his business every month, and stick to it no matter what happens, he would not dare to overbuy, because he would be afraid it might interfere with his saving program."

There must be a good deal in what the lumber man told me, because it certainly has worked well in his case. The reserve which served him well at the beginning has grown steadily until it is now nearing the hundred-thousand-dollar mark, all nicely invested in registered government bonds. He has never had to touch it because the credit of a man known to have such a background is always ace-high. And best of all, the lumber man said, his reserve has given him many a good night's sleep when otherwise he might have lain awake to worry during squally times.

Many small business men believe their enterprises are exempt from ordinary rules because of their smallness. One of the

(Continued on Page 58



# In letters of smoke

IN a suburb of a certain large city, two manufacturers who are warm friends live side by side. One of them has advertised his product to the public for many years; the other has just begun to advertise a new product.

Not long ago, while they were reading their newspapers on the way to the city in the morning, the man who has advertised for many years turned to his friend and said:—

"I have just been reading here about a device which makes it possible for an airplane to write across the sky in letters of smoke. It reminds me of something I want to tell you—something that I consider the most important lesson that an advertiser has to learn.

"When you and I have as many as four or five urgent things to do in a day we write them down—we don't trust ourselves to remember them—the human memory is too frail a vessel.

"By the same token, it is hard enough for the public to remember the products that are advertised *now*—advertised regularly, month in and month out—without remembering the ones that appear in the newspapers and magazines for a little while and then step out of the picture.

"From what I know of your proposition, you ought to be a highly successful advertiser. In fact, you will probably be so successful—and some day business will seem to come so easily—that you may forget the part that advertising plays in making it come easily. You may get the idea, as others have, that you can stop your advertising—or cut it to a shadow of itself—and never miss it.

"But the public memory is no better than your own, or my own. It must be jogged continually. If the time arrives when you think you can forget the public and not be forgotten yourself—put away the temptation. It is the law in advertising, as in everything else, that permanent success requires permanent effort. If you try to dodge that law, as sure as you are here you will find that your name and your fame are written in letters of smoke."

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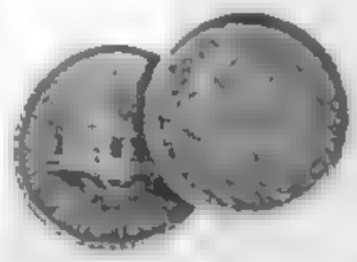

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*bitterly*
B-r-r-r-r! Don't you dread the cold weather? If I didn't need it every day, I'd rather store my car than go through the winter worries — engine trouble, clumsy covers, frozen radiator

2nd MOTORIST
*with assurance*
I've been through that worry mill, but those days are gone forever. This winter will find me as care free as I was last, riding day in and day out

1st MOTORIST
*doubtingly*
How do you do it?

2nd MOTORIST
*firmly*
I'm rid of all those out-of-date trouble breeders. Twelve months ago I put a WINTERFRONT on my car and I've been sitting pretty since.

1st MOTORIST
*with mild interest*
New fangled device!

2nd MOTORIST
*enthusiastically*
Greatest addition to car comfort since the self starter

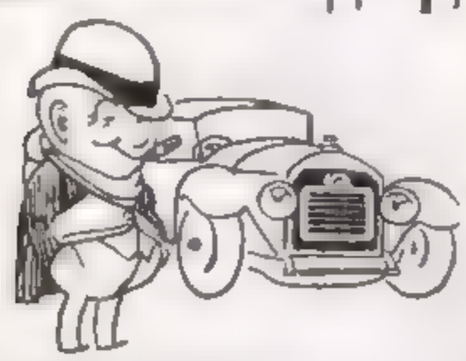
1st MOTORIST
*with growing interest*
What's it like?

2nd MOTORIST
*briefly*
It's a handsome looking steel shutter made in part-ner to fit over the radiator of any car. Looks fine and is so easily attached that the slip of instructions is just a formality. A thermostatic device conn ls the shutter and keeps the heat in or lets it out automatically

1st MOTORIST
Then what do I do?

2nd MOTORIST
You enjoy yourself. You sit back and let Jack Frost rave.

1st MOTORIST
Say, you've about sold me. Suppose I can get it at my dealer's?



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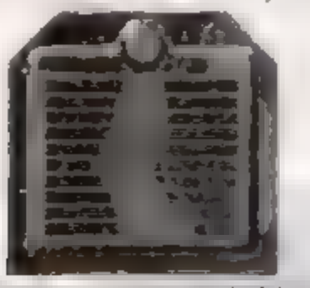



*(Continued from Page 56)*

hardest jobs the credit agencies have is that of getting intelligent financial reports from men who operate the smaller establishments in any community. Such men frequently make no effort to keep books or records, apparently feeling that the figures would be too trifling to be of any use. What the small business man needs to feel is that his enterprise is just as important in a way as the largest concern in his community, and subject to precisely the same rules. If reasonable bookkeeping and an intelligent, systematic attempt to build a reserve are valuable to the First National Bank, the same things will be valuable to the Acme Bakery or the Bon Ton Cleaning and Pressing Club. Recently I ran across an incident that showed what may be accomplished in the matter of reserve building when one's heart is in the work.

On a street only a block or so from where I live I had been noticing the growth of a building evidently designed as a duplex apartment house. No passer-by could help noticing it, in fact, because the carpenters inconsiderately monopolized the whole building lot and part of the sidewalk. As I picked my way past one morning I noticed a friend standing around looking at the operations with an air of proprietorship. This friend bears the name of Charlie among the citizens of the suburb, and is the proprietor of our favorite neighborhood grocery store. My own acquaintance with Charlie dates back to the time when he quit his job as street-car conductor to enter the grocery business. I asked him if he intended to sell out his store and go into the contracting line.

### *Charlie's Own Story*

"No, I'm not," he answered. "I bought this lot and am having the house built. I am going to live in one of the apartments and rent out the other."

Charlie's store down the street does not appear like an establishment that could legitimately finance the building of apartment houses, even of the modest type of the one under construction. I told him with an air of alarm that I guessed it was about time for me to change my grocery store and patronize someone whose profits were not so expansive.

He assured me earnestly that he guaranteed his prices to be as low as anyone's else—lower even, if the truth were known. His reference to the apartment-house project was brief.

"I'm building it out of my reserve," he said.

Then lest this statement should seem too much like bragging he explained that he had only twenty-five hundred dollars to invest, but that sum had paid for the building lot and enough on the house to get a good start; the balance was to be paid off in monthly installments.

To one familiar with Charlie's grocery establishment even this detailed explanation was hard to understand. His store is of the most modest sort, a frame structure with living apartment above and salesroom below. He employs a clerk at all times but a delivery boy only intermittently; in slack seasons Charlie does the delivering himself and saves expense.

In spite of my rough joke I knew he sold his groceries as cheap as the big downtown stores. And yet here he was, talking grandly about his reserve, and building a duplex apartment house. I asked him to tell me how he had done it. The banging of the carpenters' hammers punctuated his story as he related it to me.

"I didn't know much about business when I quit the street-car company and opened the grocery store," Charlie explained. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to do it except for my wife. We had saved up a little money out of my wages and she got to arguing that we ought to invest it in some business and get ahead in the world. I knew the man who had this grocery store at that time, and he tackled me to buy him out. I had told him how much money I had saved up and he offered to sell me the place for just what I had. I guess he would have sold it for most any price because he had been in business nearly ten years and he wasn't ten dollars better off than he had been when he started.

"I never stopped to think about that, though. It seemed an easy proposition to buy stuff at wholesale prices and sell it again at retail prices. I knew I could handle customers all right, because I had always got along with the street-car patrons, and that's no easy job itself. But when I had bought the store I began to learn why merchants don't make as much money as outsiders think they do. It's the expenses. My wife and I are both country raised and we lived economically, but the store somehow seemed to eat up all the margin of profit. I had to keep a horse and wagon, and then there was the electric-light bill and the clerk's wages and stuff spoiling on my hands, and a hundred other things that cost money. At the end of the first year we weren't a dollar better off than when we started and I had worked twice as hard as when I was on the street car.

"We were talking it over one night, feeling pretty blue, when my wife proposed something.

"'You ought to draw some money out of the business every month,' she said, 'and put it in a savings account. We haven't got a thing to fall back on in case either of us got sick or anything.'

"This remark made me sort of mad. I asked her if she thought a grocery store was kind of a bank that a person could take money out of whenever he felt like it. It was hard enough, I said, to pay my bills anyway.

"'Just the same,' she said, 'I believe it could be done. Say about thirty-five dollars every month.'

"The thing looked so impossible that I wouldn't answer at all, but next day she came at me again.

"'How would it be,' she asked, 'to take out nine dollars each week? Saturday is always a pretty good day in the store. You could draw nine dollars out of the drawer every Saturday night and probably you would never miss it.'"

### *His Wife's Experiment*

"'All right,' I said, pretty irritated, 'I'll do that if you will promise to face the collectors from the wholesale houses every Monday morning. Many a time I haven't got nine dollars left over after I have paid them all off.'

"My wife is a persistent woman when she sets her mind to a thing, and she kept up her argument.

"'How would this be, then?' she said. 'We'll take out a dollar and a half every day. When you count up your cash at closing time just slip that much aside. I know we can manage that.'

"I said I couldn't see where the difference would come in between taking out a little every day or all of it once a month, because it all came out of the business anyway. But she was so set on the scheme that finally I gave in, and from that time on, every night at closing time she would come downstairs from the living apartment and get her dollar and a half. She kept it in a shoe box and once a week carried her nine dollars downtown to deposit it in the savings bank.

"The funny part of it was that I really didn't seem to miss it much; and yet if I had waited until the end of the month and tried to take it all in one lump I know I would have fallen down many times. You know a small grocery store often has to skim along on pretty narrow margins. Probably the secret of it was that I worked a little harder every day because I had that dollar and a half on my mind. I know I often cut down a little on an order I would be giving some salesman for fear I wouldn't have enough to pay the collector when he came around for his money the next Monday morning."

Charlie paused to reflect on the perplexities of business life and the difficulties attendant on the man who tries to wrest cash money from a going business.

"But I'm here to tell you," he finally continued, "that it wasn't easy sailing all the time. The first summer was the hardest. That was the year the other grocery store started up in competition with me."

I remembered the year Charlie had competition. The other grocer had made so many glowing promises that numbers of families in the neighborhood had basely taken their trade to him, only going back to Charlie when the newcomer had failed and gone away.

### *A Close Squeak*

"Yes, sir, that was a hard summer," Charlie went on. "Business was dull anyhow, and that other fellow was trying to get my customers away from me all the time. I remember Fourth-of-July week especially. It seemed like there wasn't any money anywhere. My wife and I had planned to take the two children and spend the Fourth with her folks up in the country. She wanted to show off a little before the home folks, I guess, and had bought a swell new hat for the trip.

"One evening a few days before the holiday she came downstairs to take the usual dollar and a half out of the cash drawer. I was fussing around getting ready to close up, and I guess I showed I was worried. She opened the drawer and took a look inside, and, believe me, there wasn't much to look at.

"'Looks like business was pretty dull today,' she remarked quietly.

"I'm afraid I was sort of snappish the way I answered.

"'It's a whole lot worse than dull,' I said. 'There isn't any business. I don't know what I'm going to do next Monday morning when the collectors come around.'

"She didn't say anything more, only rattled the coins in the cash drawer and went on upstairs. It was about the same way for several days. On the morning of the Fourth when we started on our trip for the country I noticed she wasn't wearing her new hat, and I asked her why.

"'I just thought I wouldn't,' she answered. 'It's most too fancy to wear before country people anyway.'

"It wasn't until pretty near a year afterwards that she told me she had taken the hat back to the millinery store and got a refund. She hadn't taken any money out of the cash drawer that Fourth-of-July week; only pretended to. She made up her savings-bank deposit out of the hat money. I darn near cried when she told me about it."

Charlie paused again to find just the right words for his conclusion.

"That was the closest squeak we ever had," he said. "It makes me tired when I hear these fellows say they can't ever manage to accumulate anything out of a business. They can do it if they want to bad enough; and if they will take it a little at a time."

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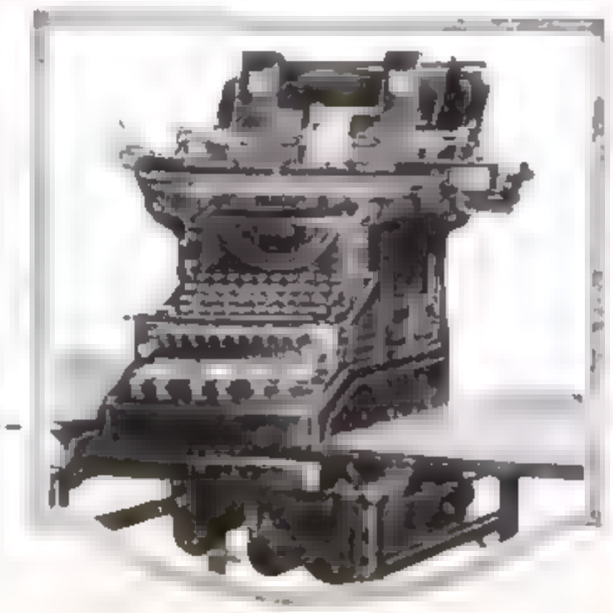

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# The Hotel Under Prohibition

## By JAMES H. COLLINS

SINCE prohibition there has been much grumbling about hotels that is, more grumbling than usual, for the present-day hotel is an institution about which people rather like to grumble. Particularly the wicked luxurious New York hotel. New York's wicked luxury is a topic of ceaseless national interest. Writers are constantly walloping it in news dispatches, magazine articles, short stories, novels. It makes up three-quarters of the foreign traveler's book about America, is the text for more than one sermon in every parson's barrel, and furnishes the background of about one movie production in every three. Take New York luxury apart, however, and it is found to be largely the glitter and expensiveness of New York hotels.

But this is the normal standardized grumbling. Since prohibition there is a distinctly new wave of grousing that involves hotels all over the country. Prices for rooms and food have advanced. The traveling man on the road complains of the high cost of selling so high, with increased hotel and railroad rates, that some concerns have reduced their sales forces and even contemplate giving up the salesman altogether. Buyers who come to the big wholesale centers complain not only of increased hotel expense but sometimes of being neglected in the scramble for accommodation, charging that hotel men favor the pleasure-seeking patrons who spend money extravagantly.

Prohibition started a readjustment in the hotel business that promises to work ultimate good for both the public and the hotel man. It will probably require several years. A little more knowledge of the hotel business by the public might help. The hotel man himself is acquiring new knowledge about his own business.

One of the first effects of prohibition in New York was to close several famous hostelries. Despite the shortage of hotel accommodations they have been transformed into office buildings. For the elimination of liquor demonstrated that they had never been profitable as hotels, and were so badly out of balance that they could not be made so.

One striking instance of an unbalanced hotel was that of a famous house at one of Broadway's busiest corners. It had only three hundred and fifty rooms. That is altogether too small a plant to be profitable in so expensive a location. Its popular bar had been doing more business than the hotel, meeting the overhead. When the bar was closed conversion into an office building became necessary. Rented for office purposes, the building will bring about the same revenue, without any expense for furniture, linen or room service, or loss during summer months, when hotel business usually falls off.

### *Rising Costs*

In both the hotel and the restaurant business John Barleycorn was the guest who paid the overhead—the rent or real-estate investment with such fixed charges as taxes and insurance.

"This is not simply one business, but a dozen," said the proprietor of a well-known Broadway establishment. "I carry more meats than the average butcher shop, have more silver than most department stores, enough linen to stock a dry-goods store, enough furniture to embark in the retail-furniture business on a big scale. Until prohibition went into effect I ran these different departments with some confidence, because liquor paid the overhead. From the efficiency-expert standpoint perhaps I was running loosely. The business paid profits, but we did not always know where or how. With liquor gone, all the overhead had to be distributed and each department put on a stricter cost basis. It was not easy to find out where prices must be increased, or how much, or where we could effect operating economies in each department.

"There was the additional factor of rising prices for food, materials and labor. Many details are still to be worked out, but when we get the overhead scientifically distributed we shall have a better business, and there will be benefits for the public."

Had prohibition come to the hotel business in normal times, when there was a margin of accommodations over the demand, with competition for patronage in the dull summer period, many more hotels would have been closed. For many had been running out of balance. Liquor made up too great a percentage of their revenue, and with liquor gone they would have been unable to compete with better-balanced hotels. An expensive location or too small a plant would have put them at a disadvantage. But the change came at a time when there was a shortage of hotel accommodations over pretty much the whole country, while in metropolitan centers the slump in summer business had become imperceptible.

Liquor paid not so much in a high-profit margin as through volume of business, low labor cost in handling, and the way it stimulated spending in other directions. The crowd in a popular hotel bar setting 'em up again all day long and far into the night, helped pay the rent and taxes. But drinks served at tables and in rooms paid also, because service was effected through waiters and bell boys, without additional labor. A good liquor business in the dining room, for example, might require one or two additional bartenders, but once drinks were ready, the serving was performed by regular dining-room waiters. Thus prohibition brought a heavy loss of revenue, and it was a loss without salvage, as one hotel man expresses it, because the number of employes could not be materially reduced. Many of the New York hotels kept their bartenders and wine men, fitting them into other parts of the organization.

### *The Demon Candy*

Three general lines have been followed in making readjustments: First, candy and soft drinks were substituted for liquor in the effort to earn the same kind of revenue in some other way; second, some of the overhead was distributed over rooms, with price advances; third, the hotel men called in efficiency experts to study their business and evolve methods of running it more economically.

Bonbons are supposed to be a dietary substitute for booze, though many an orphan left by old John Barleycorn fails to develop a sweet tooth. Candy is a real substitute for liquor from the revenue-producing standpoint, some hotel men find, though naturally it does not yield the same volume of revenue. For one thing, more people eat candy than drink liquor. For another, it is like liquor in that the labor expense of selling and serving is reasonable. Less space is required for selling and storage than for liquor, sales are made by girls instead of highly paid mixed-drink experts, and the regular staff of the hotel can do some of the selling. Though volume is not so large as that of liquor, still candy and soft drinks are now the third largest item of revenue in some of the big Broadway hotels, restaurant revenue being first and rooms second.

This candy revenue looks so promising that the hotel men have in many cases organized it as a separate business, forming a distinct subsidiary corporation to manufacture and sell sweetstuffs. They are also reaching out with their candy sales in ways not possible with liquor. Confectionery specialties associated with famous hotels, like the Louisiana pralines made in the kitchen of a New Orleans hostelry, are now being advertised and distributed nationally. The name of a famous hotel, it has been found, has selling value when put behind candy, and the candy in turn has advertising possibilities for the hotel.

Remember the lure of the rumseller and old John Barleycorn?

Well, there now begins to emerge the lure of the Demon Barleysugar, and posterity may have to deal with it.

"Moth-er! We are going to the Van Razzle, ain't we—moth-er?" pleaded a seven-year-old coming into New York on a West Indian steamer. With the insistence of seven he had been asking that question a dozen times daily during the voyage. Some months before, the family had stopped at a big New York hostelry whose candy sales have already been built up to a quarter-million dollars yearly. The woman floor clerk had asked his little sister how old she was, and where she lived, and the date of her birthday. Back home a few weeks later, when little sister's birthday came around, a box of the hotel's candy had been delivered to her home. Her brother's anxiety that they stop at the Van Razzle was simple—his birthday came that week.

Room prices have been advanced everywhere, carrying some of the overhead, but the hotel men insist that advances have not been unreasonable. In New York the increases are said to average about 35 per cent. That is, a room formerly rented at three dollars a day now brings four dollars, and a five-dollar room, six and a half to seven dollars.

Rooms are quite a story. The balance sheet of one group of metropolitan hotels shows that overhead costs twenty-five cents for every dollar in the room price rent, taxes and insurance. And practically everything that goes into room service, from the carpet on the floor to the towels in the bathroom, has advanced in price.

"I simply won't stand it!" protested a carpet manufacturer when notified some months after prohibition that the price of his hotel suite would be increased 25 per cent. "It is unreasonable—outrageous!"

"Mr. Smith, you have been living here ten years," said the hotel manager. "In that time we have not advanced your rental."

"That's so," admitted the manufacturer.

"During that time how much have carpets advanced in price—and other things that go into our furnishings and service?"

The carpet man said no more—the argument was unanswerable.

A heated protest of a dry-goods organization over New York hotel rates was answered in the same way recently by the hotel-men's organization.

"We are large dry-goods users!" the hotel men said succinctly.

There are undoubtedly abuses in this matter of room charges, taking the country as a whole, and remembering that there are thousands of individual hotel proprietors and splendid opportunities for overcharging on such occasions as conventions and the like. But the country over, straight through the year, hotel men insist that their room rates have not been advanced unreasonably, considering the startling shift of overhead caused by prohibition and increases of one hundred to several hundred per cent in the things they use. Moreover, as taxes and prices fall, and new hotels restore competition, room prices will unquestionably fall too.

### *Market Price and Menu Price*

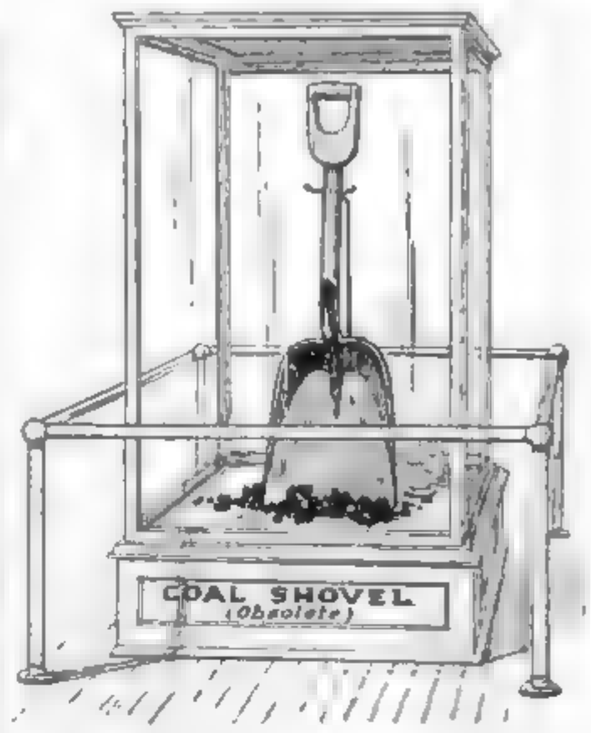
In New York, restaurant prices have been advanced, but chiefly to cover increased food and labor costs; hotel men say that they have not redistributed any of their overhead in the dining room. Criticism of restaurant prices usually takes the form of a comparison of food in the market with prices on the menu. Because most of a hotel's organization for handling food between the supply dealer's delivery wagon and the table is out of sight, the public does not understand what happens in between, or make allowance for it in comparisons.

"I see brook trout on your menu," said a guest to the manager of a Broadway hostelry. "It is priced at one dollar. How many fish do you serve to a portion?"

"Two," was the answer.

"Well, I happen to know that brook trout are now one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound in the market."

"Then there are four or five trout to the pound," said the manager, "for our menu prices run just about 100 per cent above the market price. For this margin we store the stuff, cook it, serve it, stand spoilage, breakage and wear and tear, and get our profit. On many a dining-room order,


A Museum Piece

The ancients made fire with flint and steel. Future antiquarians will look back on 1922 as a time when people kept themselves warm by shoveling coal.

Coal is hard to obtain and very high priced—its use entails unnecessary labor—dirt—dust and ashes—it must be stored and paid for in advance.

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The Clow GASTEAM Heating System offers the best solution of the heating problem. Cast iron radiators, with an individually controlled and regulated gas burner under each radiator, give steam heat when and where it is wanted.

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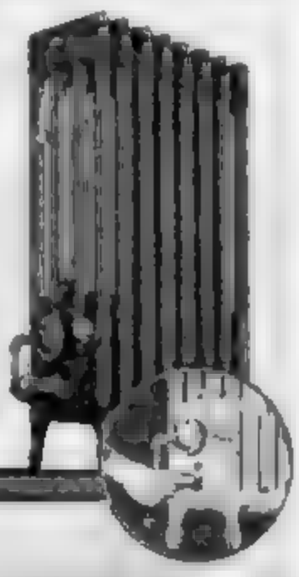

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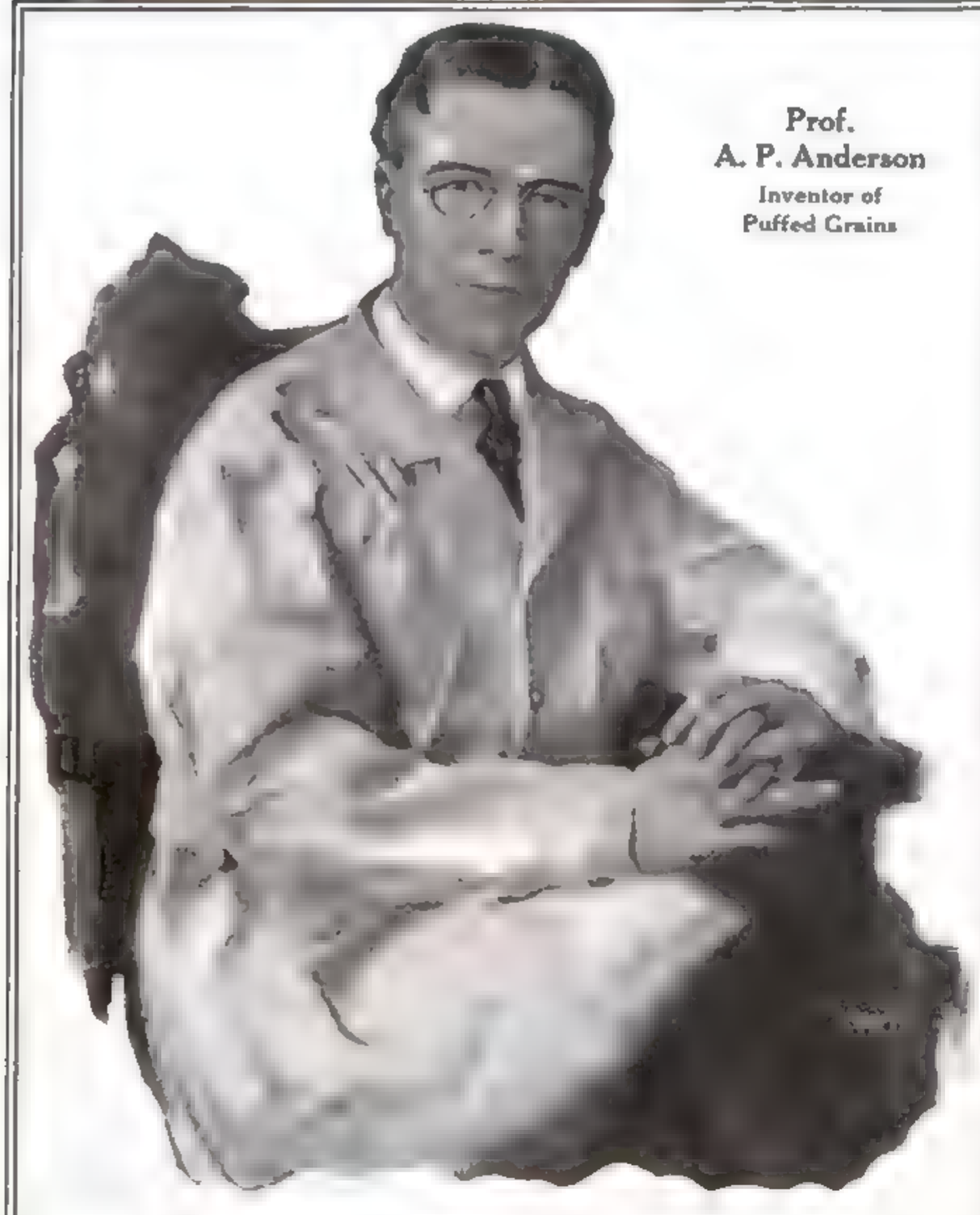


Prof.
A. P. Anderson
Inventor of
Puffed Grains

# More Real Food

## More whole grains—more milk

Children are underfed—a large percentage of them. They get enough food, but not the right food.

That is why so many able authorities write articles to mothers on this vital point.

They need more whole grains, need more milk.

## The supreme dish for a child

Whole wheat is practically a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements, including essential minerals.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

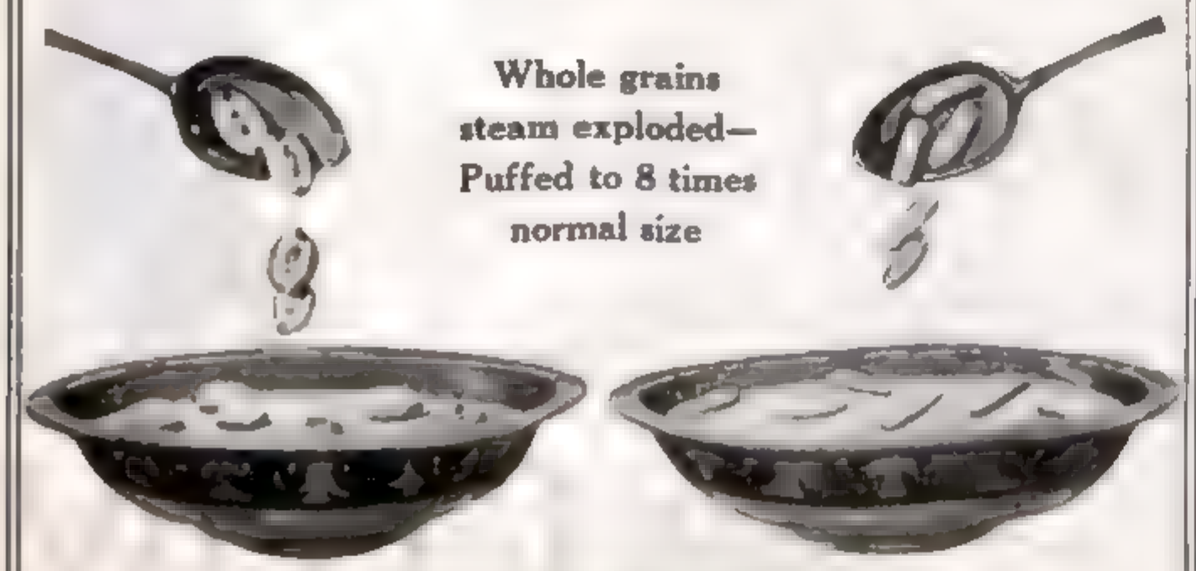
These grains are tidbits—flavory, flaky bubble grains. Children revel in them. They make whole grains wholly digestible.

They make the milk dish tempting to a child.

Serve them morning, noon and night—with cream and sugar, mixed with fruit, in bowls of milk. Or doused with melted butter for after-school delights.

Children who get such foods in plenty are not underfed. And there's nothing that children like better.

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice




The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

particularly at lunch, where the average bill is between one and two dollars, if a waiter breaks a glass or plate he wipes out our profit on that meal."

Nor when it criticizes does the public know that in the coolers and on the pantry shelves of a big hotel there must be carried several thousand separate articles of food, some of which may be called for only once a day. A story is told of a wager made with the steward of a New York hotel by a globe-trotter who bet that he could name a dozen articles, none of which would be served.

"All right," agreed the steward. "Go ahead—if they are not against the law or out of season."

Bombay duck was the first order. It was produced immediately—not a fowl, but an East Indian fish. Heart of palm was next—the tender new-leaf growth of the royal palm, to obtain which it is necessary to cut down the tree. That was produced also. It comes in cans from Madagascar. Other outré dishes were demanded, and the hotel had two out of three. Finally, in desperation, the widely traveled guest took a new tack in naming the twelfth article.

"Liverwurst!" he ordered, thinking that a fashionable hotel would not have such a plebeian kind of sausage—but it was also produced.

When restaurant prices were at the very peak, some months ago, an antiprofiteering investigator told the manager of a metropolitan group of hotels that it was impossible for a skilled menu reader to order from his daily bills of fare a meal that could be considered reasonable in price. After studying his own menus from this standpoint the manager admitted that there was much truth in the statement. Whereupon he met the criticism by listing a fixed-price meal in all his dining rooms. This meal was different every day, but made up of the same articles, no choice being left patrons. Its economy came through increasing the volume of orders for those articles and simplifying service. Or rather, economy would have been secured in that way had a large number of patrons ordered the fixed-price meal. But they didn't! The number of orders was disappointing. The novelty has been continued, but the public still prefers its own selection from a wide range of dishes.

Another menu specialty popular in clubs has been tried in hotels—the club plate, a large platter upon which a full meal is served, a meat or fish portion garnished with vegetables, the variety being changed daily. This has not become popular in hotels, however, and efforts to introduce such economies seem to show that the public, though grumbling, will not cooperate.

Since prohibition the efficiency engineer has come into a good hotel practice, and the hotel men themselves are becoming efficiency experts.

### *Chain Hotels*

Once upon a time the hotel was a tavern, prospering largely upon the geniality of its proprietor, who personally knew his guests, served them at the bar, supervised the waiters, and helped his wife in the kitchen. Then the tavern grew into something approaching the modern hotel, with a staff of cooks and bartenders and a head waiter. Acquaintance and the personality of the proprietor were still factors. Yet more growth, and the hotel of several hundred rooms evolved. The proprietor knew some of his guests, but possibly not one in twenty.

He disappeared in an office and ran an organization. On his demonstrating marked ability to deliver personality through an organization, capitalists would build him a bigger hotel. Sometimes they would build him two or three, but one was the general rule, and if he ran more than one, each was a separate organization, operating without regard to the others—perhaps in separate cities.

The idea of group management was just around the corner then, but it took prohibition to make it widely effective.

When capitalists find a great hotel keeper today they take him out of his hostelry altogether and set him up in a separate executive organization to run a group of houses. There his job becomes chiefly one of comparisons. With a half dozen big hostelries turning in monthly reports showing the operations of each house and every department in minute detail, he can measure one against another, set up standards in costs and revenue, and locate both efficiency and waste.

Under the old plan of individual management each manager, steward and chef worked in his own air-tight compartment. Sometimes he met managers, stewards and chefs from other hotels and exchanged information, but there was little understanding as to what might be the important information and what unimportant, and no regular systematic comparison of important data.

Today the managers, stewards and chefs of a hotel group are watched by the executive office, and also meet regularly for discussion—and they know what to discuss. The chefs of one New York hotel group, for example, get together every month for a conference and lunch. They meet at each hotel in succession. Ideas are not merely exchanged but demonstrated. The chef whose turn it is to act as host this month makes a point of serving something new, and tells how it is cooked. At one of these luncheons recently the chefs journeyed to an out-of-town hotel belonging to their group, and brought back an excellent new recipe for as common a dish as cheesecake.

Through group control it is being found possible to cut expenses through large central purchases of staple supplies. Things like towels, soap, potatoes and canned goods can be bought in large quantities, often direct from producers, saving money by the elimination of middlemen's profits and repeated handling. If everything were purchased in this way, on the contrary, individuality in the different hotels might be lost—and individuality in the hotel business is something worth keeping. So the steward and chef in each house still purchase the dainties and novelties that give individual character. They are encouraged to effect their own improvements and economies, and group management makes it possible to know when one of them has found a better way of doing a certain thing in his department, and to pass it along to the others.

### *Dreaded Competition*

Very often such a better way materializes in the cold figures of a monthly report. It is found by simple comparison of reports from each hotel in a group that Brown, the steward at the Van Razzle, has made a record in the volume of his breakfast business, or is running the grill at an unusually reasonable cost. Scrutiny over six months' returns from the cigar stands of one hotel group not long ago showed that a certain cigar man excelled all others in his way of handling and increasing trade. Whereupon it was possible to extend his system to others—he was sent from one hotel to another to install it.

Group management is bringing into the hotel business something that was lacking in the days of individual management, even where it was considered skillful and profitable ten years ago. That something is balance. Consolidations of manufacturing plants almost invariably showed some factories so inefficient and out of date that they had to be scrapped. Group management in the hotel business is showing up properties so badly out of balance that they are being scrapped in the same way.

One day before they tore down the old Grand Union Hotel a newspaper reporter came to Simeon Ford, the hotel-man humorist, with startling information.

"Mr. Ford, do you know that they are going to put up a big new thousand-room hotel right across the street from you?"

The Grand Union had stood for a generation opposite the Grand Central Station, and held loyal patrons despite the building of one great metropolitan hotel after another. Ford looked troubled for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"You say a new hotel?" he asked. "Oh, well, if it's a new hotel, that's all right. The only thing I'm afraid of is, somebody might build an old hotel in this neighborhood."

Since prohibition, however, old hotels are not such desirable property, and under group management they are often being turned to other uses. This is a matter of policy, the anticipation of days when new construction will bring a reasonable balance between the supply and demand for accommodation. Many of the old hotels would then be at a disadvantage. Some of them were antiquated, others out of balance from an operating standpoint. The staid people who used to stick by an old

(Continued on Page 65)

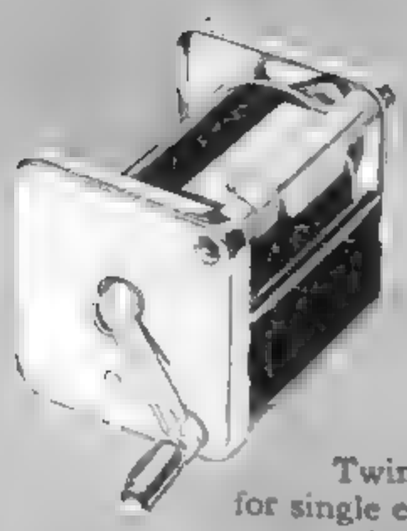
Smooth

# How long are you going on shaving without stropping your blades? You're

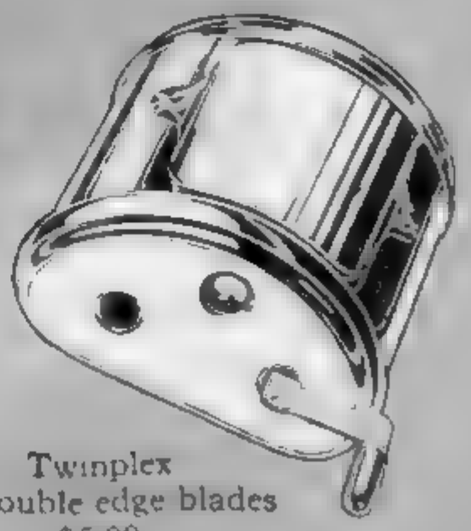
missing something. Get a Twinplex and know what a real shave is. Twinplex improves new blades 100% and gives you 100 perfect shaves from each new blade. Sold everywhere on 30 days' trial. Twinplex Sales Co. St. Louis, New York, Montreal.

# Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



Twinplex
for single edge blades
$3 00



Twinplex
for double edge blades
$5 00

# Whitman's Chocolates

## Guests in "Quality Street"

Guests in "Quality Street" greet Whitman's quality group of distinguished candy packages as welcome friends.

In any social gathering they give an added sense of sociability. There's magic in eating together. There's conversation stimulated whenever the hostess produces the Sampler, Salmagundi, Pleasure Island, or any others of the favorites in "The Quality Group."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A

Continued from Page 62

hotel for its comfort, quiet and associations, have either disappeared or want to be where the young people are, in the gay new hostelries. Eliminating these houses is therefore another means of stabilizing the hotel business and bringing it into harmony with new conditions.

The tavern was generally the personal property of its proprietor, as is the small-town hotel of today. The modern city hotel, however, calls for so large an investment that it is owned by a corporation, although direction is left to the manager, who sometimes leases the property from the corporation. The ownership of a group of hotels is a corporate enterprise calling for millions of dollars, and attracts business ability of a sort decidedly different from the hotel-corporation directors of five or ten years ago. These were usually able men in local lines—the banker, merchant, manufacturer and others with money to put into such an enterprise, often for the benefit of the community as much as for profit. In the directorate of the hotel corporations controlling groups of houses are now found men prominent in national banking, industrial and transportation affairs. Hotel keeping has become big business. These executives handle it exactly as they would any other national enterprise, and are attracted by its new magnitude and better methods of management. That such men would have served on the board of directors of a hotel years ago, when a real balance sheet was almost unknown in that business, is not thinkable.

The hotel balance sheet under group management will compare with that of any big corporate enterprise in its completeness. Costs and other operating data are as comprehensive as those of any big manufacturing enterprise.

### Fixed Prices for Rooms

"And since prohibition," said one of the executives of a New York hotel group, "if any efficiency man demonstrates to us a possibility of making improvements or economies we are glad to have him come in and show what he can do—one of the best illustrations I know of the changed viewpoint in this business."

There was a time, not long ago, when the hotel man had different room rates for different guests. The stranger paid one price, the commercial traveler another, the clergyman another. There were always a few guests who paid nothing, boarding out advertising bills on the loose scheme whereby the hotel paid for space in newspapers in accommodations instead of money. When business was bad anybody who knew the ropes could probably get an attractively low rate by dickering for a room.

But today prices are becoming fixed, with the rate for each room posted in that room. The management of big city hotels would as soon think of selling cigars at different prices to different people as to dicker or make distinctions in room rates. Better accounting knowledge of their business has shown them that the old practices were dangerous.

The same impartiality and standardization have been applied to food prices. In days when sirloin steak was ten cents a pound and eggs ten cents a dozen, the old-style American-plan hotel made it a point of pride to list as many articles as possible, giving patrons free range of the whole menu for a fixed price—seldom more than a dollar. Room and board were lumped together at two or three dollars a day, and reductions were frequently made to attract patronage. Cost keeping in the kitchen was unknown. Waiters often worked for nothing in popular establishments, taking their pay in liberal tips. Any disparity between receipts and expenses was automatically made good by the bar.

But rising food, labor and overhead costs have changed all that. Itemized cost keeping had begun before the war. War and food conservation made it still more vital. When it became necessary to economize with meats, wheat flour, sugar and other staples needed by the Allies, substitutes were found, portions reduced in size, and many economies of a permanent nature worked out in the chef's and steward's departments.

Ways of increasing revenue are also being found, so that though food prices are not saddled directly with any of the redistributed overhead, the steward's department pays more overhead indirectly by increasing the volume of business. Food earns the most gross revenue in a group of metropolitan hotels. As shown in a recent balance sheet each dollar spent by patrons of such a group divides as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Food | $0.[illegible] |
| Rooms | .31 |
| Candy | .05 |
| Cigars | .03 |
| Telephone | .03 |
| Beverages | .015 |
| News stand | .015 |
| Valet | .005 |
| Theater tickets | .0025 |
| Laundry | .0125 |

It was feared that prohibition might reduce the hotel's banquet business. Much of the sociability of such affairs seems to rest on alcoholic stimulants. This apprehension has not been borne out, however. The banquet business is just as large, and constantly growing. Skeptics point to the fact that many big dinners are still illegally yet decidedly wet—liquor is smuggled in somehow by guests. But the dry banquet, becoming more frequent, appears to be just as attractive and successful, and growing just as fast. Some restaurant men complain of diminishing business in smaller affairs, such as the private dinner and lunching party. They say that prohibition has changed taste. The connoisseur who formerly ordered his little entertainment exactingly, with a nice balance between foods and vintages, no longer values the social possibilities of eating, but eats just because it is necessary. This may be so, but the big public dinner with its speeches, music and stunts, though liquor be eliminated, runs just about as merrily on its own steam.

The guest who pays seven dollars for a room that cost four or five dollars a few years ago thinks chiefly about the increased rate, and accepts service as a matter of course. He knows little about service, because it is largely out of sight. On the same principle he forms his conclusions by a few outstanding things—his dining-room check, the lordly head waiter and autocratic room clerk, the gilding and upholstering in the lobby, the hat boy and his tip.

The man who growls about his seven-dollar room would probably be astonished if told that from one and a half to two employes are working to give him for his money the value called service. For the metropolitan hotel with a thousand guests will have from fifteen hundred to two thousand employes. Roughly, half of them are in the steward's department, this including not only dining-room waiters, but also cooks, kitchen helpers, floor pantrymen and waiters—everybody who handles food. The other half are in the housekeeper's department, room service, office and maintenance forces.

### Unseen Service

As an illustration of service out of sight, he would probably be interested in investigating one employe with whom his contact is usually most casual—the head porter, in a blue flannel shirt, who takes his baggage checks, gets his trunks into his room and out, and performs odd chores, such as purchasing railroad tickets and reserving Pullman accommodations. Handing this functionary a quarter or half dollar for himself, he is not likely to think of him as the executive of an important business. Yet the head porter in a thousand-room hotel has far more responsibilities than many business men. In person and through trustworthy assistants he must be practically a twenty-four-hour man every day in the year. He will have fifty men under him to handle the baggage of one thousand incoming and one thousand outgoing guests. He has wagons and motor trucks to haul baggage, operates a messenger service, traces lost luggage, is responsible for valuable personal property, such as jewelry, furs and clothes, often handled carelessly by owners. He is expected to tell offhand what trains or steamers go anywhere and everywhere, making suggestions as to the best. Thousands of dollars for the purchase of transportation pass through his hands daily, some of this business involving extensions of credit to guests who have transportation charged on their hotel bills.

Again, it will be interesting for him to investigate the hotel as a bank. If he needed money and were unknown at any bank in a strange city, obtaining cash on his check would be difficult, if not impossible. By establishing his identity and responsibility at the hotel where he is a guest, however, he can probably obtain money without trouble. The credit department of the hotel that takes care of him is as large and elaborate as the credit department of a good-sized business house. A big metropolitan hotel must have forty to fifty thousand dollars cash on hand when the banks close Saturday noon, for the accommodation of its guests until the banks open again Monday morning. This is only one of many such revolving funds that show up in its balance sheet. Each restaurant constantly carries several hundred dollars to cash checks, make change and transact its business. Each cashier's window must have its revolving fund; likewise each cigar stand, news stand, soda fountain, porter's desk. There will even be a revolving fund downstairs at the pay office, so employes who suddenly quit or are discharged can obtain their wages. Altogether, seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars will be constantly tied up in the hotel's banking operations.

### The Hat-Check Boy

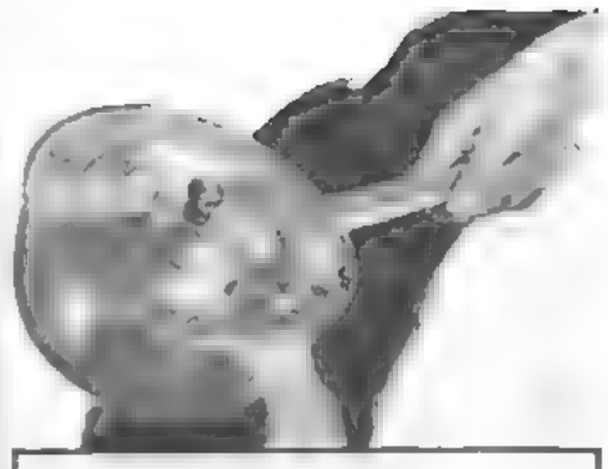
Room rates in many hotels are now not only as fixed as railroad rates but no price distinction is made between one and two occupants in a room. This probably causes more suspicion and grumbling than the rate advance itself. For example, a business man and his wife visit New York together, he to buy goods and she to shop. They occupy a comfortable room at seven dollars a day, which is higher than of yore, yet they may not think it unreasonable. When the business man comes back alone a few weeks later and is asked to pay the same rate for the same room it seems like extortion.

But look at it from the hotel man's standpoint. One guest in a double room involves practically the same service, linen and wear-and-tear as two. One guest, compared with two, reduces by half the possibility of selling incidentals—eats half as much in the dining room, spends half as much at the news stand, perhaps nothing at all at the theater-ticket stand; and so through the whole range of extras upon which the hotel counts to pay overhead. It is estimated that a guest in a first-class New York hotel spends daily in incidentals a sum equal to the price of his room. Married couples and families are better patrons than single guests. A business man alone will probably go outside and breakfast at a cafeteria, take his lunch downtown in the business district, and be entertained at a restaurant and theater in the evening. If his wife comes to town with him, however, she will breakfast and lunch in the hotel, perhaps entertain at tea, and they will both dine there, often with guests.

The public's criticism centers on other outstanding features of hotel service—the things with which people come most in contact. There is the hat-check boy, for one. He bobs up everywhere at dining room, banquet hall, restaurant and cabaret entrances, grabbing your hat, coat, umbrella, stick, bundles; and awing you into buying his good will with a dime. In summer, when you have only a hat, the amount of money spent in tips for taking care of it would buy a new one about every two weeks.

Around the hat-check boy there is growing up a real folklore. He is supposed to work for a boss who really gets the tips, and wears clothes without pockets to prevent his keeping any of the dimes or quarters. He is reputed to be more wealthy than the patrons whose hats and overcoats he takes care of, owning hotels himself. More commonly nowadays he is a girl, a meek little thing, chosen for her pitiful appearance, which is valued as a tip-extracting influence, her boss really getting the tips, and so forth.

The hat-check concession is still let to outsiders, but chiefly by the cabarets and showy all-night restaurants. Hotels and better-class restaurants seldom lease such a privilege nowadays, but operate it themselves. Attendants are paid good wages, and turn tips in to the cashier's office like any other revenue. Tips more than pay wages and other expenses of the service. There is no obligation to tip. Instead of owning a hotel or two himself the hat-check boy may be a sophomore in some college. Such work yields good wages for a few hours' employment in the evening, and casual work when hat-checking forces are being increased for special occasions. Even the hat-check king—there are several of

Pours without Spilling

THE world marvels at the kitchen of the American housewife, with its modern, time-saving and labor-saving conveniences. Close attention to the needs of the modern kitchen is reflected in Aladdin Utensils—for example the Aluminum Double Lipped Saucepan with Strainer Cover. The slide on the cover fits snugly, and yet it is opened for pouring with just a gentle touch, saving both time and bother. And the hollow saucepan handle always stays cool.

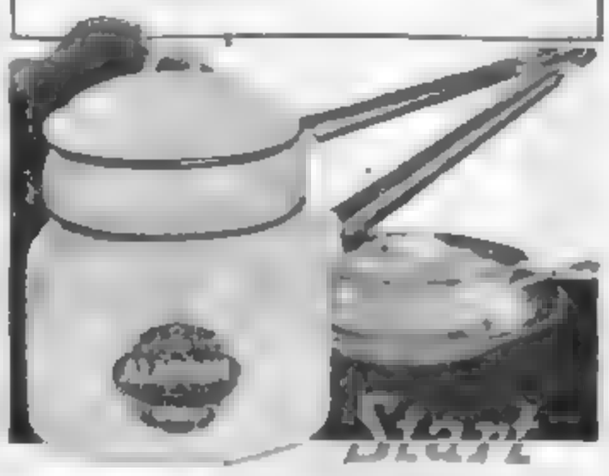
ALADDIN
Enameled Steel

Made by THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO. 7906 PLATT AVE. CLEVELAND OHIO

Also makers of NEW PERFECTION Oil Stoves Ovens and Water Heaters

Aluminum

You will find many such unusual conveniences on Aladdin Utensils—in both shiny aluminum and glistening white enameled steel. The rounded corners make cleaning easier—the notched ears on kettles keep bails cool. Buy enameled steel with the big red Aladdin label, and aluminum with the Aladdin quality mark stamped on it—and be sure of quality kitchen ware. At foremost hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.



Start your Aladdin set now

*Do you enjoy getting letters?*

OF COURSE you do. So do other people. But sometimes the courtesy of a prompt reply is overlooked simply because there is no social stationery handy. Nine times out of ten a good correspondent is one who keeps a quantity of personal stationery.

HAMMERMILL BOND

*Social Stationery*

At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The price is from 35c to 75c a box.

Perhaps you favor the convenience of a writing tablet suitable for home, travel, school. Precisely the same papers are also supplied in writing tablets with ruled or unruled sheets, as desired, with envelopes to match. The sizes have a range wide enough for you to select the style you like to use best.

*Send for Samples of This Stationery to Answer Seven Letters*

To make it easier for you to choose the best personal stationery, we will send you samples of seven different styles and sizes of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in three finishes for ten cents (stamps or coin).

*Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by*

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.
*Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery* Holyoke, Massachusetts

them in New York—defends himself as a business man. He provides people to take care of your overcoat or furs, probably worth anywhere from one hundred to several hundred dollars. If they are stolen or lost he is responsible and reimburses you—in fact, pays several thousand dollars in such claims yearly.

Head waiters and tips for dining-room tables are another common subject of criticism. In gay restaurants and cabarets on crowded nights like New Year, tipping undoubtedly goes beyond reason. But in the first-class hotels it is not nearly so common as people assume. The truth about tipping is that the people who patronize the first-class hotels like to pay for service. The extravagant tip to the head waiter often comes from people who want to feel important and have a fuss made over them, and are willing to pay for it. At various times efforts to abolish tips have been made by hotel and restaurant managers, but the rules posted against tipping are broken by the public rather than by employes.

Its showy luxury, too, is one of the outstanding points of the modern hotel. The public likes it. It is something of its own creation, brought into existence by popular demand. At the same time, the public likes to denounce it—and particularly to kick about the price. What the public regards as luxury the hotel man figures partly as service, partly as advertising. Twenty or twenty-five years ago he began giving things away, not only to his guests but to people who never spent a dollar with him. New hotel buildings had ample lobbies, waiting rooms and mezzanine floors where anybody could come in and meet a friend, take a rest, write a letter, and often be entertained by an orchestra or organ. Room clerks appeared on each floor upstairs. In addition to soap and towels in his room, the guest found free washcloths, free polishing cloths for his shoes, and shoehorns and buttonhooks to put them on.

One hotel recently closed had a special procedure for people traveling without baggage. The room clerk probably collected the night's rent in advance unless the guest was known. Having got it, however, he began to do things. Instructions were telephoned upstairs to the chambermaid. When the guest reached his room he found nightgown or pajamas in a paper bag on his bed bearing the words, "With the compliments of the management." In the bathroom were a diminutive tube of tooth paste, a toothbrush, a little stick of shaving soap, a little box of talcum powder—all with the compliments of the management. At the time, these things were excellent advertising. Since the war most of them have disappeared.

### *Our Love of Luxury*

That luxury was popular is shown in the way it spread over the country. Though expensive hotels were once found in only a few big cities, people in the towns demanded a Hotel Van Razzle of their own. The hotel promoter stepped in and built it. The manager went to New York for employes to operate it. Thus, today there are hotels in cities of moderate size which, in plant, service and atmosphere, might be transported to Broadway and go right on doing business—except that some of them might be too small for profit in the metropolis. The center of many a community, and the institution that makes it known afar, is its hotel, which has been carried beyond other community developments.

People are awed by hotel luxury, grumble about it, complain of the price. But they grumble more if it is let down or eliminated.

The manager of a Broadway hotel has an acquaintance who likes to chaff him about restaurant prices, maintaining that a meal as good as he serves for two dollars can be had in many of New York's foreign restaurants for fifty or seventy-five cents. The other day this spaghetti hound took him to an Italian eating place for a lunch that cost sixty-five cents. The hotel man freely admitted that the meal was ample and wholesome.

"But look at this," he said, holding up a napkin with several holes in it. "The moment you found a hole in a napkin in my dining room you'd complain. Our napkins are twice the size of this, real linen, and as soon as one shows wear—out it goes. Your plate is chipped, mine is cracked—would you tolerate chipped or cracked crockery in my dining room? We have eaten a table-d'hôte lunch. I have a good table-d'hôte meal on my menu at one dollar and twenty-five cents, but you won't eat it, even when I camouflage it as a blue-plate lunch."

The hotel man today is figuring harder than ever before. Net profits on his activities will compare favorably with those of any staple business. In many cases he and his directors are satisfied with something under 10 per cent, though there are individual hotels, particularly small ones managed by their proprietors, that earn higher profits. The hotel business is one in which retrenchment to meet losses or failing patronage is difficult—almost impossible. Cutting down the service or staff merely announces to the public that something is wrong; with the outcome that disaster is hastened, and the business loses its chance to come back.

People who line up before the room clerk in high-peak seasons of the year, and consider themselves lucky to get a room at all—reserving the right to growl about the price—probably know nothing of the seasons when the curve of patronage slumps down into valleys. Yet these dull seasons necessarily affect the overhead and the room rates. During the summer months, with slackening in general business and departures for the country and on vacations, hotels are but partly filled, and operate at a loss.

### *The Hotel Man's Ideal*

About ten years ago the newest hotel in New York offered the novelty of room and bath, strictly first-class, at three dollars a day. Since then, with successive rate advances, capped by prohibition, its three-dollar rooms now bring five and six dollars. Six or seven years ago the writer, interested in demonstrating that New York was not so expensive a city as many people thought, made up a good-sized list of hotels where good rooms with bath could be had for two dollars a day. These rooms have now advanced to three and four dollars.

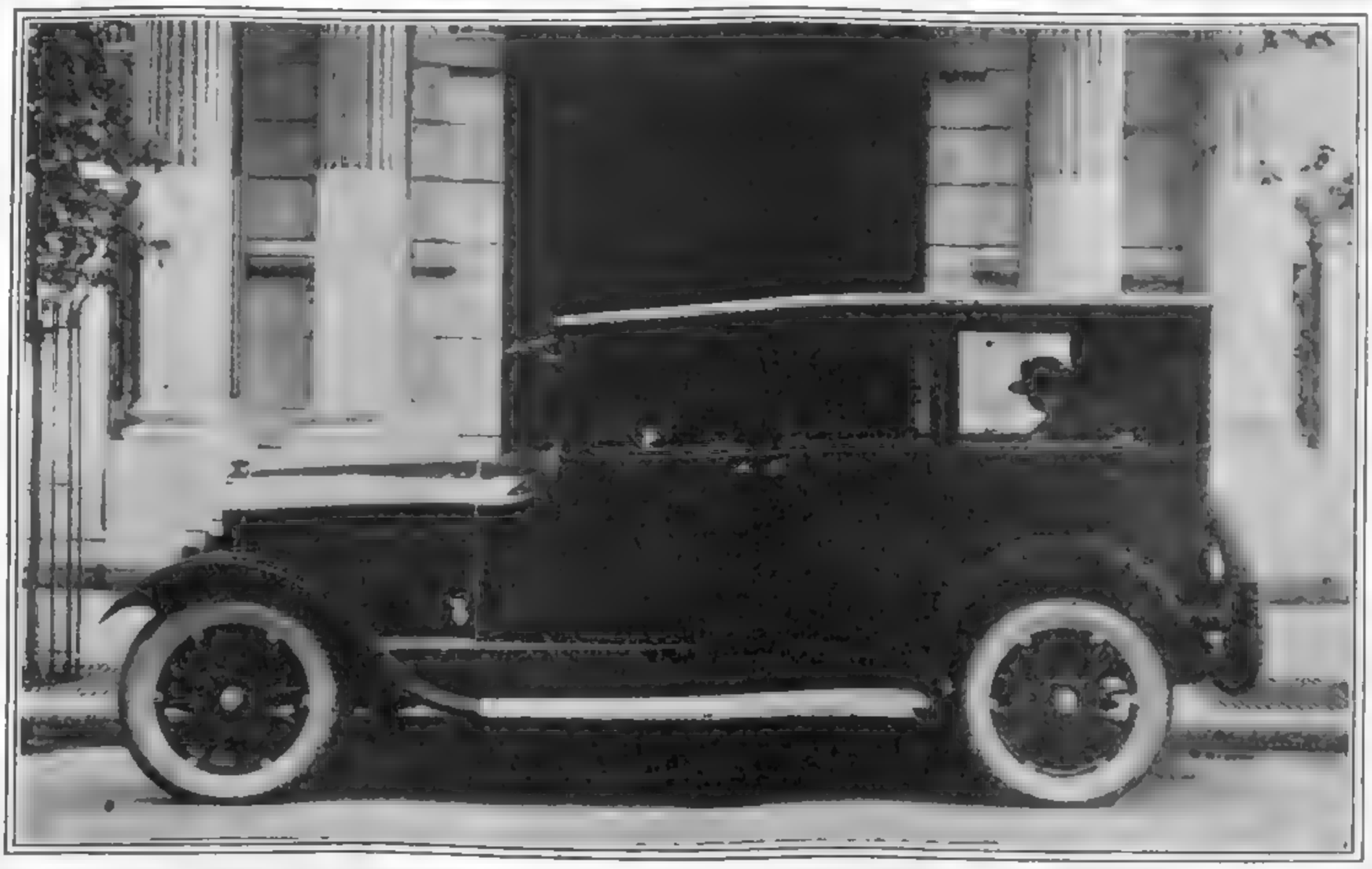
One of the greatest contrasts between the United States and European countries is our lack of middle-class restaurants and hotels. Between the high-priced establishment and the cafeteria and lodging house, little accommodation exists for such "middle-class" people as the professional man, commercial traveler, small merchant and their families. Before the war and prohibition, New York probably had more middle-class restaurants than any other city in the country—places in side streets where a clean wholesome meal with good service could be had for less than a dollar. Prohibition has put a surprising number of these places out of business, and increased cost of living has raised prices in others to the first-class-restaurant level of ten years ago.

"My ideal New York hotel today," said the manager of an Eastern group of hostelries, "would be a house of two thousand rooms. Each room would be three-quarter size, for two persons, with shower bath, renting for one dollar and fifty cents a day. Each room would be the same size, so that carpets, furniture, draperies, linen, fixtures and everything else would be standard and interchangeable. The place would probably be located on the outskirts of the present hotel district, convenient to new Subway lines, but on cheaper land than the average New York hotel now occupies that would cut into our 25 per cent overhead item of rent and taxes. There would be no luxury in this house, no big expensively furnished lobbies, no floor clerks, floor pantries, meals in rooms. The free-spending people who patronize first-class hotels are still willing to pay for luxury, but the commercial traveler and business man, as well as many people of moderate means, are tired of luxury, and want accommodations without paying for the showiness demanded by the spenders.

"There would be nothing for nothing in this house, either—no free writing rooms, lounges or music. It would have a restaurant on the cafeteria order. For years the cafeteria has been prospering next door to our finest hotels, and we have in most cases been afraid to bring it inside beca . . . though undoubtedly profitable, it is not in keeping with the rest of the establishment.

"Briefly, it would be a first-class hotel in rooms, furnishings, comfort, and atmosphere upstairs, minus the factors that are so expensive in overhead and operating, making the present-day hotel lopsided—a well-appointed place to sleep or live, with everything found in a first-class hotel except the trimmings."

JUST A REAL DURANT GOOD CAR



THE DURANT SIX SEDAN

WHEN one thinks of a violin of great beauty and tone, the mind dwells on Stradivarius. When one thinks of the master's touch on the canvas, the mind naturally turns to Michelangelo. When we think of beauty and quality in a jewel, we think of Tiffany.

In automobiles the master's touch is found in the Durant. Since the beginning of the industry the name Durant has been identified with all things worth while in automobiles.

THE SIX

| | |
|---|---|
| Roadster | $1600 |
| Touring | 1600 |
| Coupé | 2250 |
| Sedan | 2400 |

*f. o. b. Muncie, Ind*

THE FOUR

| | |
|---|---|
| Roadster | $ 806 |
| Touring | 806 |
| Sedan | 1365 |
| Coupé | 1365 |

*f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.*

DURANT MOTORS, INC., 1819 BROADWAY, N. Y.

# DURANT

*Manufacturing and Assembling Plants*

DURANT MOTOR CO. OF INDIANA, *Muncie, Indiana*
DURANT MOTOR CO. OF NEW JERSEY, *Elizabeth, N. J.*
DURANT MOTOR CO. OF N. Y., INC., *Long Island City, N. Y.*
DURANT MOTOR CO. OF MICHIGAN, *Lansing, Mich.*
DURANT MOTOR CO. OF CALIFORNIA, *Oakland, Cal.*
DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA, LTD., *Leaside, Ontario*

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A NEW PATTERN OF
EXCEEDING BEAUTY

Wm·Rogers & Son
Silverplate

Made and Guaranteed by
Wm. Rogers Mfg Co. Meriden, Conn
Succeeded by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Also made in Canada by
Wm Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont.

# THE LOST VERONA

(Continued from Page 25

Scribble a warning under cover of her napkin; make Hal look at her. He was conveying a neat bundle of spaghetti to his mouth. She kicked his foot.

"What the devil!"

The professor, who lacked Italian training, had become engrossed in the bewildering contents of his plate. She raised her pencil above the table edge, wigwagged it. An old signal. Hal understood.

Keep Marshall talking. She had only to question on a note of admiration: "You can really tell about a manuscript from photographs?"

He was happily launched. "Yes indeed. We are forced to depend upon them, as the originals are scattered all over the world. In fact, sometimes I prefer them—for instance, to detect the corrections of a later hand by the color values of inks; or erasures by the almost imperceptible shadows of roughened surfaces. In my last book on Catullus," he proceeded chattily—"and by the way, I must send you a copy, major—I gathered a large part of my data from photographs. Of course, there are always different opinions. I expect ——"

Her smile held him as she slipped the small piece of paper under the bread basket. Hal reached out for a piece of bread. It was neatly done.

From under the large velvet brim of her hat she shone upon the professor, light brows lifted, lips parted—questioning, listening. He expected then that this manuscript would raise a storm of controversy? A life work to defend it? How splendid of him!

Chicken en casserole with mushrooms and salad. She coaxed sweetly. "You haven't eaten a thing, professor."

How could he eat when he talked so much!

Hal pretended to drop his napkin; dived under the table. He had read her note and wanted to see what she had done with his precious manuscript. He emerged apoplectic, twisted himself in a position where he could watch the door.

"When your husband asked for my opinion on the photographs I confess I was skeptical." Doctor Marshall's wispy voice went on and on. "You see, of the hundred-odd Catullus manuscripts in existence there are only four or five of major importance. I should say, there were. You see"—and he beamed upon Hal—"I believe them to be all copies of our manuscript."

Sort of an Adam among manuscripts, this lost Verona. She glanced toward the door.

"The Bodleian Library would never forgive me, major"—Marshall readjusted his glasses—"if they knew that you had contemplated, as an old Oxford man, presenting them with such a gift. Of course, they already own one of the finest copies—the one we call 'O.' The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris has 'G'; the Vatican Library, 'R'; and Saint Mark's, in Venice ——"

Hal was growing restless. "Only too glad to oblige you, doctor."

Fruit and cheese at last. She picked out a mandarin. Antonides wouldn't turn up at this hour.

The professor fidgeted as if he had something on his mind. "You expect to get your messenger off this afternoon? You have someone in view of course?"

"Oh, yes; yes indeed," Hal hastily assured him.

One of those pauses that mean trouble. Then, "Would you have any objection to my interviewing him?" came from Marshall. "I am naturally anxious ——"

He wasn't the only one. What could Hal say? She dared not look at him.

"Very natural indeed, my dear sir." The genial tone of a doctor addressing a nervous patient. "Certainly, you can see him if you wish. But ——" He must have some plan. From the corner of her eye she saw him—a florid gentleman of military bearing, leaning impressively forward. "But I think it would be a mistake. Have a cigar, doctor." His new case with the silver crest. There was something about an expensive cigar. "Tell you why." Hal, very cool, paused to strike a match. "I give my man his orders and the sealed envelope we fixed up at the bank. He brings me back a sealed package. All there is to it. But you, coming in on it, rouse his curiosity. Understand? He'd be likely to talk when he gets there. And if my friend—charming fellow, but well—you can't trust a Turk." Hal moved his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "If he hears that an American is at the other end of this—this little transaction, I'm afraid he'll hold us up for more. However, suit yourself, professor, suit yourself." And Hal, as if he didn't care one way or another, flecked an ash to the floor.

"Dear me, I hadn't thought of that." Marshall looked worried. "I'm rather inexperienced in such matters. Perhaps you're right, major."

"Pos-i-tive-ly right." Hal grew rather boisterous. "You've got my receipt. You leave it to me. You shall have your manuscript in ten—say, twelve days. Count five to get there. He goes by Paris, Milan, Venice, Triest, Belgrad, Sofia. Looked it all up. Two days for the business. Five to get back."

The professor sighed "It's a long time to wait. The responsibility "

With a little start she turned her head. Antonides stood in the doorway, staring at their table. How long had he been there?

"Hal!" She spoke softly.

He gave one look, jumped up. "Excuse me a moment." Hands in his pockets he swaggered across the floor.

Watch them in the mirror. Couldn't tell a thing from Antonides' face. Hal straddled in front of him, talking.

"A friend of your husband's?" Of course Marshall could see too, in the mirror.

"I don't know." Change the subject. "How do you like London, doctor?"

He did sound worried. "I shall be glad to get home. I dread these twelve days. I had meant to sail —— Of course, your husband may be right. I ——"

"Trust Hal," she said quickly, and again she glanced toward the door. Once he had his forty pounds Antonides couldn't do anything. Couldn't he? She sipped her coffee. Must keep up the conversation. Those smooth dark eyes were watching Marshall.

"You speak Greek and Latin, don't you?" The girlish note was most successful.

Those blue eyes could twinkle. "Not fluently. You see, we don't get much practice."

She glanced once more in the mirror. Hal was handing over something. Well, with three thousand in his pocket he could afford a hundred. If Antonides knew! There now, at last he was going.

Hal marched back, flushed and smiling. "Who d'you think that was, professor?"

Too sure of himself. She didn't like that roguish gleam in his eye.

"Our messenger!" he brought out triumphantly. "Didn't tell you, but I telephoned him while you were at the bank. He'll be in Paris tonight."

Oh, why did he have to go and do things like that! There he sat, delighted with himself. Great idea, using Antonides.

Marshall fluttered with excitement. So that was the man! Glad to have seen him. Next to talking to him, that had been the most reassuring. No time wasted then.

No time wasted, certainly, in complicating the situation. The Greek in London, Marshall in London—always the chance of their meeting!

Hal was paying the bill. Waiter smiling, the padrone smiling, as well they might.

She reached down, picked up the parcel, at which Hal glared as if it held dynamite. Tease him a bit. "Would you like to carry my bundle, like a good husband?" And she held it right under the professor's nose.

"Give it to me!" Hal grabbed for it.

She laughed. "I'll carry it myself, thank you."

She tucked it under her arm, trotted toward the door. Marshall never even glanced at it as he took his leave in the chilly gray street. From the taxi window she saw him, an odd little figure in his long coat and wide-brimmed squarish derby, trudging through the mist, crossing Shaftesbury Avenue. A red bus almost knocked him down.

"Hal, what did Antonides say?"

"Not much." Hal was busy drawing forth a sealed envelope; broke the seal. "Wanted to know who the old bird was." Bills in his hand, bills that were crisp and new. "How's that for a day's work? Seven hundred pounds!" He thrust them toward her, gleeful as a boy.

"Did you tell him who it was?"

"Not much." Hal chuckled. "Said he was a friend of your family. Cheerio, Nita, why the glum face?" He swept the bills into his wallet, thumped her on the knee.

You couldn't be angry with him for long. She glanced out of the window. Bond Street. Crowds moving, heavy and dark in the gray. Tea shops, tobacco shops, shop windows flattened in the mist, their wares but dimly seen as the taxi sped along. Things to buy. Money to pay with.

"What on earth possessed you to tell Marshall that Antonides was your messenger?"

"Well, perhaps I did overdo it a bit," Hal admitted. "Thought the old gentleman needed something of the kind. We can always skip if anything goes wrong. Seven hundred pounds isn't so bad!"

Yes, skipping was their usual pace.

"Now, Nita, you're not going to ——"

No, she wasn't going to worry. After all, could anything be funnier than a famous scholar vouching for a manuscript that Hal had bought for forty pounds from a disreputable Greek? A joke on all those stuffy old fogies who thought themselves so wise!

She brightened to laughter. Not for long.

"Oh, Hal, if it ever gets out!"

II

IT DID get out.

"The devil!" Hal cried one morning, staring at his Daily Mail. "There it is!"

There it was, or a reporter's garbled version of it—a beautiful story of how Herman Slade, well-known patron of letters, was paying a fabulous price for a mysterious old manuscript which Professor Marshall, the distinguished Latinist now in London, had unearthed in Constantinople. Mr. Slade refused to say where the manuscript was at present. No mention, as yet, of Major Brassington-Welsh. But Marshall's photograph was on the back page. The old idiot must have written Slade when first he saw the photographs. And Slade, later receiving the cable, had talked.

According to Hal's schedule only seven days more to go before the wretched manuscript could be delivered to Marshall and the final three thousand dollars handed over. Now this—publicity! The one thing ——

Suddenly Hal began to laugh. Sprawling back in the one comfortable chair, his beige dressing gown folded around him, his red-slippered feet in the air, he opened his mouth, closed his eyes, heaving and wallowing in merriment. The breakfast tray on the table beside him rattled. His paper slid to the floor. Against the light background of that polite bedroom he showed up violently colored.

She stood staring down at him. Glad he thought it so funny. Her own sense of humor was not in working order. At this hour of the morning she always felt puffy of eye, droopy of lip, and like turning her back on windows. She clutched her kimono with one hand; with the other she shook him.

"Ho, ho!" he roared on a subsiding wave. "Can you see the old duffer's face when he reads this?"

No, but she could see them skipping, and she told him so. "Limelight isn't becoming to you, Hal."

He sat up, his hair rumpled; whistled; he hadn't thought of that.

"Oh, I say, old girl, we can't get out now."

That was precisely what they were going to do, and quickly. Why take risks when they had, already, seven hundred pounds? "D'you want a swarm of reporters inquiring into your private affairs?" She let this sink in while she hunted for the key of the trunk.

He rose, tying the cord of his dressing gown. He was growing fat. "Marshall won't talk." But he didn't sound convinced. He prowled to the window, where he stood staring at the wintry, lemonish light of another London day. "Suppose I telephone and explain?"

"The less explaining you do, the better."

She was in the closet, unhooking hangers. Lay the clothes on the bed. These wardrobe trunks were convenient. After all, three thousand dollars, about seven hundred pounds, or what Hal hadn't spent of it, would carry them quite a way.

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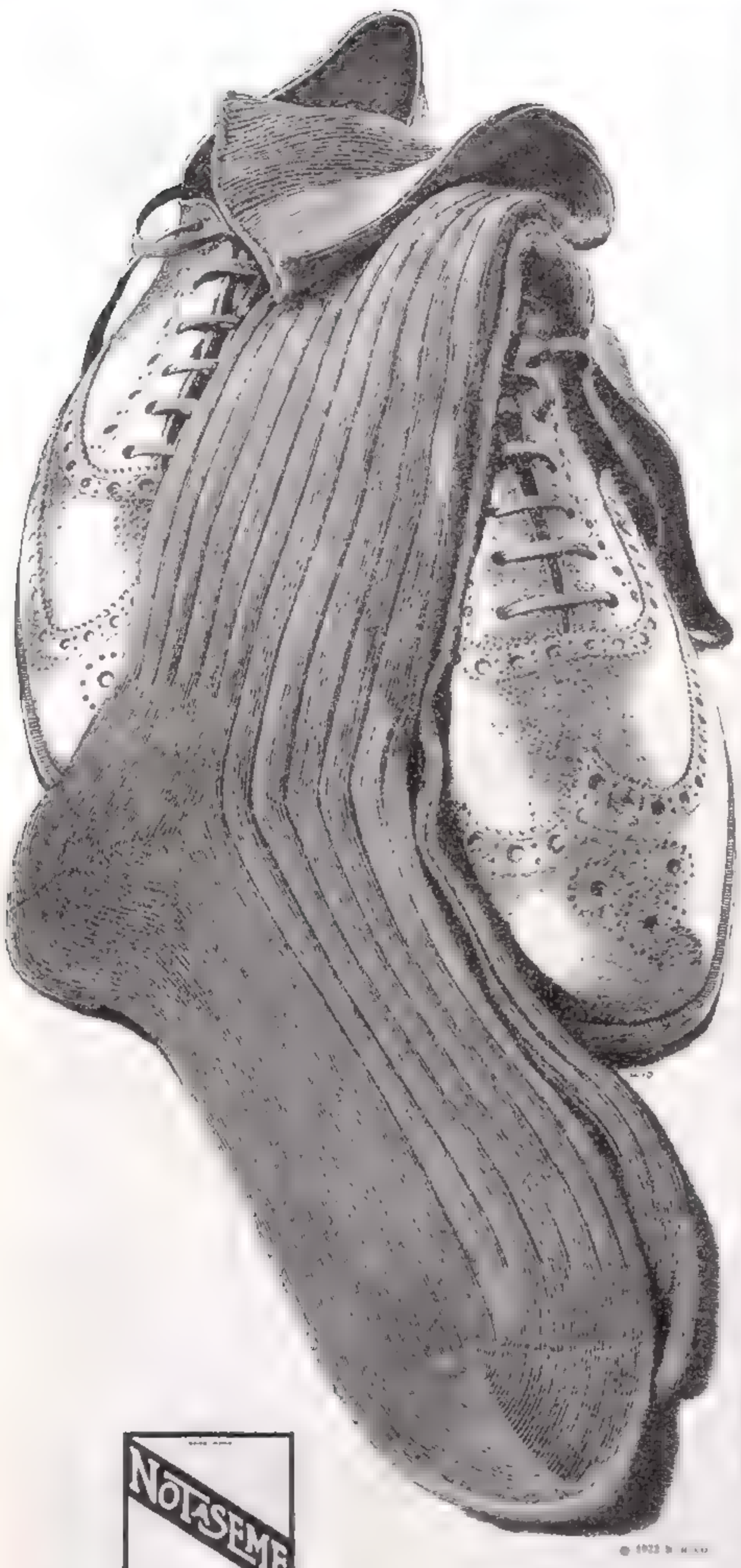


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He'd have to leave behind all those seedy old books he had bought—books on Catullus, a fat blue volume of Marshall's, autographed, a Latin dictionary. A pompous row of them on the mantelpiece.

"You'd better dress and go get tickets for somewhere." She may have sounded a little tired. It was hard luck!

Obediently he strode into the bathroom, from which, presently, came the intimate racket of splashing and swearing.

She sighed. They were comfortable here. Well, it might be worse. Nice, Monte Carlo. She lit a cigarette, trotting back and forth. She took up the sequin gown of memories, dulled and torn. Pack it with the others; with the blue dress Hal had insisted on buying her in Paris. Black was the only ——

"I say, Nita, where shall we go?" Hal, in his shirt sleeves, suspenders dangling, peered from the bathroom door, a razor brandished in midair. His face was a soapy mask from out which gleamed a bloodshot eye.

"Oh, anywhere." She brushed back strands of hair; needed another wave.

The old weary sense that there was no other way out—packing, traveling, boats, trains, new fields, fields that had grown again over the paths they had trodden.

Pull out the bureau drawers. There now, cigarette ashes over everything. Hal's passion for handkerchiefs and neckties was equaled only by the empty whisky bottles, of which he left a trail wherever they went.

Crinkly gold hairpins and whisky bottles—that was all they left of themselves in hotel rooms.

"You've made a holy mess of the place!" Hal again, peevish, poor dear, fumbling among piles of stuff on the bed.

"Leave those alone." With his great big clumsy hands he was upsetting everything.

"Hang it all, Nita, I want a necktie!"

"Well, there's one on the chair."

Drag out the black valise. She knelt before it. What a jumble! Two empty Haig & Haig bottles. Simply have to leave them in the closet. One, half full; orangewood sticks; a pencil, point broken; an unwrapped piece of soap; that shoe horn she had been looking for everywhere; some loose French francs jingling about. Under rumpled packing paper, the manuscript. Hal must have spilt some whisky on it. She held it, scrambling to her feet. Of all smudged, stained, forlorn bits of rubbish!

Hal, his face askew, his elbows crooked as he squeezed into one of his tight collars, turned to glare at it.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"Send it to your professor." Had to give him something for his three thousand! Then laughter came up in her as it had come to Hal.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" she gasped. Hal regarded her sourly.

The telephone. The bell joined in her last peal, cutting it short. Should they answer?

"Must be Marshall." Before she could stop him Hal took up the receiver. She stood at his shoulder, strained, listening.

"Who? Mr. who? . . . Antonides waiting downstairs? Be down in a moment."

Antonides! What did he want?

"Oh, Hal, why do you see him?"

"Have to," he answered shortly, jerking into his coat. "He said he'd wait if I wasn't ready." Pretended to hunt for a handkerchief. Too busy to look at her.

She followed him to the door. "Hal, be careful what you say. I don't trust that man."

He stood, dapper in his blue suit. How gray his hair had turned along the edges! "Don't you worry, old dear." He bent to kiss her, and was gone.

Empty, empty room with its elegance muddled by human things—bedclothes tossed, crumbs and ashes on the breakfast tray, trunk and valise yawning. Things—things on the little desk, on the bureau, on chairs. The reek of cigarettes. Water dripping in the bathroom, and towels flung about.

She should have gone down with Hal.

Dress quickly. She thrust the manuscript back into the bag. Finish packing later. She put on energy with her stockings and powder; courage with the red wings that helped her lips to smile. Now her black gaberdine with the leather trimmings, the leather-edged box coat. Better wear a hat and veil.

Trouble. She knew it as she hastened across the spacious lounge to where Hal and his visitor were sitting in a corner among palms and wicker furniture. At this hour the place was almost deserted. She passed an old man reading a paper; an American consulting a Baedeker; a bored couple sitting bolt upright, waiting for someone.

The two men rose, Antonides suave, Hal savage. The veins about his temples swelled purplish and throbbed.

"I say, Nita." He kept his voice down, trying for control. "Here's a bally joke on us." A joke he didn't relish, from his manner. "Our friend has an idea that I've made a fortune out of his manuscript. Perfect rot of course."

She had feared something like this. She sat down facing the Greek.

"You've read that absurd story in the Daily Mail?"

Under her veil her lips curled in obedient amusement.

Antonides waved his tiny hand with the horrid scarab ring. "It is the truth, is it not?" He spoke softly.

Better not deny too much. She met those smooth dark eyes with the deepening green of her own. "A very exaggerated story, Mr. Antonides. But even suppose"—she leaned forward—"suppose my husband did sell the manuscript for a little more than he paid for it. You got your price, didn't you?"

"My price—then."

Smiling he drew out a gold cigarette case. His small hand, soft as a woman's, held it out to her. Brown cigarettes, gold tipped.

Rather take poison.

Hal scowled, his fist heavy on the table. "You have no business ——"

The Greek turned slowly, still smiling. "No? But then, neither have you, major. You are very clever. Let us be frank. The manuscript may have come from Constantinople. I think I gave you that idea. It is worth something as an idea. This Doctor Marshall would be interested, would he not, to know where you got the story—and the manuscript?"

"Well?" Her voice hardened.

"D'you know what that fellow has had the infernal impudence to demand?" Hal burst out. "Eight hundred pounds! I told him I didn't have it."

"But you can get it—not so?"

Her eyes warned Hal, whose voice had risen. The old gentleman peered over his paper in their direction. The American strolled past them, staring.

Her foot tapped the floor. "Look here, Mr. Antonides," she said as quietly as she could. "We haven't any such sum. You have nothing—nothing," she repeated, "to gain from us."

The Greek rose with one of his supple movements. He stood stroking the silky wisp of his mustache as he gazed down at Hal. "Eight hundred, major. I do not know what arrangements you have made with Doctor Marshall and his rich, his generous friend, but let me advise you ——"

Hal glowered, red of eye. "You and your advice be damned!"

"Hal!" It didn't help any to curse the creature.

"Madame is more reasonable." He turned toward her. "Let me then advise you not to leave London—although the weather is bad at this season—until you make me that little—compensation. You would not get far." His voice grew sharper. "It would be disagreeable, not so, to be forced to return from Dieppe or Calais? You see, my friends"—his small white hand fluttered in a deprecating gesture—"I have nothing to lose this time. And I should feel it my duty to inform Doctor Marshall that I sold to the major a manuscript for what it is worth, forty pounds."

"You think you can stop us from leaving London?" She was on her feet, facing him.

His eyes were expressionless, as if painted on glass. "I regret—you cannot go without my knowing. I have friends in the hotel. And I shall also be watching—and waiting."

He bowed and turned away, threading among tables and chairs to sit down in an opposite corner.

Hal lit a cigarette, puffed, flung it down and ground his heel on it. "If that little rat thinks he can frighten me!"

But he knew and she knew that the Greek had meant what he said.

"Oh, Hal, don't be a fool! He's got us. We'll have to stay and see it through."

She rose wearily. Hal stood up beside her, tugging at his mustache.

(Continued on Page 73)

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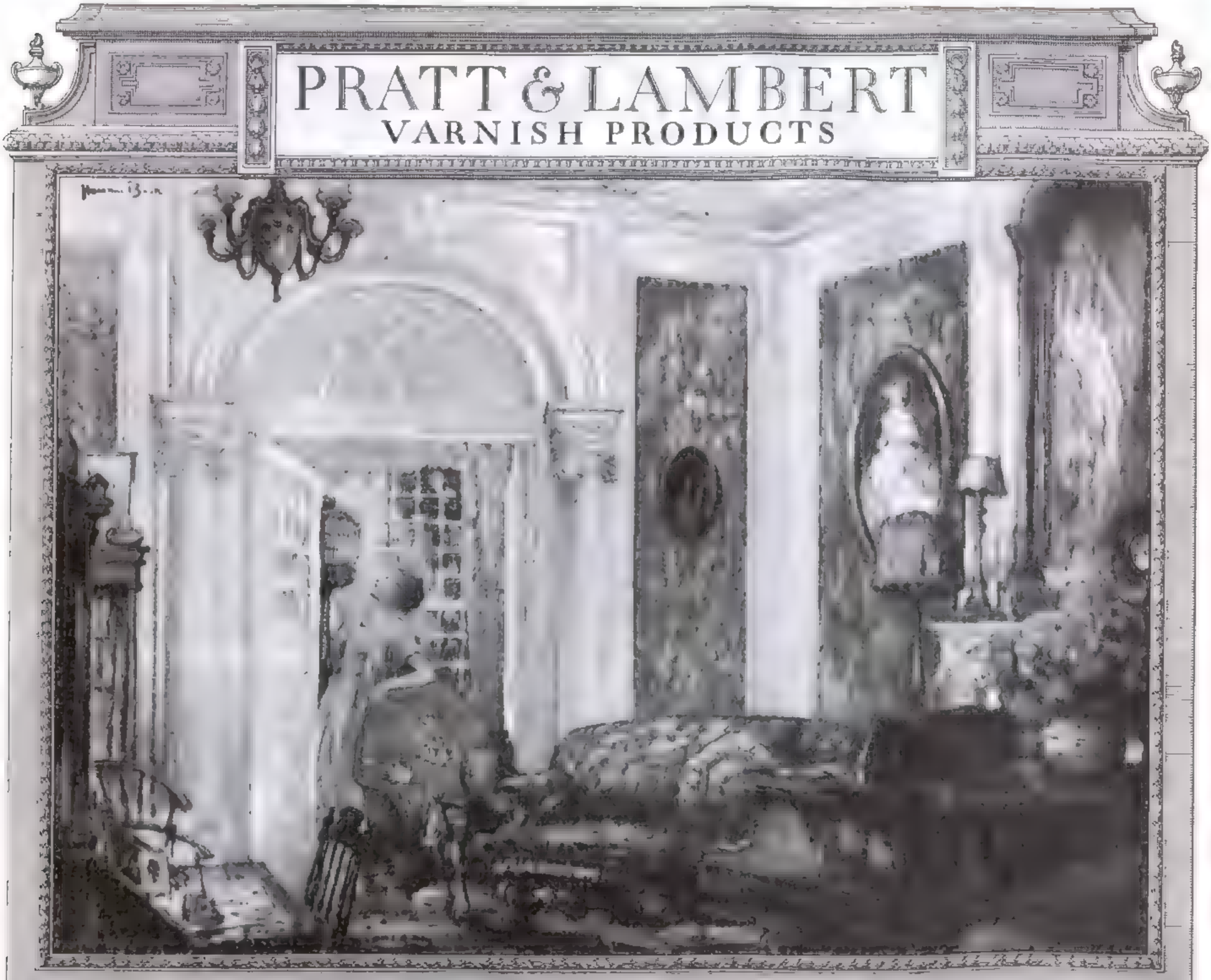

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W D -

(Continued from Page 70

"I'd like to wring his blinking neck."

As they crossed the lounge Antonides prepared to follow.

"Telephone, sir." A boy met Hal in the lobby.

Surely Marshall this time. "Remember, Hal. Hold on to yourself. I'll wait in our room."

She waited, restless, pacing to and fro. The room at least was in order, the bed made, the tray gone, the Daily Mail folded on the table. She read the article again. If Marshall held his tongue they might still ——

Hal's heavy hand opening the door.

"We're in for it," he groaned. "Marshall's all up in the air. Swears he saw my messenger on the street yesterday. Confound Antonides! What with that and the story getting out, the old boy's distracted."

"Will he talk?"

"Talk!" Hal mopped his brow. "Wish you could have heard him jabbering over the wire. I'm off to see him now. Do the best I can." He tramped to the window, wheeled around. "I say, old thing, shall we try and give Antonides the slip?"

Not a chance in the world. "Better not. We'll manage somehow." She tried to sound cheerful.

He grunted, took up his hat. She kissed him and let him go.

Nothing for it but to unpack. Everything out again on bed and chairs. Dresses and suits hanging in the closet once more. Take this opportunity to look over Hal's socks.

She sat down to her darning. In and out—out and in—the needle creeping. How ever had he worn through these new socks so soon? Oh, dear, think of being anchored to the Carlton Hotel by a beastly Latin manuscript. Antonides wouldn't hesitate, he wouldn't —— If she let the thing worry her those thin little bird claws would dig in deeper, and the red-winged lips sag.

Where was her sense of humor? As lost as the lost Verona, and not so easily found.

III

HAL said he had settled everything, and not to worry. All they had to do, he said, was to hold down Marshall, avoid publicity, and between now and the delivery of the manuscript, lose Antonides. A simple little program.

To begin with, he had only half convinced Marshall that he couldn't have seen in London a man who must now be on his way back from Constantinople. They could get in the police, Hal had gone so far as to propose. Of course an investigation would involve them in a most unpleasant matter of smuggling and bribery. However, if the professor wished ——

The professor, as Hal had expected, did not wish. He fell into a panic at the mere idea of compromising himself further. He cabled Slade not to give out any more information, and shut himself with the photographs in a study which had been lent to him in Dean's Court. Morning and afternoon he telephoned to ask if there were any news.

Meanwhile Antonides refused to be lost. One felt him everywhere in the smoky baffling pattern of London—dodging behind the lions of Trafalgar Square, blending in with the yellowish fog that webbed streets and gardens, padding along the embankment to the haunting sounds of the river. One felt him in the ordered spaces of the Carlton, dissembled behind drifting groups, screened by tables and plants.

There was always a chance that Marshall might catch another glimpse of him, for on the two occasions when Hal went to Dean's Court Antonides followed to linger in the shadow of the neighboring Abbey.

Hal returned from the second visit to report that he had found Marshall in a fearful state—beginning to doubt his own judgment, wondering if he hadn't made a mistake.

Hal flung himself at the valise, rattling papers and bottles. "The old boy looks as if he hadn't slept or eaten for a week. He just sits there poring over those photographs until he can't make any sense out of them. I couldn't myself, in his place."

Came the tinkle of bottle against glass.

She turned in her seat at the desk, where she was writing her monthly cheerful letter to her mother—all about the latest plays and the lovely things Hal had bought for her in London.

"Something's got to be done," Hal fretted. "Why, Nita, if I'd really found his blinking old lost Verona he wouldn't believe it." He set down his glass with an injured air.

Well, she couldn't help it. She went back to her letter. "Hal and I haven't done much sight-seeing. The weather has been so ——"

Thump-bank-creak. Hal marching to and fro, tugging at his mustache, muttering, taking up a book, opening and slamming it shut.

"Hal dear"—mildly—"I can't write if you ——"

Silence. He had settled down with a book. The scratch of a match. Cigar smoke hung in the air.

She wrote "Hal joins me in love. Affectionately ——"

There, that was done. He had left his bottle on the mantelpiece. Must put it away; rinse the glass.

"By Jove!" He sprang from his chair. "I've got it, Nita!"

"Got what?" She watched him anxiously from the bathroom door. Oh, dear he was having another inspiration!

He wouldn't tell her what it was. And presently he bustled out, his book under his arm.

Came two beastly days of Marshall, querulous on the telephone; of Antonides, sleek, smiling, dogging their footsteps.

At night the manuscript seemed to rise from its hiding place and come to sit like a monstrous weight on her chest. Nightmares in Latin. The darkness wriggled and swarmed with angular ciphers tumbling like elfish acrobats through her dreams. The ghost of Catullus haunted her from the domes of gigantic mosques.

Then one morning Hal came bounding back about lunch time, exultantly brandishing something that looked as if he might have fished it out of a scrap basket.

"This will fix the old boy, Nita!"

She felt cross. Here she had been waiting, dressed and idle for over two hours. "What on earth is it, Hal? A letter?"

"Clever girl!" He straddled in front of her, his head cocked on one side.

She took the thing—a sheet of parchment folded; more Latin!

"Where did you get it?"

"I made it."

"You made it! Oh, Hal!"

"Well, I didn't exactly make it," he admitted impatiently. "I got the idea from a letter in one of my books. Remember the book I was reading the other day? A chap I happen to know—used to be at Oxford; fact is, he was fired same time as I was—worked it out for me. Doesn't it look like the real thing, though?"

It looked, she thought, like more trouble. "What are you going to do with it?"

Well, he was going to pretend that the Turkish gentleman had sent it on by mail. It was supposed to have been found folded in with the manuscript.

She set it down on the table.

"I don't see the use ——"

"Look here, Nita." He followed her to the window. "You don't understand. It simply proves the manuscript to be genuine. Suppose a fellow in Florence, patron of letters like this Slade, wanted a copy of Catullus ——"

Catullus, Catullus—she was sick of the sound of Catullus.

Hal trailed her back to the table. "He'd have to borrow a manuscript to have it copied, wouldn't he?"

She supposed he would. She would even grant that the Verona people might have intrusted their precious Catullus to a messenger who never reached his destination, losing himself and the manuscript somewhere en route. But ——

"If you'll only listen, Nita." Hal grabbed up his masterpiece, glowing again with pride. "Here, I'll read the address in Latin so that you can hear how it sounds. And I'll translate the rest. Now the address goes like this: '*Ad Reverendum Patrem Bibliothecae Veronensis Praefectum* ——'"

Quite clever of him, really, to read Latin. Didn't doubt his cleverness so much as she feared it.

He gave a pompous imitation of Marshall.

"Now listen carefully, Nita, and you'll see the point. I'm translating, understand? Now! After the address, I begin: 'I am returning to you by a special trusty messenger the Catullus which you kindly allowed me to have in order that I might get a copy made for Calluchio, the Chancellor of Florence. Although my messenger will not have to pass through the disturbed regions of the city I have, nevertheless, ordered him to go thoroughly armed.' Then I put the signature. I looked it all up. 'Casparus de Broaspinis. A. D. 11 kal. decembr 1374.' Great stuff, that. Convince anybody"

Convincing enough, if you wanted to be convinced. But something warned her.

"I think it's wonderful, Hal. I don't see, though —— In two days now you can give him the manuscript. What's the use of this?"

That set him off. The use of it? Well, if she'd seen Marshall she'd know. This explained everything—how the manuscript had left Verona, and how the messenger had probably got into a fight. Hadn't she noticed that part about his going armed? He'd read a letter almost like it in his book. Only changed the names and dates. Here was a document proving that the manuscript must have been stolen by people who didn't know its value. Probably they passed it on to others, and so on, until, somehow, it reached Constantinople. Clear as day.

"And Marshall's getting it for nothing," Hal ended on a sulky note.

She had spoiled his planned effect, impaired his confidence. She put a hand on his arm. His face was all puckered and red with disappointment.

"Hal dear, let's wait, shall we? You can always use it at the last moment if you have to."

"Then I've gone to all the trouble ——" he muttered. "I tell you the old boy needs bucking up. Look at it, why don't you? I challenge any expert. Why, I'd be taken in myself!"

She didn't want to look at it. "Hal, will you do me a favor?" She clung to him, coaxing. "Let me keep it for you. If you really need it later ——"

"No!" he snapped, stubborn, frowning.

She loosened her hold and turned away; walked a few steps, head and shoulders drooping; felt him watching her.

"Why do you worry me so?"

She asked it of him wearily, trailing across the room to the window, where she stood staring out at the muggy sky.

"Have your own way then." Hal's voice, jerky, muffled. "I think it's bally rot. But I don't want you fussing and fretting. I say, Nita—don't!"

She was waiting for that, and flew to him, standing on tiptoe to give him a hug. "Dear old thing!" His bristly cheek scratched against hers.

He watched her moodily while she tucked it into her hand bag. Safest place she knew.

"Well, I don't answer for anything now," said he in the tone of one who has done his best. "We'll be in a pretty pickle, though, if Marshall balks at the last moment, and Antonides holds out for his money."

She tried for brightness. "Antonides wouldn't hold us in that case. Wait two more days anyway."

"Marshall hasn't telephoned, has he?" Hal pretended to be absorbed in his nails, wandered over to the bureau.

Why, so he hadn't. Bad sign.

Neither that evening nor the next morning did any word come. Something had to be done; that was evident. And Hal was too nervous to do it. He didn't say anything, but she knew what he was thinking. If on the high wave of confidence he had taken the letter to Marshall the situation might be very different now.

And tomorrow was the day, the twelfth day.

She waited until after lunch. Hal, silent, irritable, lay heavily on the bed. She covered him with a comforter. A nap would do him good.

Quick now—her hat, the large black velvet one. White gloves. She gave a last look in the mirror, tiptoed over to the bed.

"I'm going out to do an errand, dear. I'll be back soon."

He grunted, flopping over on his side. It wasn't like him to give in like this. She touched him lightly on the forehead, stole away.

IV

AN ANXIOUS plump little woman in black velvet, trotting along Whitehall. London seemed huger that afternoon, caught in the tarnished stuff of a mist almost palpable, through which people, drained of color, appeared to move more slowly—a brick-faced Tommy and his cockney sweetheart, a one-legged man selling postcards, with the white badge of ex-service on his cap, an athletic young girl in

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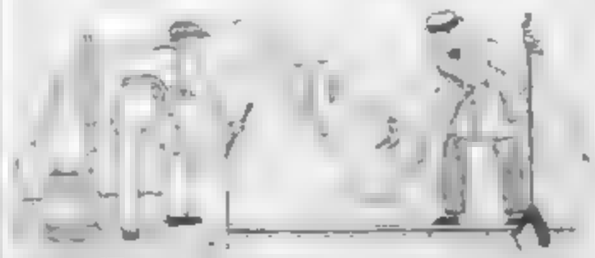

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**Booth's Chocolates, Elmira, N. Y.**

a felt hat and muffler, a middle-aged man who looked as if he had been baked in his clothes.

Big Ben struck full and rich. One—two—three. She thought of the bells of Florence, the bells of Paris. Every city had its bells. Wished now she had told Hal where she was going. Antonides, stationed in the hotel lobby, had bowed as she passed. His smile linked him with shady business, linked him with Hal. She shivered, glanced behind her. No, he hadn't followed. She stopped to ask her way. These English bobbies were handsome creatures.

Nearly there now. The bulk of the Abbey rose grim in the fog. Dean's Court must lie behind. She felt shy coming upon it.

Pinched trees on a wintry patch of ground. Stone under foot, stone hemming her in. No place, this, for Nita Brassington-Welsh. Hushed and bleak in the mist, a solemn row of houses eyed her austerely. If she didn't hurry she would turn back.

That narrow-shouldered one must be the house. An effort now to mount the steps. Smile at the porter. Up narrow stairs, wanly lit. Offices, a musty smell of papers.

The top floor and a door. She knocked. No answer, but you could hear the faint sound of papers rustling. She opened the door

"Mrs. Brassington-Welsh! How very kind! You must excuse me; I haven't been feeling well."

The professor bobbed up, startled, from a big littered desk. In the focused rays of a low-hanging green-shaded lamp his mustache looked like a dripping blot of ink. He wore over his eyes a green thing that resembled the visor of a jockey's cap. He pushed it higher on his bulging white forehead as, hurriedly, he advanced.

"Why, Doctor Marshall!" Her prepared brightness was lost in the small stuffy room. No wonder the man was half dead, mooning in here. "We were worried about you."

She stood, not knowing quite what to do while he groped for a chair. It smelt of old books and stale tobacco. Someone ought to take care of him. It was really a shame ——

"I don't suppose you have any news?" His eyes, behind their glasses, blinked, watery, red rimmed.

Poor worried old thing! She thought of the letter in her hand bag, hesitated.

"I can't really make out these photographs. You see, the readings are so different from any other of the manuscripts, and so near what I have always believed the lost Verona ——" He moved around to his desk, nervously shufting papers. "But they are so different; I'm afraid, too different. I don't know any more; I don't know." His voice sounded wispier than ever in this room of dusty books and papers.

Perhaps Hal was right after all. Her fingers moved at the catch of her bag.

"You see these?" He grubbed about in the litter, pushed a sheaf of cables toward her. "From my colleagues. Most upsetting to be congratulated before —— I don't know; I don't really know. I told your husband I was almost sure I saw the man, the messenger. Since then I haven't had a moment's peace."

Should she? She drew out the parchment letter, leaned forward impulsively.

"Hal told me to give you this, Doctor Marshall." No going back now. "He got it by mail this morning from Constantinople. It's a letter found with the manuscript. He thought ——"

Marshall was up from his desk, standing beside her. His hand trembled as he took the thing.

She sank back in the shabby leather chair, stared at an emptied milk glass on the edge of the desk; horrid stuff. Had she done right? Had she?

How still he was! He must have read it through by now.

He had turned and was groping for the window. She saw him—a dingy little figure in loosely fitting black, outlined against the sickly light. She wasn't afraid. But strangely her heart stirred, seemed to pull her toward him.

"Doctor Marshall."

He didn't answer.

"Doctor Marshall." The room closed in, stifling. She rose quickly, crossed over, touched his arm.

He didn't look at her. "This letter isn't genuine." He spoke in a queer tired voice, staring out at the looming gray towers of the Abbey.

"Not genuine? But, Doctor Marshall ——"

No, she couldn't pretend. Her throat went dry and tight.

"The date is wrong. Calluchio wasn't ——" The thin voice broke off. His gesture was hopeless. "It's a flagrant clumsy forgery. You say your husband got this from Constantinople?"

She could only nod, plucking at her bag.

"My child, this is a great blow to me; a great blow." He walked unsteadily to his desk, bent over the photographs. "I've made a mistake," he said. "The letter wouldn't have been necessary if ——"

An old man, broken and weary, he sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands.

She stood wavering beside him, caught with this old man in the hoary dust of some tragedy beyond her. All for a manuscript, just a manuscript. She hadn't understood, hadn't realized.

If he had only turned on Hal as others had turned before! How little and mean she felt! She and Hal—what were they but adventurers, sad adventurers, taking advantage of a credulous old man? No word of comfort to give him. She slid to her knees, took his poor cold fingers in hers.

"I'm sorry!"

"Don't worry, my dear, don't worry." He tried to pat her hand. "It isn't your fault. I should have known."

Words were hot within, beating, pressing to be out. No, she couldn't give Hal away.

"I'm sorry."

But he had forgotten her. She heard him like a far-away little wind sighing. "A laughing stock—never get back after this—my whole life ——"

It did mean his life. She saw that now. He had staked his professional reputation. And she had thought it a joke!

What was that? Voices in the hall. Hal's voice raised, arguing.

The professor didn't move. She stumbled to her feet.

Someone pounded on the door. Hal burst in, brandishing a flat parcel. Behind him, before he could bang the door to, slipped the Greek.

"Hello! Hello! Didn't know you were here, Nita. Professor ——" Hal plunged through the stillness as through a paper hoop. "I've got something here you'll be glad to see. My messenger arrived a day earlier." And he turned to glare at Antonides.

That's what came of leaving him alone. He hadn't been able to wait. He wasn't going to wait now. He snapped the string of his parcel in a way that meant business.

"Listen to me!" her voice whipped out.

The professor tried to rise, sank limply back in his chair.

End it; end it once for all.

"The manuscript is worth nothing." She stood very still, facing them.

"What?" Hal was in no mood for shocks.

She could deal with him. Between them there was always that awareness, as of a language known only to themselves. But Antonides!

She lifted her head. She felt the Greek, dark and foreign, uneasy. Her eyes met those smooth shiny ones. He had moved, edging nearer to the door.

"Hal, we can't let the professor suffer. He—we've made a mistake. You'll pay back that money, won't you? You'll want to do that." It was all she could think of. The very least they could do.

"I couldn't allow ——" came faintly from Marshall.

Ah, but Hal would pay it back. He didn't understand yet. When he did ——

Antonides understood, though. His hand was on the knob of the door.

He had nothing to gain, and he knew it. "Mr. Antonides, you'd better go. You see ——"

He saw. The door opened, shut softly.

"I say—but Nita ——" Hal wasn't going to give up so easily. The moment Antonides left, he thought—poor old Hal!—that she had played for just this. She had helped so often before.

And now with the Greek gone, and his assurance recovered, he pranced forward.

"Hal, the letter ——"

But with one of his handsome gestures he had unwrapped the manuscript, thrust it into Marshall's hand. "Take my word for it, doctor ——"

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Oh, don't!"

The old man under the green-shaded lamp mechanically fingered the pages.

With a sob she took Hal's arm. "My dear, don't you understand yet?" She drew him into the shadows by the window.

"I gave him the letter," she whispered. "He knew right away."

Hal whistled, then was curiously still, staring out at the gaunt black trees, the masses of stone.

Suddenly she felt him close. "Nita, old girl, don't you worry. We'll manage."

"Hal dear, it isn't that; it doesn't matter about us."

A shrill cry whirled them around. Marshall, deathly white, stood wavering under the light, a hand flattened on the manuscript, the other gripping the table.

Oh, he mustn't break down! She started for him.

But now she saw him more clearly, transfigured. He was pointing down at the page. What was he saying?

Catullus—Catullus—the most extraordinary ——

Then Hal's voice, booming, filled the room. Hal's hand, swung high, the big heavy palm descending on the straightened old shoulders.

"Knew it all along, sir! There you are! If ever you need to find any more manuscripts you come to me. It's the biggest ——"

And Marshall's voice, tremulous: "You had faith, major. I didn't see how I could have made a mistake. But I ——"

Faith! An odd kind of faith when even now she could hardly believe —— So it was real! They hadn't thought of that. They had thought of everything else.

Marshall's voice went on and on. She didn't need to listen. She wanted to feel proud. For once she and Hal ——

The professor smiled at her.

A great tenderness, a warmth filled her and made all things seem right. She went to him and took his hand in both of hers.

"Oh, I'm so glad! If you knew how glad!" And she looked up into his face.

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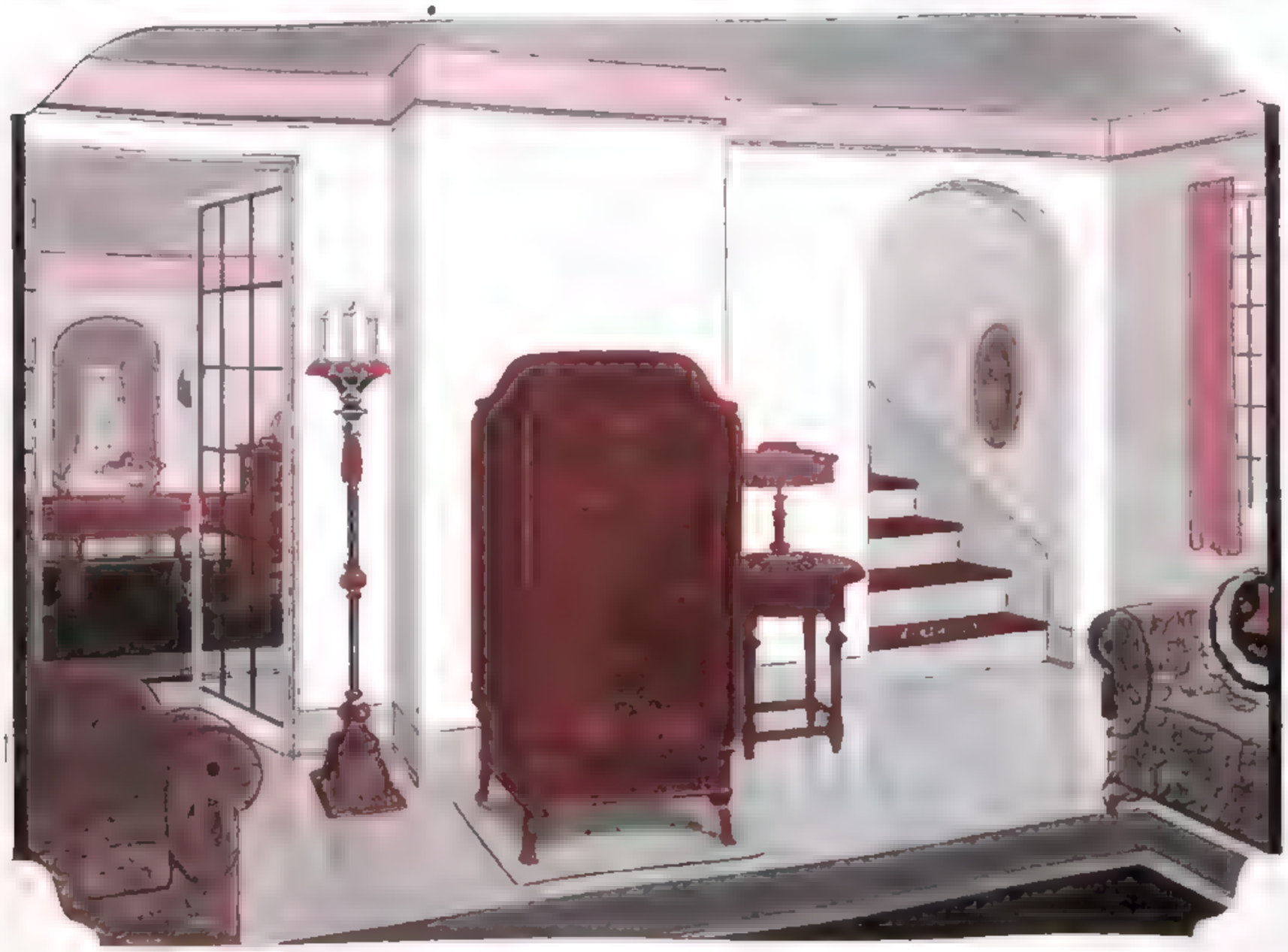

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

### *Soldiers of Fortune*

IT WOULD take an old man to remember back as far as the time when the world was not going to the demnition bowwows. Old men of today easily can remember the time when their fathers turned them loose in the world with four dollars and the paternal blessing and admitted with tears that now there were fewer opportunities than in the days when they themselves were boys. Of course, the world does go on one way or another, and no doubt there are just as many opportunities today as there ever were. The Bolshevists of Russia have proved that rather conclusively, for instance. The great question is that of distribution; in other words, the problem of getting ours.

None the less, I fancy that most of us will agree that twenty, thirty or forty years ago there was more opportunity in the American West for a man who had no money than there is in the same country today, unless he operates on a nonpartisan basis. I can remember that country when it might indeed have been called a land of opportunity for all; when a man could, without detriment to himself, his character or his future, shift from one calling to another until he found the right one. I remember distinctly, and it perhaps has been mentioned in these columns, a sign which I used to see on a raw-board front of a shack out in a Kansas town: "John Blank, Attorney at Law. Life and Fire Insurance. Collections Attended To at All Hours. Fresh Ohio Cider." That sign carries much perspective.

The shifting and drifting earlier population of the frontier, as I saw it, had under it a great deal of the spirit of chance, luck and adventure. I have lived in a settlement of three or four hundred souls where there were not more than three or four women. We really did not ask questions of one another, so I am ignorant of the personal history of many of the men I knew there, for whom my regard never has ceased. They were good men, almost all of them; and I presume that almost all of them were, in one or another sense, soldiers of fortune.

Rather curiously, there has just now come to hand, through the offices of a friend, certain correspondence written by an officer of the United States Army, whose name in the circumstances it might not be delicate to give. In effect, it practically is the diary of an old-timer, a former inhabitant of the American West, who is not ashamed to refer to himself as a soldier of fortune. As the little running record of reminiscence so fully covers the early westward drift of young men in the days before the frontier passed, and as it has a great deal to do with precisely that part of the Southwest where I once lived, I cannot refrain from making a little résumé for the sake of auld lang syne, as well as for the sake of the story. The personal phase must be disregarded wholly.

The communication, which was addressed to my friend, himself also at one time a soldier of fortune in the Southwest, located the first scenes of the author's life in Minnesota. He graduated from a country school at the age of thirteen and went to work on the farm. He inherited that strange ambition for education which is the birthright of the real American stock, and always was determined to have a college education. He went to work with this in view as one of a party of engineers surveying the early lines of the Great Northern Railway. He also was with the astronomical party of the Northern Boundary Commission which in coöperation with the British Government, established the boundary line between the United States and Canada from the Lake of the Woods west to the Rocky Mountains.

The American survey parties were escorted by two troops of General Custer's famous Seventh Cavalry and one company of infantry, as at that time they were working in a country abounding with Indians as well as wild game. They withstood two Indian attacks and one attempt to burn them out by means of a prairie fire during a gale of wind.

Clinging to the main idea, our friend in 1874 began to study medicine at St. Paul, Minnesota. In 1876 and 1877 he attended lectures in the Chicago Medical College. This wiped out his savings, and as graduation then meant two courses of lectures at a medical college, he had to get something to sweeten the kitty. He now went West at just about the time when there occurred that strange wave of successors to the trappers and skin hunters of the plains—the thousands of well-born, intelligent and dead-broke young men who went West to grow up with the country in the wake of law and order. Many or most of them were soldiers of fortune. I can name a score of such men of my own acquaintance. I was one of them myself!

Our young man opened his first office at Deadwood, South Dakota, in May, 1877. Deadwood was at that time about as wild as mining camps ever get, but there seemed to be not much use for a doctor, mortality being usually too sudden. Our hero, with a party of three other adventurers, got together a trail outfit and struck south through Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, as far as Santa Fé. They passed through hostile Indian country almost all the way, and had to stand guard every night, of course. They seem to have wandered through the country just for to see and to admire, as so many young men did in those days.

This party, from Trinidad, followed the old Santa Fé Trail. There was no railroad beyond Trinidad at that time. From Santa Fé two of the party started to Arizona, and the other two, including the writer of our letter, struck southeast across New Mexico toward the Pecos River. Here they got into my own old country.

This statement means nothing to one who has not seen that country in the old times. It was then a wild, free and open land, in the days of the open cattle range. It seems to have been a vague purpose on the part of these two young men to find old John Chisum, the old cow king who later was involved in the famous Lincoln County war of New Mexico, who controlled the Pecos Valley from Roswell to Fort Sumner, and then some. Chisum had accumulated a trifle of more than a hundred thousand head of cattle. Our young heroes thought possibly they could get some cattle of him and run them on shares.

In October of 1877 they arrived at old Fort Sumner, on the Pecos River. When I last saw Fort Sumner it was a wreck and a ruin. That was when Pat Garrett and I stood on the crumbled walls of the house where Garrett killed Billy the Kid. I don't know but there found place in these columns at an earlier day a picture of old Fort Sumner as it once was. Our soldier of fortune has this to say about it:

"We arrived at Sumner, I think, in October, 1877, and I shall never forget that beautiful spot. We approached through a beautiful avenue of cottonwoods, with vast orchards of peach trees loaded with ripe fruit and vineyards with the famous mission grapes extending in every direction. Tons of fruit were rotting on the ground. The fort was then owned and occupied by what was left of the famous Maxwell family. While we were pitching camp at a beautiful site on the banks of the Pecos a little, wizened, dried-up American came from the houses to investigate us as was customary when strangers passed, which was not very often in those days. I cannot remember the old chap's name, but he was an old retainer of the Maxwells', and had formerly been a great jockey in the palmy days of the senior Maxwell. He soon learned that I was a medico, and in a very few minutes a married daughter of Maxwell came and requested me to come at once and see if I could help one of her brothers. This was my first case in New Mexico. I accompanied her and found William Maxwell practically breathing his last with about the worst case of confluent smallpox I had ever seen. Nothing could be done, and he lived but a short time.

"We rested up there for several days, and the entire family were exceptionally nice to us. I had a supply of vaccine, and used a lot of it there. I got well acquainted with the youngest daughter. I cannot remember her name, but she was about fifteen and a beauty, and was the magnet that was the final undoing of Billy the Kid. She would change her dress several times a day she always wore silk—and with a chaperon parade up and down near our camp, usually pretending she did not see us. Our short visit at Bosque Redondo was my first introduction to social life in the country, and I sure enjoyed it, although I couldn't speak a word of Spanish then. I learned that later."

It seems that the great John Chisum thought he could run the cow business pretty well by himself, and did not want to take in any partners. He was a very decent old scout, however, and offered to add the two newcomers to his army of cowboys, they to take their wages in calves. This was the basis on which he had employed Billy the Kid and others of his cowboys. The real cause of the bloody Lincoln County war was the falling out between the Kid and a few others and John Chisum, whom they accused of not toting fair with them.

Our young adventurers were advised by Chisum to go up into the Panhandle of Texas. He said it was then full of smallpox, and would be a fine place for a young doctor. Our young medico concluded to be a doctor, and not a cowboy. Chisum staked them for fresh beef and ammunition, and they struck out for Tascosa, then the only settlement in the Panhandle. There were then only two white women in the Panhandle. Tascosa also boasted a few stores, a blacksmith shop and a few Mexican adobes.

Unhappily, however, the smallpox played out, and there was nothing for our medico to do except turn cowboy, after all. He threw in with the Bates and Beals outfit, and in the course of a year, what with wages and cow punching, and savings from foot races and poker—all of which industries he practiced faithfully—he got together about fifteen hundred dollars and hit the trail for Las Vegas, New Mexico. He thinks he struck that town about 1878, which was about a couple of years before the time I first saw it.

While eating Thanksgiving dinner in 1877 in a buffalo hunting camp, on the present town site of Amarillo, they met Billy the Kid and three or four men, all famous desperadoes—John Middleton, Big-Foot Tom, Indian Brown—who had picked up about one hundred and fifty horses in New Mexico. There was no law in the Panhandle at that time, so these outlaws, as they now technically needed to be classed, were practically safe.

As showing the strange state of society that existed in that country at that time, when the laws were personally construed by each man for himself, it may be stated that the cattlemen met these young outlaws on a peaceable basis. Horses were needed in the Panhandle, and here were horses. Billy the Kid kept good order in his party, ruling them with a rod of iron, and they sold, traded and gambled in horses all that winter.

The Kid was about seventeen or eighteen years of age at that time, and our soldier of fortune became very well acquainted with that other soldier of fortune, and learned to like him very much. It seems that in a poker game our friend won a lady's watch, and Billy offered to buy it. The owner made him a present of it, and the Kid gave it to the young sister of Pete Maxwell, with whom he was much infatuated. Our writer here renews the story which I also heard about the Kid in New Mexico, and as he knew the Kid so well personally, he no doubt speaks with authority. He says that if it had not been for the girl the Kid would have taken the advice of his friends and would have pulled out for South America or Old Mexico. Of him our writer says, taking a viewpoint which was by no means unusual in that country, "Everybody I ever knew in the Panhandle was the Kid's friend. He was forced into outlawry by circumstances over which he had no control."

Even to-day Billy the Kid has friends in that country. In order to understand that, one must understand the very thin line which divided law and order in the old times. There never was a more interesting land to live in. I miss it, even now, after forty years.

Billy the Kid had a fine chestnut race horse that he called Dandy Dick. Not to

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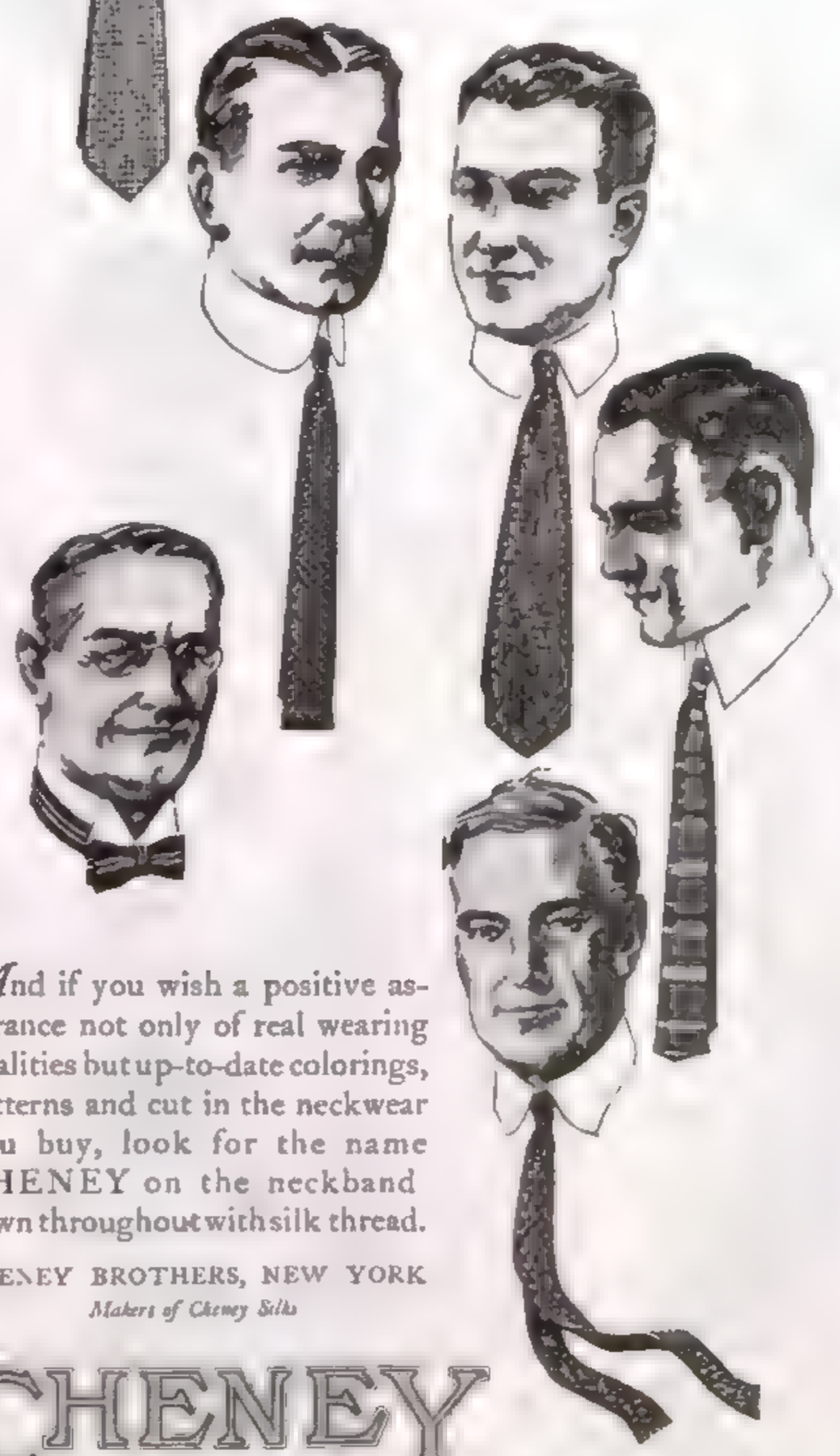

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be outdone in generosity, he made a present of this horse to the man who had given him the watch; and it was this horse which the young doctor rode up to Las Vegas. In order to protect the new owner, the Kid gave to him a bill of sale, a photograph of which has been sent to me. Regarding this photograph, our historian writes:

"I don't believe there is any question but that my bill of sale, written by Billy the Kid himself, is the only specimen of his handwriting in existence. It shows that he had some education. I knew him intimately for many months. He discussed his career with me from every standpoint many times, and I know that while he has a record for killing a man for every year of his life—twenty-two—it was all forced on him.

"This photo is signed W. H. Bonney, which was Billy the Kid's real name. The witnesses to the signature, James E. McMasters and George J. Howard, were of the firm Howard & McMasters, who owned the largest store in Tascosa. Their names on my bill of sale made it perfectly safe for me. Howard was formerly a deputy or sheriff in New Mexico, and had a reputation as a gunman. They were both fine chaps, as real men went in those days."

Speaking of a book called The Story of the Outlaw, which covered many of the incidents of the life of Billy the Kid, the writer of our little biography expresses great interest in the experience of another old-timer, and wonders how much inside information was obtained. He then goes forward with his own story, which I offer, thus extended, as a very human document of curious historical interest.

Las Vegas in 1878 was mostly Spanish. The great Hot Springs Hotel, built by the Santa Fe Railroad and later burned down, was not then completed, and the railroad was just dawning. Our young hero, with his fifteen hundred dollars, which he had picked up as the first practicing physician in the Panhandle—with a few side lines—put up at the old Exchange Hotel, in what we used to call the old town of Las Vegas. Everybody played a few cards in those days, and in a week our hero was broke, thanks to the hotel faro game. Being too proud to write home for money, he next went in with a civil engineer, and they laid off the new town of Las Vegas which you today may see—across the Rio Gallinas from the old town. I recall that there used to be a sort of no-man's land between those cities, where it was not especially safe to walk at night.

If there be any man disposed to scoff at the sign of the Kansas lawyer who had cider for sale, let him continue the record of our soldier of fortune. Since he could not pay his board bill, the owner of the hotel offered him a job at keeping bar at sixty dollars a month and board. He had no real equipment as a member of the bar on the farther side, but his late engineer partner told him that there were only four drinks much in demand—whisky toddy, the cocktail, the gin fizz and the sherry cobbler. In a few moments our hero learned how to make these, and he started out as a bartender with a little description of each drink on a paper up his sleeve. When in doubt he would quietly consult the paper until such time as practice made him more perfect.

He tended bar for six weeks, when the postmaster of Las Vegas came and offered him a job at one hundred and fifty dollars a month, explaining that he himself had been offered the management of the new hotel out at Hot Springs. The hotel owner then offered him one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month to stick at the bar. It now appeared that the net receipts of the bar were running about ten times what they formerly had. The postmaster figured that anyone that was safe at a bar would be safe handling United States money orders and currency. In any case, our hero took on the place in the post office, which paid him one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Just to show that honesty is a good policy, it may be added that his record as a bartender had been so good that he was not asked to give a bond in the post office.

About that same post office in Las Vegas, I recall that it was one of the places where I got one of my first shocks as a tenderfoot. There was a man with a large red nose behind the window, whom I now believe to have been the original postmaster himself. I wanted a two-cent postage stamp, and gave him a nickel. He gave me the stamp and no change. When, with Eastern thrift, I asked for the change, he replied contentiously that he did not know of any place west of the Missouri River where they had pennies. It never occurred to either of us that he might have given me at least one more stamp. In those days a shave cost twenty-five cents or fifty cents, and a newspaper cost twenty-five cents, or two bits, as we called it in the West.

Our hero now concluded to go into medicine again, or nearly into it. The leading druggist in Las Vegas staked him to an outfit for a drug store and a partnership, and he freighted it by bull train from the Santa Fé to Bernalillo, New Mexico, which was then ahead of the railroad. I shall let him tell of his own adventures in that charming old land of sunshine which I once knew myself:

"I was very successful at Bernalillo—was made postmaster there in addition to my drug business and practice. In a short time I bought out Herbert, my partner, and was in active practice at that place, one of the wealthiest cities in New Mexico at that period, until the fall of 1881, when I disposed of my holdings and returned to the north to graduate, finishing up in Columbus, Ohio, at what is now the medical department of the Ohio University.

"While in the Southwest from 1877 to 1881 I encountered a world of adventure, among which was the lynching of two men on the windmill in the Plaza in the old town of Las Vegas, my friend leading the Vigilantes; later four at the same spot; later two at Bernalillo and four at Albuquerque. I was well acquainted with Pat Garrett, who after his famous career was murdered near El Paso, where I practiced from 1906 to 1910. His lovely daughter, Elizabeth, who was blind from birth, sang for me at an entertainment I gave my father and mother who were visiting me at El Paso in May, 1907. She had a beautiful voice.

"While in the post office in Las Vegas the stage on the old Barlow & Sanderson line was held up twice not far from the city on the way from Santa Fé, and the mail robbed, as well as the passengers. Two years later some dishonest officials put up a job on an innocent man and actually convicted him at the court in Santa Fé of the crimes, and he was waiting for sentence, which for that offense was life imprisonment, when his lawyer accidentally met me at Bernalillo, and the information I handed him quickly resulted in a new trial. I was the star witness, and my testimony resulted in his acquittal.

"The bunch were so enraged at losing the enormous reward they thought they had pulled off that they arranged to have me shot down as I left the courthouse, but fortunately a former mail-contractor friend of mine, whom I had known in the Panhandle and later when in the post office at Las Vegas, accidentally learned of it through some Mexican friend of his, grabbed my arm as I left the witness stand and hurried me through the crowd to a side entrance that finally brought us through some rear rooms to an entrance on another street. Otherwise I wouldn't be telling this story in 1920. My friend's name was Teats, and I learned from some old-timer somewhere a few years ago that he was still living, not far from El Paso."

At that time Gen. Lew Wallace was governor of New Mexico, and our writer knew him and met him frequently. By this time Billy the Kid had been captured, after the Rock House fight, by Pat Garrett, sheriff of Lincoln County, and was in jail at Santa Fé, where our writer saw him. He saw him again for the last time at Bernalillo, in charge of two deputies, Ollinger and Bell, both of whom he later killed in front of the courthouse at Lincoln, New Mexico. Then the Kid went off on his last desperate trail, and Garrett killed him in Pete Maxwell's house at old Fort Sumner.

Just for to see and to admire! Such were some of the adventures of a young doctor in the early West, in the times when a man might be any one of several things, and get by with it. Life in those days was hardly like beginning at the foot of the ladder in a bank and staying on one stool till you got to be president. But that these drifters were not men of weak character—but indeed usually the contrary—we may perhaps attest by following out the later life and adventures of our narrator herein, after he had gone back to the States.

After graduating in medicine in March, 1882, he returned to St. Paul and took up the practice of medicine. Prior to 1898 he was commissioner of health in that city,

(Continued on Page 80)

# Projected Selling
## —the new way to increase your farm trade

LIVE merchants are no longer content to serve only those customers who visit their stores. Ambitious clerks have learned that selling ability has no value when there are no customers to sell.

These merchants, these clerks, have developed the new way to increase farm trade—projected selling.

That means simply the projecting of your store into the rural homes, taking your merchandise to the farm families instead of waiting for them to come to you, anticipating their wants and creating new desires.

Automobile and farm implement dealers get most of their business this way. Now merchants in other lines—clothing, hardware, jewelry, lumber, even groceries—are following their example.

### *How the plan works*

A jeweler says, "In the early Fall I spend a few days every week in visiting the leading farm homes hereabout. I take with me a selection of jewelry and Gruen watches—just a few good items. My sales more than pay me for the time employed, and the farmer is so pleased with this attention that usually he becomes a permanent customer."

A hardware dealer says, "One of my clerks, two days each week, uses a small truck, taking out merchandise and demonstrating it in farm homes. I pay him a small commission in addition to his salary, and he almost doubles his income as a result."

A woman's wear dealer reports, "Projected selling pays. I make up a portfolio of photographs of new coats and suits, and have one of my young ladies call and show it to the farm women in their homes."

Try projected selling for your store! To insure its success, select from the list below articles which you carry, take along a copy of Farm & Fireside, and open your talk by calling attention to the advertisements of these products in Farm & Fireside.

You will find many homes where Farm & Fireside is a regular visitor and where these advertisements have already inspired an interest in the merchandise you have to show.

Merchants in all lines are finding that this great national farm magazine is a business-building force which it pays to tie to. The products advertised in it are sure to be the ones best known and easiest to sell. Projected selling of these products as suggested above is increasing farm trade. Window displays of these products, coupled with a sign, "As Advertised in Farm & Fireside," bring greater results.

### *$25 for an idea*

Probably you have some good ideas of your own as to how retail merchants can get more sales by co-operating with Farm & Fireside advertising. For any such idea, plan, or scheme that we can use we will pay $25.

To merchants who like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, Woman's Home Companion
The American Magazine, Collier's, The
National Weekly, The Mentor

## TIE *to these products advertised in*

# FARM & FIRESIDE

*The National Farm Magazine*

Absorbine
Advance Brake Lining
All-Weather Corduroys
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Barrett Everlastic Roofing
Burpee Seeds
Chevrolet Cars
Champion Spark Plugs
Clothcraft Clothes
Columbia Dry Batteries
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Dodge Cars
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators
Devoe Paints
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-A-Ce-A
Du Pont Products
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlight Battery
Freesone
Gillette Razors
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
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Ingersoll Watches
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Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
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Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries
Planet Jr Implements
Potash
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Red Baby Speed Trucks
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Shaler Vulcanizer
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Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
Titan 10-20 Tractor
Union Carbide
U. S. Tires
Viko Aluminum Utensils
Waterbury Watches
Wear Ever Utensils
Whiting-Adams Brushes
Wright Bias Fold Tape

# Watch This Column

VIRGINIA VALLI is a sweet, lovable, old-fashioned girl. And that is a high compliment in these bobbed-hair, flapper days. Photoplay Magazine says "she has all the unconscious charm of modest and unpretentious womanhood and is simple, serene and sincere." I like the description, because it's true.

VIRGINIA VALLI

Aside from these rare, feminine attributes, she has proved herself a remarkable actress. In UNIVERSAL'S great screen version of "The Storm" she easily shared the honors with HOUSE PETERS and MATT MOORE, to whom fame was an old story. Now I have signed her for a long-term contract and am proud to tell about it.

Watch this old-fashioned girl in future productions and see what real charm and real ability can do. At present she is working with Lon Chaney in a UNIVERSAL-JEWEL entitled "Bittersweet," and later on she will appear opposite REGINALD DENNY in Jack London's famous story, "The Abysmal Brute."

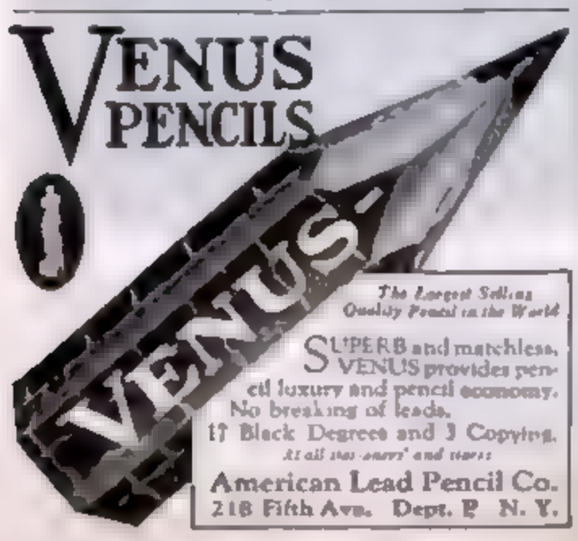
Again you are reminded of the great things UNIVERSAL is doing and of the further fact that you can't see all that is good in motion-pictures if you don't see UNIVERSALS.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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The Largest Selling Quality Pencil in the World
SUPERB and matchless, VENUS provides pencil luxury and pencil economy. No breaking of leads.
17 Black Degrees and 3 Copying.
At all stationers' and stores
American Lead Pencil Co.
218 Fifth Ave. Dept. P N. Y.


(Continued from Page 78)

and served in that capacity for nine years. He had a fine practice, and in 1893 became chief surgeon of the Great Northern railway lines, including the Eastern Minnesota and the Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railways.

He was now back home at the old farm, which he had left at the age of sixteen. He held his railway position until the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, when he volunteered and was commissioned major and chief surgeon, and ordered to Chickamauga for duty. He helped lay out the new camp at Anniston, Alabama. In the fall of 1898 all of the seventeen officers of the medical corps of that rank were mustered out of service excepting three, our author being one of these. In the following year he was ordered to the Philippines and served as chief surgeon on the staff of the late Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur. He was in the Aguinaldo campaign, was wounded and sent home on sick leave, but returned to service in 1899. He personally participated in more than twenty-five battles and engagements, was often under fire and was the only chief surgeon wounded on the battlefield in the Spanish-American War or the Philippine insurrection. Mustered out in 1902, after four years of field service, he was recommended by President Roosevelt for a brevet lieutenant colonelcy.

If you please, yonder was a very honorable record for one of those drifters, soldiers of fortune—the sort sometimes called ne'er-do-wells—of whom I met and loved so many in my own earlier years on what was then left of the old frontier. This man I did not meet in the Southwest, and I am patching up his story from his letters to me and to another old-timer—who also was in the Spanish Southwest and knew old Fort Sumner and other ports of missing men in those days—himself now one of the best-known fiction writers we have, although not much of his work has been confined to what may be called the Wild West school. Those who knew most of the Wild West seem to have written least of it. I do not know of one early Western man who is doing any early West movie work today. In a personal letter to this writer, however, our soldier of fortune—and I think he may now be given that name without any disrespect, and of right—writes to me with further details which connected him with yet other exciting events. As to this, I think I shall quote him direct:

"I am going to give you a bit of aftermath of the famous Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery in 1876. There were eight in that bunch of bandits, Jesse and Frank James, the three Younger boys, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwick and another whose name I have forgotten. A medical student named Wheeler, then but a youngster—later Great Northern surgeon at Grand Forks, North Dakota—shot and killed Bill Chadwick and this other man whose name I have forgotten, from a second-story window across the street from the bank. The other six robbers rode out of town and separated, the James boys going one way and the three Youngers, with Charley Pitts, taking a diverging direction. The latter bunch were rounded up in a swamp by citizens and officers, well shot to pieces. It was here that Charley Pitts was killed.

"I studied medicine with one of my uncles at St. Paul, the late Dr. John H. Murphy, a famous surgeon, who was at that time surgeon-general of Minnesota on the governor's staff, who had Mr. Charles Pitts embalmed and placed in the capitol building at St. Paul, where he remained several days. In those days dissecting material was scarce as compared to now. My uncle had Pitts placed in a large barrelful of preserving fluid and put away for me to dissect when I came home from Rush Medical College, Chicago, where I was taking my first course of lectures—session 1876–7. I arrived in March, 1877, and in company with quite a class of students there we dissected the body. It was a splendid specimen of physical development, and I decided to keep the skeleton and have it mounted for my offices when I finished.

"As I was educating myself, I arranged to start for the Black Hills, where there was a great rush to the then new gold fields, hang out a shingle and do my best to earn enough to finish at college. What to do about Mr. P.? I soon solved that point by getting a good sized shoe box, in which I carefully packed all the bones, and after adding a few weighty rocks I nailed it up, and with one of my brothers loaded it into a light wagon, drove to Lake Como—now a part of the beautiful Como Park of St. Paul—transferred it to a boat, finally sinking it at about the center of the western arm of the lake. The idea was to bleach the bones for some time and then mount them. I left for Deadwood May 1, 1877, expecting to be gone not longer than a year, but instead I did not return for five.

"In a couple of years, from drainage and the like, Lake Como began to dry up. Later, one fall when Como was first frozen over, a young farmer living on the shore started with a spear, hatchet, and so on, on his annual first-freeze hunt after muskrats. While crossing the lake he noticed the corner of a box slightly protruding through the ice, so knocked a small piece of it off and saw it was filled with bones. When he got home he told the family of his find and offered the suggestion that it was a favorite dog they had recently lost. His father, being wiser, took an ax and, as the entire end of the box was removed, a human skull rolled out—to their horror.

"This meant murder, as bullet holes were in mute evidence in various places among the bones. Coroner's inquest, detectives, newspaper reporters, *et al.*, failed to solve the mystery, until my brother learned of the tragedy, quietly told the story to my uncle, who soon exploded the great murder bubble and took the bones. His coachman cached them upstairs in the stable, where they were to await my return.

"All this naturally resulted in more or less newspaper publicity, even getting into Chicago and St. Louis papers. Shortly after a letter came addressed to me at St. Paul, postmarked at some small town in Missouri, which was forwarded to me in New Mexico by my father. It was an illiterate affair, but a warning that the writer would 'git yer soon fer treeten the body of por Charley pitts lik a dog.' I am still alive very much, but where, oh, where is he?"

Just for to see and to admire! Our autobiographer who gives us this frank personal and historical document is now living at Long Beach, California. I suppose if he had started in at the foot of the ladder in some big commercial institution he might, perhaps, be president now. But he would have missed a lot of fun—believe you me, he would!

### *Other Early Trails*

ALL the way from Yakima, Washington, comes a fine, big story, translated from the French of a frontier father. It is called The First Canadian Woman in the Northwest, and I may not discount its value by a review, since it may perhaps find publication elsewhere some time. It tells in matter-of-fact way the story of a healthy young French girl of Quebec, long, long ago, who fell victim to the charms of a *voyageur* of the fur trade, who came back from the Far Northwest to his home village and carried away by storm the romantic heart of the girl who heard of his tales of the borders. Here you have all the story of the fur trade in the old times, its hardships, its starvation, its adventure. Here you learn of how a frontier woman reared her family on the border, in the Red River country before that was our country, in the days before the Riel rebellion of the half-breeds. Fine reading, and historically valuable. I wish I could print it all.

Comes another series of manuscripts from a friend in Duluth, Minnesota, embodying yet more border history. This is the story of Capt. Jack Hart, who died in 1919, leaving to this correspondent his personal belongings and making him his literary executor.

Jack Hart scouted for Custer for eight years. He was in the Quantrell raid on Lawrence, Kansas, and was one of the survivors of Sandy Forsyth's nine-day battle of the Arickaree. He knew Jack Stilwell, who killed Chief Roman Nose in that fight. Still earlier he was a friend of Kit Carson, and was an intimate friend also of Buffalo Bill, Henry Inman and others. He was with Wild Bill Hickok when he killed Jack Strawhan in Tom Drum's saloon in Deadwood, and the bullet which killed Strawhan passed close to Hart's face.

Hart was one of the Pony Express riders at one time. He worked for old John Chisum, the cattle king of the Pecos, and laid out part of the Chisum cattle trail from the Salt Fork of the Red River to the Canadian. That was the most westerly of the cattle trails at that time, and led to Abilene and Ellsworth, Kansas. Hart scouted out the location of Fort Sill, showing it to Generals Hazen and Grearson. It was from Fort Sill that the first party of exploration started for what now is Yellowstone Park. He was courier for Gen. A. J. Smith in 1865, and was official interpreter among the Comanches. That tribe presented him what was called their Masonic apron, which he got fifty-five years ago and which he says was old when he got it. It was recognized among other tribes.

In Newton, Kansas, eleven men were killed in one night, among these Tom King, the town marshal. Hart also was shot in this fight, and he killed the man who killed King. My correspondent has both of Hart's old six-shooters, a .45 and a .44, the latter his right-hand gun. It has four notches on the handle.

Hart appears to be one of the men of the border who was in the middle of things, but who never got into the publicity end of it. I don't doubt he was a far more valid man than a great many of the fakers who became better known. I am glad to pay him so much tribute here, and hope that his record, with that of more and more of these old-timers, may find permanent embodiment somewhere between covers.

Yet another letter blows in, this time from Idaho, and from a man whom once I mentioned in these columns as having been taken captive by the Indians on the Sun River in early times—one of the band who mixed some wolf poison in flour which the Indians had taken from them, with the result that they made about a dozen good Indians pretty pronto. This friend writes:

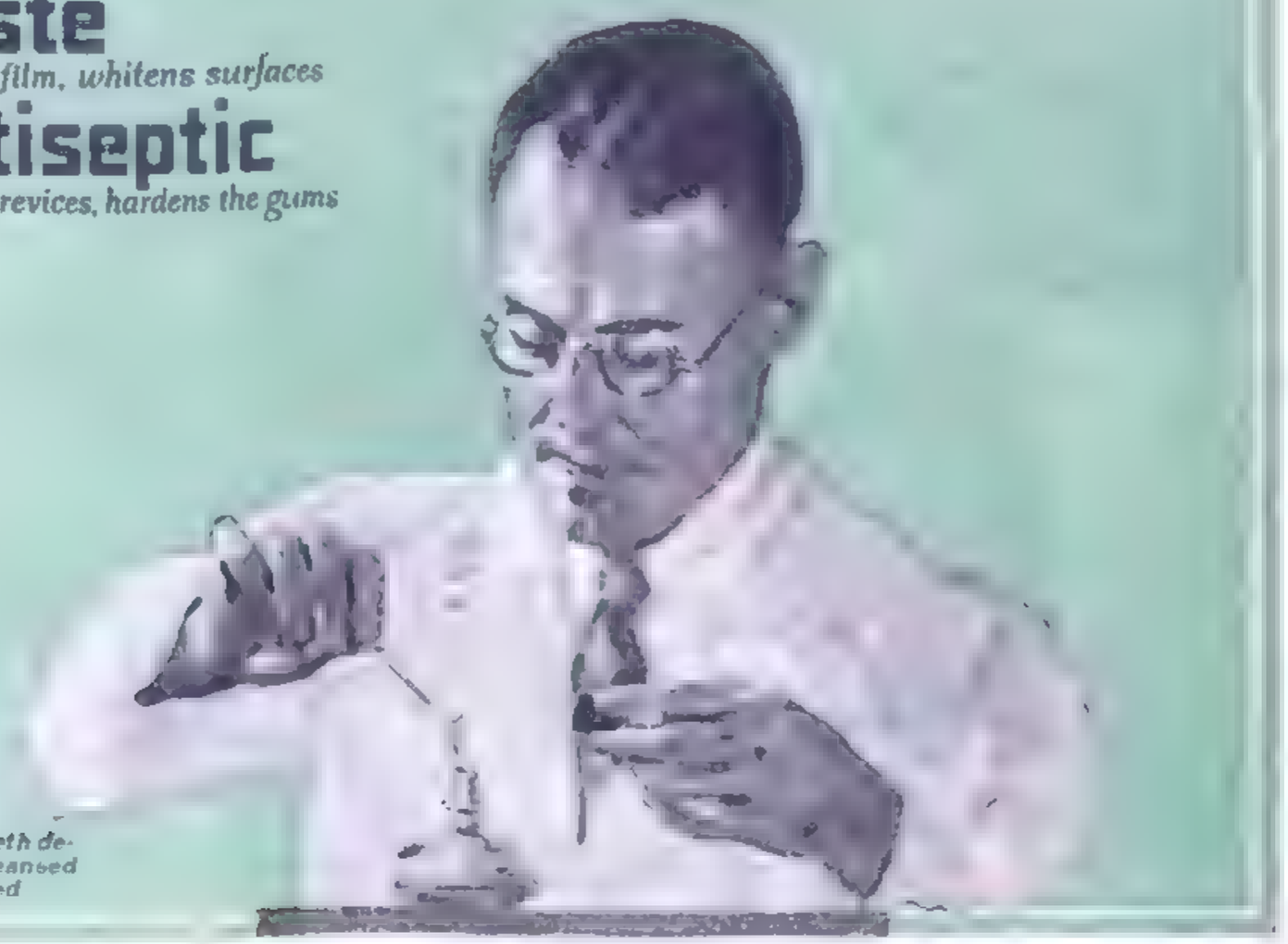
"I wish you could meet us as one of the old pioneers at one of our banquets and hear the old-timers tell stories of adventure which never will be recorded. At one time, when the old-timers at the end of their banquet would join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne, we could only circle in a hundred-foot room, and now the eight survivors of us could circle in an eight-foot room—I wonder if I will be the last. I am proud to be one of the Montana pioneers. They were all good men, at least they were all one hundred per cent American, and they all spoke United States."

Now *use both!*

**SANITOL**

**Tooth Paste**
*–removes film, whitens surfaces*

**Liquid Antiseptic**
*–purifies crevices, hardens the gums*



*For years dentists found teeth decaying because not wholly cleansed —something more was needed*

# *This is why Dentists say* USE BOTH!

ALL that stands between you and beautiful teeth is a yellowing film. Beneath this dingy coating your teeth are even now *naturally* white. Nature started us with white enamel. If you are losing it, see how Sanitol Tooth Paste clears away the unsightly film.

But dentists are no longer satisfied with keeping teeth clean and white on the *surfaces*. They want clean, sweet, sound crevices and healthy gums as well.

## *Use both!*

Most decay starts in the crevices between teeth where stubby tooth-brush bristles cannot reach. Teeth may be clean on the surface and at the same time subject to decay in between.

Flush out fermenting shreds of food. Stop the development of acids in the unbrushable crevices. Use Liquid Antiseptic. How healthy and firm it will make your gums!

## *Restoring whiteness*

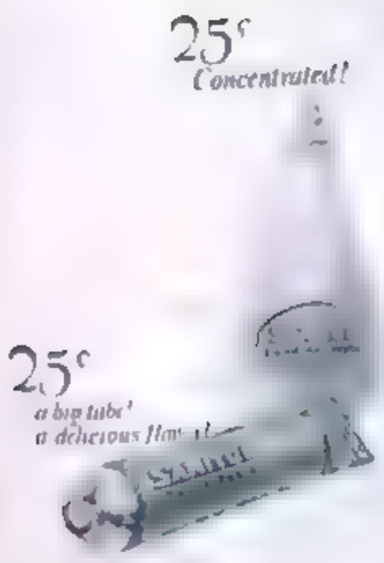
Underneath the film are your white teeth. The glycerine in Sanitol Tooth Paste softens the film and the dental chalk in Sanitol completely clears it away. In this simple, direct, scientific way you restore the whiteness.

Glycerine, chemically pure, comprises one-third of Sanitol Tooth Paste. It is one of the greatest three solvents. It *softens* the film.

Dental chalk is a precipitated powder—very fine. It is the safest and most thorough tooth-cleansing agent known to dental science. Dental chalk forms one-half of Sanitol Tooth Paste. It is smooth, uniform and gritless.

Try Sanitol. See how quickly and thoroughly it cleans away the softened film and whitens your teeth.

Watch Sanitol Tooth Paste cream snowy-white and fragrant on your brush. Enjoy its piquant pep-permintiness.




*Stopping crevice-decay*

SANITOL LIQUID ANTISEPTIC works on the principle that a fluid can flow where tooth-brush bristles cannot penetrate.

It floods in and purifies every nook and crevice, rendering inaccessible cramped spaces between teeth sweet and clean. It bathes the entire mouth in healing, purifying antiseptics. The gums are hardened with an astringent action and made healthy and firm by the soothing essential oils and antiseptics.

Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic tones up, stimulates, cools and refreshes the entire mouth. It leaves you with an after-feel of *perfect* and *complete* mouth-cleanliness. It sweetens the breath and acts as a soothing antiseptic gargle for the throat. A few drops make a strong antiseptic solution.

## *Happy results*

Step into your day's work with that freshened-up, exhilarating Sanitol after-feel. Be conscious of clean *crevices* and healthy gums as well as beautiful white *surfaces*. Watch your teeth as the natural whiteness of enamel, temporarily hidden by film, soon reappears.

*Free! Two Samples*—write to Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis.

*Makers of the famous Sanitol Tooth Powder and other toilet preparations*

Why Spend what Kalamazoo Buyers Save?
Get Manufacturer's Prices on Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces
Peerless Combination Gas and Coal Range
Pipeless Furnaces
$52.95 and up

OVER 400 000 satisfied customers have saved money on the Kalamazoo Direct-to-You Plan. Why should you spend what they save?

Figure it out for yourself—who can make prices as low as the manufacturer? No matter where you buy your range, furnace or stove, someone must first get it from the factory. Why don't you get the wholesale manufacturer's price and save money?

**Send for Our Catalog**

A postal will do. This is our 21st Anniversary. We are celebrating with lower prices. We bought our iron and raw materials when the market was low—you get the benefit. Our catalog shows over 50 styles and sizes of Kalamazoo ranges—shows our beautiful new blue and gray porcelain enamel combination gas and coal ranges, heaters, etc. Also shows Kalamazoo Pipeless Furnaces from $52.95 and up.

**Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Thirty days' trial. Cash or easy payment. 24 hour shipments.**

Also get our low prices on [illegible] other farm and home necessities.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Ask for Catalog No. 153.
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Household Necessity

TO GUARD against dangerous germs that cause disease use

CREOLIN-PEARSON

*The Household Disinfectant*

For Creolin is recognized as a reliable disinfectant and antiseptic for household use.

At your druggist's

*Write today for*
*Home Book on Sanitation*
*(new edition—sent free)*

MERCK & CO., 47 Park Place, New York

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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### *Making It Snappy*

THE late A. Toxen Worm, of New York, Paris and Copenhagen, came from a very aristocratic and distinguished Danish family. His grandfather had a summer home near Copenhagen, adjoining the grounds of the royal family. The ruling house of Denmark, being related to most of the other European dynasties, frequently entertained princes at this summer palace, and the youthful members of the Worm family struck up intimate friendships with their neighbors. Toxen became quite intimate in this way with the present King of Denmark.

It will be recalled that just after the close of the European War the Danish socialists started a number of disturbances. At this time Mr. Worm was in charge of the Shubert theatrical interests in Boston. One morning while a friend was calling at his office a messenger brought in a cablegram. Mr. Worm read it and handed it over to his caller. It was from the King of Denmark, thanking Mr. Worm for his cabled expression of interest in the political difficulties, and assuring him that all was now quiet once more in the kingdom.

"What did you cable him?" the caller asked.

"Oh, I just said 'Don't weaken, kid,'" Mr. Worm replied.

### *Practically No Escape*

AS A PRESENT to their first baby Major Henry Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, who moved to New York from Spartanburg, South Carolina, were given a fancy bred Pekingese dog. They moved out to the country for the summer; and sent for Sallie, the old negro cook, to come up and look after the baby and Ming Toy, the dog.

Ming Toy had never seen a cat before. So, when a big tomcat came to the back porch Ming Toy, in the strongest bark he knew, promptly bayed the cat, showing great bravery for such a foolish-looking dog. Sallie looked out the back door.

"Ming Toy," she advised, "lemme tell you sump'n. You'd better quit yore projekin' wid dat tomcat. Fust thing you know, 'at cat's gwine to git mad and 'at ain't gwine to be no place for no dog laik you. Ef'n 'at ole cat gits started he's gwine turn you ever' way—but loose!"

### *Pity the Poor Box-Office Man*

A STORY is told of Sarah Bernhardt during a tour of this country, shortly before she was operated upon. Thinking it might really be her farewell appearance in America she gave her entire repertoire; and it was so extensive, and the time was so limited, that she was acting not only every evening but giving a matinée each day in the week except Fridays.

The American company then playing Madame X was most anxious to see the great Frenchwoman in that play; and a request was sent that she give one matinée—which of necessity would have to fall upon her one free afternoon. Horrified, her manager refused to approach his star; but finally, after much pressure, he was induced to do so. Timidly he went to her, and then came back, a look of bewilderment and awe upon his face. Yes, madame would consent! Everyone was speechless.

The man in the box office heard of it. "Say!" he cried out, "a matinée on Friday? What does that woman think I'm made of, eh?"

### *Comparisons*

MIDDLE-AGED SCHOOL-TEACHER: Johnny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Here you are only in the sixth grade! When Warren G. Harding was your age he was in his last year of high school.

JOHNNY: Yes, sir. And when he was your age he was President of the United States!

### *Mistaken Assumption*

AN ARISTOCRATIC lady through force of circumstances was obliged to board a trolley one afternoon. She sat stiffly on the edge of the seat, with her well-bred nose held high in the air, disdainfully looking neither to the right nor to the left.

The conductor rambling through the car collecting fares was enjoying a quiet chew, and as he passed the lady he spat with much force and gusto on the floor near her feet.

A workingman sitting beside her became highly excited and with much concern he turned to her.

"Say," he inquired, "that must 'a' splashed on yer leg?"

The aristocratic lady coldly glanced at him.

"Sir," she distantly exclaimed, "I did not come into this car to be insulted."

"Neither did I," he agreed. "If he spits again we'll both git off."

### *The Feathered Flivver*

TOMMY, aged three, is city-reared, and is therefore better acquainted with the habits of the mechanical horse than of real Dobbin, and many other real things, including barnyard fowls in their live state; so when he went to visit his Aunt Madge in the country he was horrified one day to find her in the back yard, busily engaged in translating a chicken from the aforementioned state into the realm of the frying pan; that is, she was wringing its neck.

Tommy fled, gasping, to his mother, crying, "Oh, mamma! Come see! Aunt Madge is cranking the chicken!"

### *A Wise Driver*

CORNELIUS COLE, the first United States senator from California, is living in Los Angeles, hale and hearty, at the age of one hundred. Mr. Cole tells a story of the old coaching days, when a certain Pete McCoy, one of the most skillful of the old stage drivers, operated a conveyance that made a circuit of Deadwood, Carbonate, Spearfish and Bear Gulch. Pete was famous for his fast, furious, daring driving.

One day Pete tore into Carbonate on his usual dead run. Up to the hotel door clattered the stage. There, suddenly, as it stopped, one of the four horses fell dead.

"Kinder sudden, that, Pete," said a bystander.

"Nuthin' sudden about it," said Pete. "That hoss died at the top of the hill, ten miles back; but I wasn't goin' to let him down until I got to th' reg'lar stoppin' place."

### *No Question About It*

A BIG gangling country boy joined the Pittsburgh ball club in the spring as a recruit outfielder. Up to his discovery by a big-league scout this player had never traveled outside his immediate locality; had never stopped at hotels.

One day on the training trip when the team was playing exhibition games in several small cities and towns on the way North they stopped at an old-fashioned American-plan hotel.

The waiter came around, taking the orders. He listened attentively as the recruit told him what he wanted.

"Yas, air," he nodded when the ball-player finished. "Will you have coffee, tea or milk?"

"You're damn right I will," declared the young man most emphatically.

### *Why They Put in Extra Seats*

THE heavy attendance at the World's Series baseball games is sometimes puzzling to those who do not observe the situation closely. They overlook the tickets that may be counted a year before the event. For instance, there are the 1933 fans who were off baseball for life when Judge Landis suspended Babe Ruth the last time. Added to the 1256 who said they would never go to another game because the suspension was not serious enough, these insured a heavy demand for the box seats. They arrived at the first game soon after the gates opened, but they found ahead of them the 5000 disgusted patrons who swore last year that they knew the series was fixed. Just behind these sat the 5000 others who had argued the question with them as they fought their war going home on the cars.

In the less expensive seats at the first game were 10,000 fans from other big-league cities who were so sore when their own clubs did not win pennants that they said they would never spend another dollar on baseball. Scattered through the stands were 15,000 home-town fans who last July asked high heaven to witness that their team was the worst collection of ivory-headed bushers ever assembled, and asked Providence to strike them dead if they ever attended another game.

# Few Stoves Wear Out. They *Rust* Out.

And the oven is usually the first thing to go—literally eaten away by rust, *from the inside, out!*

This destructive rust starts with moisture from cooking, which accumulates on the top and sides of the oven lining. Then, slowly but surely, twenty-four hours a day, it eats away the very vitals of your costly range.

You can easily prevent the ravages of rust by treating your oven regularly with

## 3-in-One *The High Quality Household Oil*

Keep handy a cloth saturated with 3-in-One. After using your oven, wipe the inside with this cloth It will take only a moment and will add years to the life of your range.

3-in-One also keeps the outside clean and new looking—the plain metal and nickeled parts rustless, the enameled and painted surfaces shining bright. Oil the burner handles.

Use 3-in-One to prevent rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces indoors or out. Also oil all the light mechanisms about the house with 3-in-One for smooth, easy, squeakless operation.

It's all pure oil, gritless, greaseless. Won't gum or become rancid. On the market for 27 years; today the most widely used bottled oil in the world.

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Please send Sample and Dictionary of Uses.

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City State

# Black Streets are Back Streets

Let no merchant whose shop faces on a poorly lighted street persuade himself that this is a small matter, even if he does close his doors at nightfall! People learn to avoid his street at night, and they unconsciously obey the same instinct in daylight.

Let no citizen whose community still does without modern street lighting believe that such denial is in the interests of true civic economy; for the well-lighted towns are the well-liked towns; and the real gains in values and business that follow the installation of modern street-lighting equipment offset its very low cost many times over.

And what about the benefits that modern street-lighting brings to *all* the people in a community?

It means safety for women and children who must traverse the streets alone after nightfall; the prevention of many painful and costly and even serious accidents; the enhancement of property values and the betterment of living conditions.

Does the highwayman select a well-lighted street for his operations? There is more for the overworked policeman to do in one poorly lighted block than in four that are properly illuminated.

Citizens who foster a movement for modern street-lighting nearly always find a lot of favorable opinion ready to crystallize at the first suggestion. Usually, too, they encounter objectors. But the facts themselves are impressive enough to meet every honest objection.

And the facts are available to anyone who wants them. They will be supplied fully and promptly to any good citizen who will address the Illuminating Engineering Bureau of the Westinghouse Companies at any Westinghouse office.

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*Offices in all Principal Cities* • *Representatives Everywhere*

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

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# THE SONG BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 27)

By simplicity of melody I mean a little tune that any layman can remember well enough to pick out on the piano with one finger. Just notice sometimes the tunes that a boy or girl tries to pick out the first time he or she gets a guitar or a mandolin and you will understand what I mean.

Recently we have had to republish many of the old-time songs because of their simple melody. We printed thousands of them for the soldiers. Among these are such as Sweet Rosie O'Grady, Little Annie Rooney, Daisy Bell, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, Paradise Alley, The Bowery, There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, and so on. There are dozens of them.

Many correspondents write to ask us which is the more important in a song, the words or the music. That is a continual source of argument among professionals. Both are absolutely essential. Moreover, they must exactly fit. The words must suggest the tune, and if you hear the tune it must suggest the words. The perfect coordination of the two makes a song.

Personally I have never written the words of a song. I devise the tunes. If the tune is simple and catchy it will suggest to an experienced lyric writer the words—anyway, the thought.

A waltz tune generally suggests something dreamy, something about love, moonlight, gliding shadows, and so on. A march tune suggests something snappy or martial. A jazz tune suggests humor. The new plaintive note that was first put into jazz by Irving Berlin—and I consider him the great creator of modern jazz—often suggests pathos. If a writer gets both humor and pathos into a song he has hit the bull's-eye squarely in the center.

It does not follow that the tune always suggests the words. The opposite is just as often the case. I have written many a tune to a set of verses. In fact, I believe the words more often suggest the tune than the other way around. That is particularly true of musical comedies.

### Famous Song-Writing Teams

But we must have both working together. Unfortunately very few song writers can do both the words and the music. As a result they work in pairs, forming partnerships that become famous. Though a few geniuses have been able to write both words and music, the great majority of popular songs are turned out by teams.

Of the old-timers, for example, Cobb and Edwards started a great series of songs, beginning with School Days, Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by, and so on. Cobb wrote the words.

That team made a specialty of kid songs for years.

Williams and Van Alstyne started a fad of ballads with In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. Incidentally there is a story to the effect that they wrote that song first as a sort of burlesque on funny old ballads. They tried it out for the amusement of a party of sophisticated song writers one night in their apartment. It went so well that they were advised really to put it on the market. They made a small sized fortune out of it and immediately began writing others. Harry Williams was the word writer and Van Alstyne did the music.

Madden and Morse started a fad of march songs, their big money-maker being Blue Bells. Right there, by the way, is a way to illustrate what I mean by words suggesting the tune. Just say the words, "Blue Bells, My Blue Bells," and the old air will come to you instantly. It fitted.

Paul Dresser, one of the few who wrote both words and music, was the nearest to Stephen Foster as the father of the American ballad. Foster, you will remember, wrote Way Down Upon the Swanee River, My Old Kentucky Home, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, and others. Oddly enough, he knew very little about the Southern country of which he wrote.

Paul Dresser wrote an enormous number of ballads, nearly all successful. Some of them are sung to this day. Among dozens of big money makers he wrote The Pardon Came Too Late, Just Tell Them That You Saw Me, and so on.

Charles K. Harris had a great run of tear jerkers, starting with After the Ball.

As you may have observed from this, songs run in fads. For a few months they will all be comedy songs. Then they will be sad ballads, march songs and waltzes.

The amateur song writer tries to catch these fads, but is always a few months late. The amateurs usually select for a theme the most obvious thing in the world long after it has been laid on the shelf by others. They have an idea that a song on what is being talked about in the newspapers is sure to be a hit. I have received in the last two months more than a hundred songs written about the flapper. Spring is always a dandy theme for them. But they don't stop there.

When Roosevelt ran for president on the Moose ticket we had thousands of songs sent in about Good Boy, Teddy, You Are So Brave. When he went to Africa we got great stacks of manuscripts on When Teddy Comes Marching Home.

In a few months, after the baseball season is over, we'll get reams of baseball songs, naming the particular hero on the home team of the author.

Sir Thomas Lipton was always good for a thousand amateur efforts. After the yacht races the tone of most of these songs would be Lipton, Come Again, and Our Country Loves You, Sir Thomas.

This would naturally suggest yachting songs about the bounding main: Spread Out Your White Wings —— Well, just follow this out and you can think up a hundred.

It might surprise you to know that war songs are still coming in. There is no estimating the number of war songs that poured in on the publishers toward the end of the war. But the amateurs got in too late. The professionals also worked overtime on war songs. And out of all this stuff I think I am safe in saying that we did not have a dozen good songs about the war in the whole United States.

Even the sophisticated song writer falls down on what appears to him and to others a great song at times. We never know why it fails.

One of our most finished song writers wrote a piece about a little tin soldier and a little rag doll. The lyric was exquisite and the melody was sweet. Everybody thought it would be a knock-out. It was tried and retried, but it simply would not take hold. Later he sent it to England, where it was interpolated in a musical show then at the height of its run. The song took immediately and went big in England. Some time after that the show was produced in America with the song still in it. Both the show and the song flopped. There was no way of figuring that. All kinds of theories were suggested, but as yet no one has put his finger on the weak spot.

In mentioning song-writing teams I have merely cited a few old-timers. I would like to mention more modern ones, but the list would take up this entire article. I expect to be told of hundreds I have overlooked.

### The New Mammy Songs

There are any number of teams and firms turning out mammy songs right now, and some of them are corkers. At the present moment the mammy songs are the fad, though I have never been able to write one. From the way they are coming in, though, it seems to me that about every third or fourth person in the United States is at this moment thinking up sad sweet thoughts about crooning mammies. The fact that there are no old-fashioned mammies, and these writers never saw one anyway, makes no difference.

A colored-mammy song, as a rule, must be written about Alabama or Tennessee, because both of those words rime easily and have many syllables. Alabama, for instance, has four syllables and can be made to fit most any form of melody or time.

One Michigan song writer, amateur, sent us a lovely thing the other day about orange-blossom time in Tennessee. Another had what she thought was a catchy idea about the Alabama coconut palm.

A contribution that got the biggest smile in our place was a ragtime song dealing with steamboating on the old Swanee. Have you ever seen the Swanee River?

After playing so many songs about it I took a trip down South once and had a look at it. At places this song champion of all rivers wasn't twenty feet wide. I walked across it on a foot log.

Occasionally there comes a shift and the song-writing mind turns to the snow girls of the Saskatchewan. That sounds good right off. Saskatchewan is another of those four-syllable words that are simply duck soup for the lyric writer.

The arrangement of a song is very definite in formula. You may vary the idea, but you cannot well vary the construction. To begin with, the writer of the words must be very direct. He must hit the auditor in the very first verse with his theme. The verses should be short and the chorus long. All the catch lines must be limited to the chorus, everything being aimed at the last two lines

This catch line is all-important. In the vernacular of the trade, the catch line is called the wow. Naturally, therefore, the chorus must be written first, a sort of target to shoot at with the verses. To make this clear take the old song In the Good Old Summer Time. Now the writer tells a little story in the verse which finally brings the singer down to the wow—which is to say, the climax. Something or other will happen, just as the verse has said—In the Good Old Summer Time

A song must tell a story. The verses introduce the atmosphere, just as the introduction to a fiction story, the kick coming in the chorus—the dénouement. In a story the climax is the finish, but not in a song. The chorus appears at the end of the first verse as a climax and is then used as a target to shoot at from all directions, with different treatments in the form of verses. It is like the hub of a wagon wheel with the spokes, as verses, pointing towards it.

### Correctness Only Secondary

If the amateur will try to remember this crude attempt at illustration I am sure it will be of help when he or she begins to construct a song.

Never mind how coarse or crude a song may be, it must be poetic in thought. They hate to be told so, but song writers are all sort of poets at heart—just as temperamental too. My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, for example, is a song that has been remembered for years. If the writer had written My Bonnie Lives Over the Ocean I doubt if it would ever have got by the first reader.

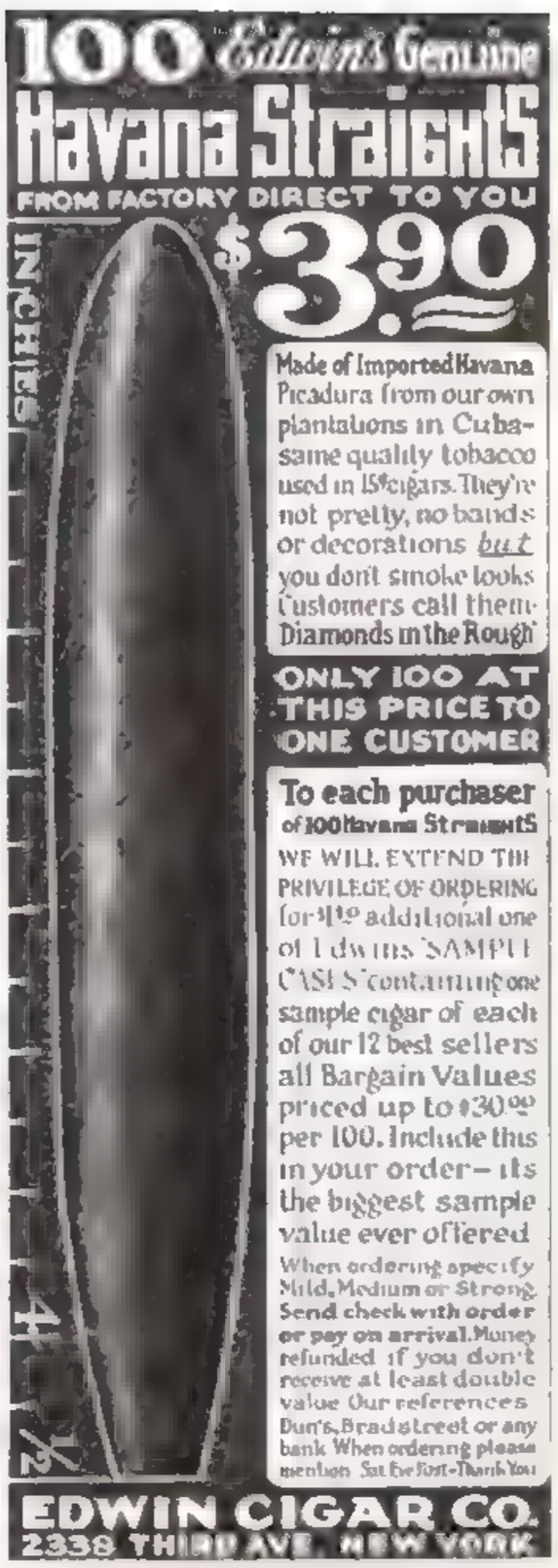
Of late we have tried to clean up the English in our songs and make them more grammatical. We can't always do that, however. "You and Me" might fit the rhythm much better than "You and I." If so we let it go. Good English is a nice thing, but we cannot let it interfere with the smoothness of a song. That also applies to riming. Writers make some execrable rimes at times in songs. They look terrible to the eye, but often sound all right when sung. We are often joshed about this in the papers, but literary critics should remember that a song is not a literary effort. We have had some very successful songs which made no sense at all when analyzed. If you want to enjoy them I would suggest that you don't analyze. I have even known newspaper criticisms that would not be so amusing to read if analyzed.

The profits from song writing and song publishing are not nearly so large as the public has been led to believe by the fake advertisers. The cases of sudden fortune are exceptional. A song writer may make ten thousand dollars this year, but he may not average four thousand for the next five years. The lean years are not brought to the attention of the public.

The chances are that I know every professional song writer of any standing in New York—99 per cent of them live in New York. In preparing this article I have talked to a number of them, old and young. We came to the conclusion that the average income of song writers of standing is not more than five thousand dollars a year. I am referring to those who have written big successes at some time or other.

Successful or well-known song writers are paid on a royalty basis. If we accept a manuscript from some outsider we usually pay a lump sum for all rights and make what we can out of it. I paid fifty dollars for the last song that I bought, and it has done fairly well.

Because of the varying overhead expenses of the different publishing companies I cannot give profit figures with exactness. Generally speaking, though, a song that sells for fifteen cents retail provided the sale is big—will net the publisher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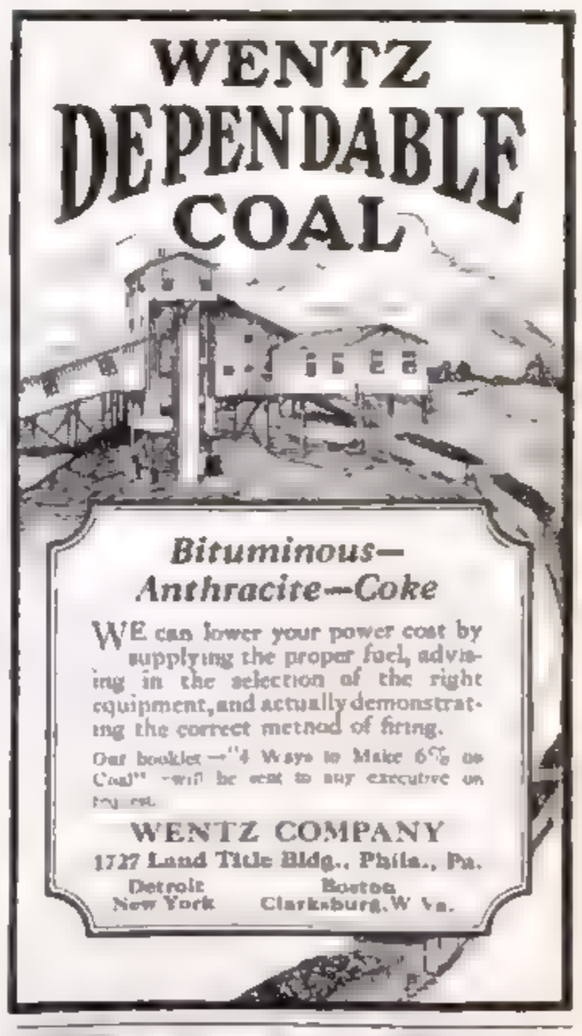
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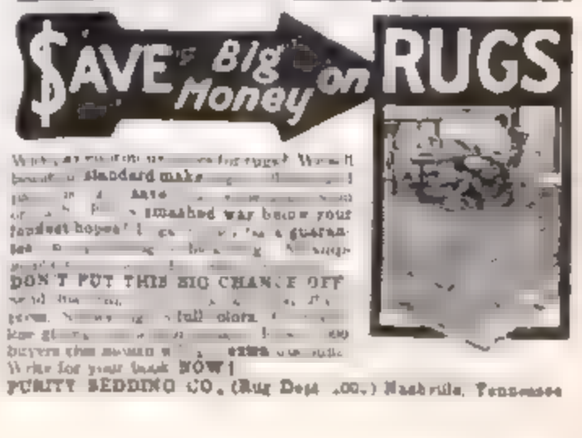
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*Winter Weather Cannot Affect this Garage Entrance*

WHEN Winter has piled his clogging drifts before your garage entrance, must you wearily shovel away the snow to open the doors? Not if you have constructed the entrance to open *inside the garage*, free from the vagaries of wind and weather.

A sliding-folding or around-the-corner door hung with a McKinney Complete Garage Set can be planned to fit any entrance. Let us send you a little book, "McKinney Complete Garage Sets," describing various types of doors and the McKinney Garage Hardware Sets used for their installation. With the help of this booklet you can plan a garage entrance to open *inside the garage*.

Each type of door is illustrated. The complete set of hardware used on each particular entrance is shown on the same page with simple working plans for the erection of the door. McKinney Garage Sets are packed complete in a box. Not a piece is missing. And you buy good hardware—McKinney made.

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about two cents a copy. The author's royalty will be about two cents also. Out of a song that sells above one hundred thousand the author and publisher are pretty sure of making that much. The forcing of these sales is one of the most interesting features of the business. The main idea is to teach the melody to as many people as possible through song plugging, our only sure means of advertising.

Out of this plugging has grown much bitterness at times. There are parasites in our business, the same as others, and we can't always get rid of them. A group of song writers threatened to go on strike a year or so ago unless a different arrangement was made. They claimed that some men in charge of the so-called plugging departments—men who engage the song pluggers—would not force a certain song unless the author agreed to cut up a share of the royalties with them.

It was a very difficult matter to straighten out, as the publishers were not all alike, and neither were the authors. Many of these song writers had a drawing account at certain publishing houses. They would not go into a strike and lose that. The argument finally died down and everything is working better, but there is still occasional complaint.

Some songs are very slow starters, while others catch on instantly. The latter are called naturals in the trade. The melody and the words hit simultaneously. The Missouri Waltz is a good example of what we call a slow starter. The composer did it over at least a dozen times, patching up the weak spots and having it played constantly by all the orchestras and bands that could be persuaded to put it in their repertoires. After two years of hard revision and plugging it finally caught on. The war gave it a big help. It became one of the big sellers.

The biggest seller I ever had was a little march song suggested by a remark I overheard at a theater one night—an exit line. My partner, who wrote the lyrics, sat down with me next day and we completed the song in thirty-six hours. My earnings out of that song were close to thirty thousand dollars. These ideas for songs are suggested in odd ways.

### *Song Plugging*

Many of you, perhaps, remember Paul Barnes, a famous song writer of twenty-five years ago. He died a few weeks ago. Among other hits, he was author of Good-Bye, Dolly Gray, a song that struck popular fancy during the Spanish-American War.

Dan Daly, a famous comedian of that day, was badly in need of a new number to sing on the stage. He tried one writer after another without success. Finally he met Paul Barnes on Broadway.

"I can't get a thing that will do, Paul," he said. "A dozen writers have suggested stuff, but all I can do is listen and say, 'You won't do.'"

"Wait a minute," suggested Barnes. "No, you walk ahead of me to your office and don't talk to me."

Silently they walked along, Barnes mulling over an idea that had come to him.

"I've got it!" he finally announced to Daly. "Your new song is going to be called You Won't Do."

Three nights later Daly sang the song and it was a hit.

Song selling runs in seasons; not because the season has any bearing on the subject of the song, but because we have to get them out, if possible, during the theatrical season.

All music concerns engage song pluggers, but two of the biggest helps are the phonograph records and the music rolls for mechanical pianos. These records and rolls pick up the current music of the stage and do more than anything to fix the tune in the mind of the average citizen.

The pluggers who attend public events like the six-day bicycle race, the big boxing shows, and so on, get big results. The bicycle race is particularly fertile. There people sit all day and night. The continual hammering of popular songs on their ears makes them remember the tunes. They can't escape.

The singing of popular songs by musical-comedy stars or vaudeville artists is extremely helpful to the popularity of a new composition. In the old days the music publishers paid stars to sing new songs. This got big results, but the practice eventually grew into a nuisance and we stopped it.

My company, for instance, would agree to pay a vaudeville star thirty dollars a week to put a certain song in her repertoire. If it boomed the sales another concern would offer her more to sing their latest number. As a result, naturally, this star began to dicker for the biggest price, regardless of the merits of the song. In their eagerness to pick up this extra money some of them weakened their acts until the management complained.

Then another trouble arose, resulting in many fights, hair pullings and even lawsuits.

We gave no singer exclusive rights to the song, but got as many to sing it as possible. Frequently this resulted in two or more acts, using our songs, appearing on the same bill. Then there was trouble for fair. If you can imagine some temperamental star standing in the wings ready to go on with a song that she figured would knock 'em dead, only to hear the team ahead of her singing that very number you can appreciate what often happened.

### *The Standing of Jazz*

Then if you liked a catchy number in a vaudeville house and heard the same thing at a show for which you had paid two dollars and a half you would naturally accuse the musical-comedy star of using old stuff, even though it was interpolated. This practice grew so bad that we could not afford to cut each other's throats in paying out money to singers. The vaudeville people were in constant turmoil. As a result we formed an organization of song publishers and agreed not to pay any singers to use our songs. We made bond to assure each other that we would not break the agreement. The singers can use our songs whenever they wish, and we will furnish them with free professional copies, but we don't pay them any more. The trouble has disappeared.

The effect on the singers, especially the big stars, was to have songs written for them personally and exclusively. Until the end of the season, or until the singer abandons them, these songs cannot be released for general sale.

Harry Lauder usually comes over with new songs that are his exclusively as long as he is in the country. When he is through with them they are released to the public.

Oddly enough, it is very rare that a great singer or an instrumental virtuoso writes anything. There are a few notable exceptions, but as a rule these people appear to be lacking in a sense of construction.

There is a disposition on the part of many people who like to think they have a deep knowledge and understanding of music to laugh and scoff at jazz or ragtime. Our great artists do not feel that way, and neither do the noted foreign composers and concert leaders. In France there is a decided fondness for what they call *musique Américaine*. In England it is equally popular, though they call it jazz, just as we do.

An instance of the popularity of American jazz in foreign countries was given in the cabled account of the first party given by Princess Mary since her marriage to Viscount Lascelles. The two star numbers on the dance program, the ones most warmly applauded by the aristocratic assemblage, were You Can't Sting a Nigger and I'm Just Wild About Harry.

Harry, you know, is the princess' pet name for the viscount.

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"Save the surface and you save all"

Interior white paints look about alike to the naked eye—but notice, in the circles above, the difference between them when seen through the lens of a powerful microscope!

These photographs show clearly why most white paints collect dirt and require frequent repainting. The surface of ordinary flat or egg-shell finish paint, though it may look smooth, is really rough and porous to an astonishing degree. No wonder such paints catch dust and dirt!

Even when magnified to this high degree, the surface of Barreled Sunlight is smooth and even. This lustrous surface is *dirt-resisting*—it cannot hold the dust particles. It can be washed clean *like tile*, even after years of service.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—hotels, apartment houses, industrial plants, stores and office buildings.

It is ideal also for woodwork in the home and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry and similar rooms where a white washable finish is desired.

Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous finish in the whitest white imaginable. In addition, due to the exclusive Rice Process of treating the oil, which removes the yellowing tendencies, it is actually guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

It costs less than enamel, covers better and is easier to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks.

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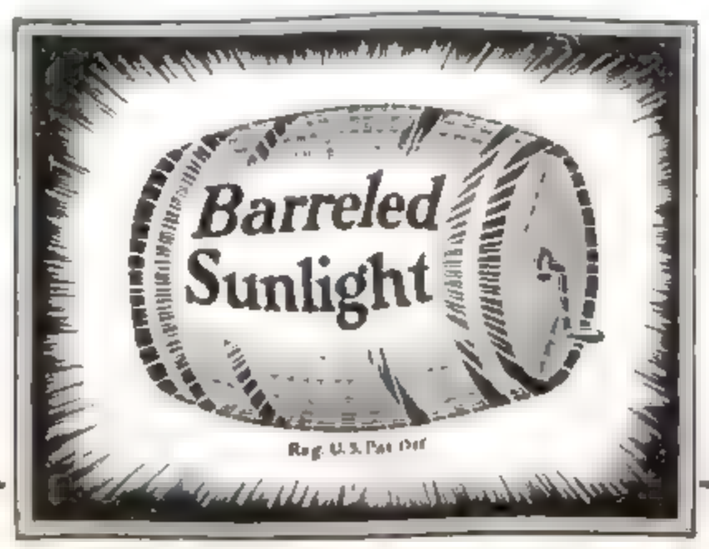


THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

*Sold in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels*

# THE TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES

## By E. W. HOWE

I HAVE observed during a long life that rogues and saints, fools and sages, are so vitally interested in demonstrated truth that all men claim to be looking for the light.

It is shining a bright blood-red in Russia, and the moral lesson is as great as the calamity.

I quote a statement of the case from a friend of the country in distress; a statement as short, simple and easily understood as the saying of children that whatever goes up must come down. The editor of a soviet magazine, writing within a few weeks of the calamity which has overtaken a country larger than our own, with as many natural advantages, and more undeveloped resources, said: "The one instant and immediate question in Russia is relief, and the chief source of help the United States."

Here is demonstrated truth; something has finally been settled. A people having what we have long been told is the ideal human government are starving, while we, with our old-fashioned ways, have so much of a surplus that it is instantly and everywhere agreed that we are the chief source of help. In the very nature of things the answer must be that we have better managed our affairs.

Russia has not only seen the morning of the new day so widely heralded as a blessing; it has seen the noon and evening. A people without an acknowledged public debt; all natural resources of a great country divided pro rata. It would seem a pleasant place, and triumph for a famous good argument complete, but so many faults have developed in the system as to bring about unexampled calamity.

No one knows the full story of the Russian horror, but that it is the pinnacle of dreadful things, and will probably so remain for all time, is admitted. The bloody terror of the French Revolution caused the legal execution of seventeen thousand persons, and the death by other means of two or three times as many more. But the Paris Gaulois publishes figures concerning the Russian Revolution that would seem incredible if it were not said they are taken from the reports of an extraordinary soviet commission printed in soviet newspapers. This statement declares that since October, 1917, there have been executed 28 bishops of the Greek church and 1215 priests; 6775 professors and school-teachers; 8800 physicians; 54,650 army officers; 260,000 soldiers; 10,500 police officers and 48,500 privates in the constabulary forces; 12,950 landowners; 335,250 other members of the intelligentzia; and of the middle class, 193,350 workingmen and 813,100 peasants.

These figures take no account of those who have died of famine, undernourishment, diseases following want and unsanitary conditions. Accuracy here is also impossible, but certainly more women and children have died of famine alone in Russia than died from all causes in the French Revolution. Gross exaggeration must be admitted of all things coming out of Russia, but the world agrees that here is its greatest horror. No one claims less.

We have long been told that the best reform measure is direct action; to go to the root of evils with sword and flame. Here is a tremendous example of it, horrible beyond words, yet it has only brought Russia to the state in which a pitying world finds it.

### The Ubiquitous Spirit of Reform

IN THINKING of these things, surely grave enough to attract any man's most serious thought, I have tried to see something of both sides, which Emerson says is the first mark of intelligence; I have no desire to accept anything as true in the Russian situation which is not truth for all men. And I have come to the conclusion that the Russians are not so much the victims of viciousness as victims of following a fanatical, unworkable system taught many centuries more generally and with more zeal, I believe, than religion itself

The word "sovietism" is a combination of a dozen others, including "reform," and in all human minds there is a strong leaning toward it. Every man is naturally at war with the world, and wishes to reform it. Sovietism is a new word with us, but it describes an old condition. What was called the enlightened nobility in Russia began, eighty years ago, to confess their sins, as a distinguished publicist of that time put it. A whole social group demanded the abolition of their privileges. And the principle is much older than eighty years; it is the oldest we have, and persists more stubbornly than any other in the arguments of men.

Somewhere in the ritual of sovietism, or in terms meaning the same thing, every possible reform is advocated. And since men are natural reformers, nine of ten of them have a friendly feeling toward this most tremendous of reform doctrines. Do we need more money? Sovietism suggests an easy remedy. It advocates universal brotherhood, liberty, healing the sick, equality, less work and more pay; nothing desirable is neglected.

Always it has denounced and despised the thing called capitalism; which must have better points than is generally admitted, since the Russians say the one thing needed to make their experiment a success is capital. I should say sovietism is a bankruptcy; a boom that has burst; a congress in which uncrowned kings and verseless poets denounce tasks and taxes we cannot avoid. The most magnificent and popular human expression possibly is "I rebel!" The most enduring philosophy is "I submit!"

One phase of the argument is that our race has many enemies who believe in enslaving us, destroying our liberties, and the like. It may be a violent statement, but I think the truth is we have no such men. Every man who makes a speech or writes for the public has for his theme improvement of conditions for the people. In country schoolhouses when debating societies meet the burden of the talk always is reform—more liberty, happiness, salvation, money, education—precisely as it is in world parliament, convention, congress, legislature, club or lodge.

### The World's Greatest Philanthropy

IT IS said every man believes he can edit a newspaper. He is of this opinion because he is full of plans to do good; to get publicity for his uplift work. Most old men who accumulate money wish to benefit people, and so many of them carry out the worthy ambition that private philanthropy has become a stupendous thing. One old gentleman thought out and founded the world's greatest philanthropy in the Rockefeller Foundation; a self-perpetuating charity which will last as long as time endures, unless those who have had nothing to do with it wreck it by trying to enlarge its scope. Twelve millions a year or more for a hundred years, a thousand years, devoted to bettering human conditions. There is nothing in ancient history like it, but in modern times Mr. Rockefeller has imitators, and there will be others.

If in doing good men may also make profit, so much the better, but their consuming ambition is to help others in a large way. There is nothing more fascinating to a man than to receive five hundred dollars for a lecture or writing, and at the same time spread a doctrine that will increase human happiness.

So our trouble is not lack of disposition to advance liberty, prosperity, virtue. If any one trouble may be pointed out, possibly it is mistaken zeal; so many cooks in the kitchen making suggestions that the broth is often ruined.

The revolutionists of the United States learned rebellion from Europe. Our arguments for sovietism are based on conditions actually existing in the time of Marx, Rousseau and Tolstoy. But we had no such conditions in our earliest history, and have steadily improved until at present we have the liberty and equality the mighty men of early sovietism clamored for.

But we continue to use the arguments for liberty used by those who lacked it. In our literature we are slaves, although we never were, and have progressed to a freedom of opportunity unknown to any other race, ancient or modern. The word "opportunity" means twice as much in the United States as anywhere else, but our literature of oppression, our acts of rebellion, are precisely what they are in India, where grievances cannot be doubted, or were in Russia in the time of Peter and Catharine.

Our fault seems to be that the argument for reform, for something new, for a change, is so alluring it cannot be resisted, and we have attempted too much. We weak mortals have long been in revolt against the powerful god Nature. It has been a gallant fight, but an unfair one. We have exhibited the spirit of chivalry as truly as did knights of old, but our crusaders have been overmatched and beaten by relentless and inevitable laws of which we are the subjects. So far as we are slaves, revolution is not the remedy; the remedy is obeying rules we cannot change.

Proper conservatism always wins finally in all our too-generous undertakings, but much damage is done before its sway is asserted. When I see a statement in print I do not, of course, know it is true, but lately this amused me: In a certain city a man offered to pay the people a very large interest on their money; $100 deposited would, he said, earn fifty dollars in forty-five days. Whereupon an expert figured out that if an investor should deposit the interest with the principal for a period of three years, the aggregate profit would amount to $1,680,000. But the rewards of good argument are so great, the devotion to justice so general, that at least one editor was able to figure out that the banker was making more than the investor, and a more equal division was demanded.

Conservatism finally asserted itself; both the generous banker and the editor were wrong; the old plan was much nearer the truth, but what a price the Boston people paid for a change—for something new! It was another example of an unfair fight of gallant mortals with the king of kings—Nature.

Many of our best-loved arguments for public betterment have been doomed to failure from the beginning. Our clubs, congresses, conventions, essays, orations, public sentiment itself, have many times been instruments of mischief in repeating arguments that seemed good until given practical trial. We have made progress in our material affairs, but our idealism has usually failed as completely as the new system of government in Russia or the new system of finance in Boston.

No phase of argument has been neglected in our idealism. We have lacked neither gallantry nor persistence. It cannot truthfully be charged we have not devoted ample time to discussion and experiments. We have sufficiently criticized one another and the nation in the course of much writing and oratory. Our trouble is, and always has been, the soviet principle; and sovietism never fails so completely as when it wins.

Men have checked up astronomy, geology, history, but there has been no serious investigation of our reform methods, except as the inexorable march of events has exposed them. And when this happens we still contend that the blessed method will at last be found and assert itself, if we continue to look for it. In the face of perfect demonstration of defeat, gladiators are trained to renew the fight for the lost cause; it would be interesting, though startling, could we know how many men and women are in training even in conservative America for careers that will afford comfort for methods completely discredited. It would probably also be surprising and alarming if we could know how much sympathy there is in this country for the Russian experiment, and the number of prayers being offered for its success.

### The Example of Iowa

I AM opposed to it, but would favor it did I not know success to be impossible. In considering this question of sovietism, somehow I cannot help thinking of our American state called Iowa, possibly because it is the bulwark of what is known as the American System, against which there is so much protest in radical and generous minds everywhere.

Wherever I go I encounter the creditable trail of Iowans. I have naturally acquired for Iowa the respect I entertain for Washington, Lincoln, Plymouth Rock, New England. This fall if a visitor should encounter a mass meeting in Iowa, probably its object would not be to listen to extravagant speeches about oppression in America; the speaking would relate to abundance, and the gracious duty of assisting the unfortunate.

There are fewer clamorous radicals in Iowa than elsewhere, and more steadiness in the real emergencies. Its policies have been pretty close to the best possible, and have been adopted with a unanimity not the rule in other commonwealths. If it has had outlaws it has landed them in jail, and not in the hall of fame. It has avoided the faults not only of the new Russia but of the old.

Every Iowan is said to live within hearing of church, school and locomotive bells. In one township every farmer has a bath, electric lights and an automobile. No element of modern progress has been neglected, except the new science of government now calling for help. Yet Iowa began at the grass roots, as did Russia; its poverty was once as great as its present prosperity. Why does the world point to the one with pride, and view the other with alarm?

I was once reading a pamphlet written by a man who had a system of drugless healing, and in it he quoted a large number of the most eminent medical men as declaring that every dose of medicine is a mistake. Having always lived in communities where almost everyone takes medicine the statement startled me; I did not know such an opinion was entertained by anyone of intelligence and learning. So I carried the pamphlet to the local doctors, and asked if the men named were as eminent as claimed, and if they were correctly quoted. And the answer was in every case affirmative.

So the statement may startle you that the doses we have been taking so generously to cure our social ills have generally been mistakes. We can no more change Nature with a law than with a pill.

The people of the United States as freely discussed sovietism as the Russians, but when it came to adopting certain of the higher teachings of the doctrine concluded to funk.

The people of Iowa, of Maine, California, Seattle, Key West, suffer many disadvantages, but famine is not one of them. And they are as much better behaved than the people of Russia as they are better fed.

# The Modern Milk

Concentrated in the country, sealed and kept scientifically pure by sterilization, Pet Milk is the modern milk—better, more convenient and more economical than ordinary milk. There is more cream in a tall can of Pet Milk than there is in a quart of ordinary milk. A pint of Pet contains more cream than three pints of ordinary cooking milk. Undiluted it is fine for coffee, fruits and cereals. The Helvetia Company (Originators of Evaporated Milk), General Offices, St. Louis, Mo.

TRY THESE SWEET POTATOES DE LUXE

6 medium size sweet potatoes
¼ cup shelled pecans
¼ cup Pet Milk
Marshmallows
1½ teaspoons salt
Few grains nutmeg
3 tablespoons butter

Bake until soft six medium size sweet potatoes, peel, mash and add 1½ teaspoons salt, few gratings of nutmeg, ⅛ cup Pet Milk and 3 tablespoons butter. Beat until smooth, add ¼ cup pecan meats broken in pieces, and place in buttered baking dish. Cover top with marshmallows and bake until slightly brown in moderate oven.

*Milk at its Best*

*Write for the Pet Recipe Book, free.*

THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

PALM

# The real reason for a pretty skin

WHY is it that one girl has a fresh, smooth complexion and another a skin which is lifeless, dull and sallow? Is it a gift of Nature, or some guarded beauty secret?

It is a secret, but an open one in which every woman may share. It consists in knowledge of the care which keeps the skin active—in the care which frees it from clogging, poisonous accumulations and puts each tiny pore and skin cell to work.

This care consists in scientific cleanliness—in the removal, every day, of all dirt, oil secretions, excess cold cream, powder and rouge.

*This is the means*

To do this, use mild soap and apply it with your two hands. Massage it thoroughly into your skin and remove with many warm rinsings.

Apply a touch of cold cream, and if your skin is very dry rub in a little before washing.

This treatment makes your skin fresh as a rose, with the touch of rouge and a little powder—attractive embellishments but not necessities.

*Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap*

*More P*

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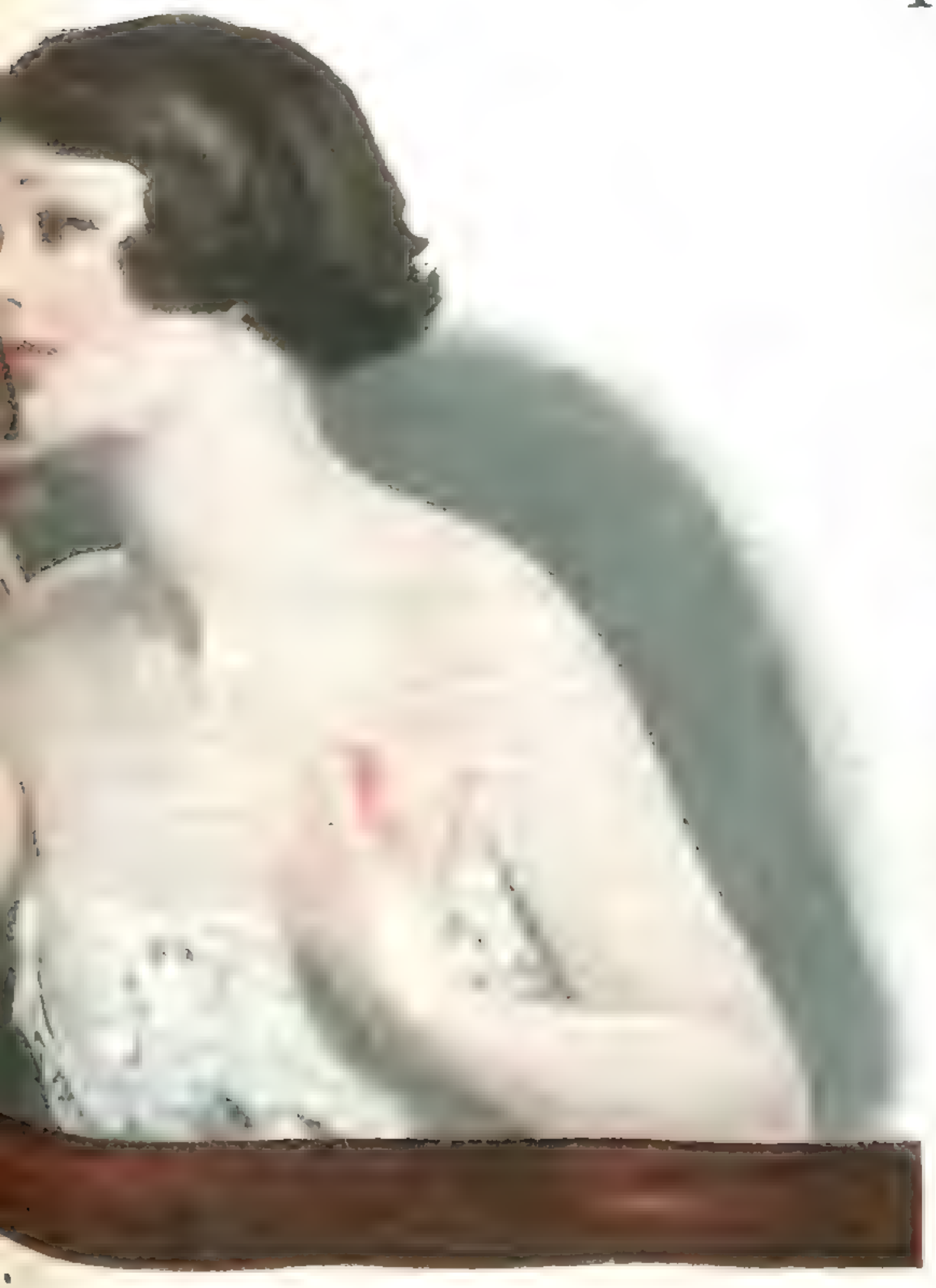
OLIVE



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oolgirl Complexion

# This Mildest Soap

## Soothes while it cleanses

SOME women will complain that soap is too harsh, that it ages and dries their skins. This proves that they are using the wrong soap

The smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. It removes every trace of injurious dirt and skin accumulations and secretions, leaving the face becomingly soft and smooth, with radiant freshness and natural color.

The use of cosmetics isn't harmful if the basis is a skin that is thoroughly, healthfully clean.

### *Not for the face alone*

Don't forget that your neck and throat are also conspicuous for skin beauty or the lack of it, and that this is where age first shows. Arms and shoulders should be kept smooth and white and hands must be beautified

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are insured, with the comfort of a skin which always feels luxuriously smooth

### *Not extravagant at the price*

If Palmolive was a very expensive soap, such advice would mean extravagance. But the firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs only 10 cents.

The reason is gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in the vast volume which reduces cost.

Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the popular price which all can afford for every toilet purpose

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The [illegible] Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada

*Makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo*

***Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only***

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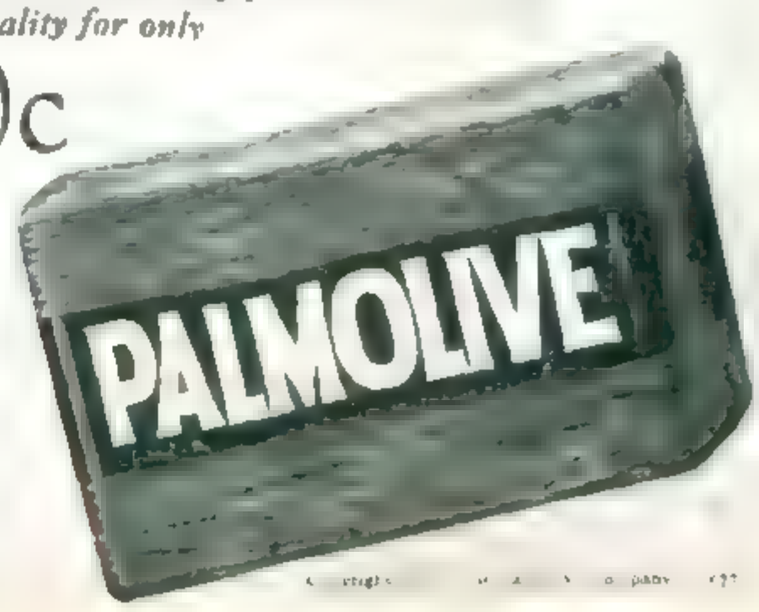

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| ⅜ carat . . | 50.00 | 2 carats . | 290.00 |
| ½ carat . . | 73.00 | 3 carats . | 435.00 |

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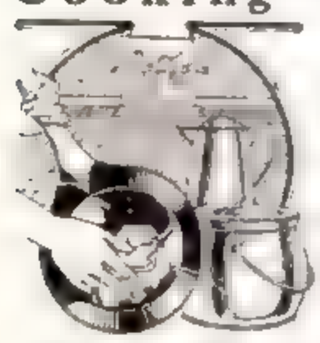

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LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1071-L, Chicago

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

of trading anywhere else. And then, they play such wonderful games."

"Look," said Alice, "they're starting a new game now!"

Sure enough, the employes had ceased rushing about and were dragging a number of big logs out into the center of the store. A white line was carefully drawn, and the Blues lined up on one side of it, and the Reds on the other. At a signal they began diligently to roll the logs back and forth across the line. As fast as the Reds got a log across, the Blues pushed it back to them again.

The little man applauded enthusiastically.

"There's efficiency for you!" he exclaimed. "There's a game!"

"What is it called?" Alice asked.

"It's called Feeding the Elephant," he answered. "They say there's nothing like it for the Constitution."

"But who wins?" Alice asked.

"They all win," said the little man, "but the Blues, this year, hold the Congressional Record."

One of the employes, a slim, dapper man with a neatly trimmed gray beard, who appeared to be the captain of the Blue team, detached himself from the crowd and approached Alice.

"Is your name, by any chance, Lowell?" he asked suavely.

"My name is Alice," she said.

"Alice?" he said. "I don't seem to know any Alices. You see," he explained, "I speak only to Lowells. Occasionally—on odd Tuesdays, let's say—I may speak to a Peabody, or a Bradford, but as a rule I speak only to Lowells."

"How queer," thought Alice, but the little man beside her swelled visibly with pride, as though he had received a great compliment.

"Didn't you know this was the finest establishment in the world?" he whispered in Alice's ear.

"Perhaps you would like a nice new post office?" said the man with the beard. "Or a suspension bridge?"

Alice shook her head, rather bewildered.

"Anyway, here are some seeds," he said, drawing a number of small packets from his pocket and, shoving them into Alice's hands. "I don't want anyone to go away from here dissatisfied."

Alice examined the packets of seeds. They were marked "Wool Schedule," "Oil Schedule," "Sugar Schedule," and one particularly large packet bore the word "Bonus."

"If these seeds are carefully planted and cultivated," he said, "they should produce a fine crop of Winter Votes by the beginning of next November. My favorite breakfast food," he added, "is Polled Votes with lots of sugar and cream."

The dapper man escorted Alice politely to the door.

"It's a pity your name is not Lowell," he said. "I hope you'll come soon again. Every November we hold our big Prize Contest. Each customer is permitted to cast one vote for his favorite employe, and the one obtaining the greatest number of votes receives a free trip to Washington."

"But what does the customer get?" asked Alice. But her guide did not hear her, for he was already on his way back to join his team.

As Alice left the store she looked back and saw the little man with the side-whiskers still sitting at the counter, with his empty basket in his lap, waiting patiently for someone to come and take his order.

*—Newman Levy.*

### A Movie Outline of History

*THE boy stood on the burning deck—*
*At least he stood for quite a while—*
*And as the flames rose toward his neck*
*Put on his most heroic smile;*
*Just then the smoke rose black as tar,*
*And when folks once again could see,*
*Though all bewailed the toasted star,*
*It was his double died, you see.*

*The bell was just about to ring,*
*The lady crouched, appalling sight!*
*And as she made the fatal spring*
*Cried "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"*
*The clapper clapped her to and fro,*
*And every single sucker bit;*
*'Twas done so slick how could they know*
*It was her double swung for it?*

*The kink knelt on the guillotine*
*About to be decapitated;*
*No dry eye in the house was seen*
*And every single breath was baited;*
*The knife came down both slick and clean—*
*But kill a kink! How could you ask it?*
*It was in fact his double's bean*
*That bounced and bubbled in the basket.*

*We hardly have the heart to blight*
*Your cherished optical illusions*
*Of stars that in affray or flight*
*Risk frightful fractures or contusions.*
*It's true our stars do death defy;*
*We've often watched 'em with dismay;*
*But, like ole Bill, they never die,*
*Because they simply fade away.*

*—Keith Preston.*

### Tame Stuff

*I REMEMBER when 'twas daring*
*To use daring words in print—*
*To spell out a burst of swearing*
*Or a phrase of purple tint.*
*I remember when the mention*
*Of unmentionable things*
*Would arouse the shocked attention*
*Both of cabbage heads and kings.*

*I remember when we colored*
*At a D that wasn't dashed,*
*But the simplest rustic dullard*
*Now observes it unabashed;*
*It's as commonplace as wearing*
*Almost nothing at the shore;*
*And it isn't very daring*
*To be daring, any more.*

*So I think I'll write a novel*
*That will shock the modern mind;*
*I will wallow not nor grovel*
*In the muck that I may find;*
*I will shun the phrase mephitic*
*And the censorable scene,*
*And I'll quite astound the critic*
*Just by daring to be clean!*

*—Ted Robinson.*

### The Restaurant Revelers

"WAITER! Bring two bottles of soda and a couple of long spoons."

"I'm telling you, Mr. Ginsberg, if you could find a more elegant garment for the price than our Little Mynarch weskit you should sue me."

"I'm so sorry about your gown, Mrs. Williams; I hope it can be mended, somehow or other.

"Funny thing, I was just saying to Ed at dinner tonight that I hadn't danced since the Debating Society had that shindig there at the Town Hall."

"So I said to Belasco, 'Say, listen, Davie,' I said, 'I'm not going to throw myself away on one of those kind of parts. I'm an emotional woman, I am,' I said."

"Waiter! Another order of orange juice and some more cracked ice here."

"I don't get down more than once in three years, myself, and it's enough for me, I'll tell you. Oh, of course, it's all well enough for a week or so, but I wouldn't live here if you were to offer me the place as a gift."

"See that girl that does that South Sea Island dance? Well, I know a fellow down at the office that knows a girl friend of hers, and he says, for a positive fact, she's just as nice as she can be. Lives with her folks, and everything."

"That orchestra leader, now—there's a guy makes twelve hundred a week. How'd you like to get twelve hundred every week, eh, Millie?"

"Waiter! What's become of that ginger ale we ordered here? Bring us some tall glasses, and don't bother to pour it; we'll pour it out ourselves."

*—Dorothy Parker.*

### America's Greatest Go-Getter

**Elmer D. Bungle's Own Story of How He Got That Way**

ALTHOUGH I have always known I was the greatest Go-Getter in God's Own Country it was not until the Yankee Magazine asked me for this article that I realized how hard it would be to prove it. The life of a Go-Getter is not easy, but I want to tell the 1,000,000,000 readers of the Yankee Magazine that it is worth while. Yessir! I want to tell those 1,000,000,000 of the Yankee Magazine what I tell my own boys—of whom there are but 9—"Go-Get Now while the Go-Getting is good! Anything you see—Go After It!

"Even if you don't want it and won't know what to do with it—Go After It—Go Get It!"

And if you could see those boys of mine—as full of grit as New Jersey asparagus, and strong as young onions—all you 1,000,000,000 readers of the Yankee Magazine would realize that ——

### America's Snappiest Salesman

**Albert J. Mink, the Man Who Sells Brooklyn Bridge to 450,000 Immigrants Yearly**

IT IS the hardest thing in the world to get Al Mink, as he is affectionately known to the police, to talk about himself, but he told the Yankee Magazine's representative to go as far as she liked. "They may believe you," said Al quaintly.

Thirty-two years ago a poorly clad boy went to the Aquarium. It was a free day, or he could not have gone. With the shrewd insight which distinguished him in later life he disdained the gayly colored fish and loved best to watch the simple suckers. He studied their ways when other boys were at their books and games, in later years applying the knowledge thus gained, with the result that, beginning in a crude way to sell Brooklyn Bridge at $.50, he is now in a position to ask, and get, $25. And all because Albert J. Mink—for that poorly clad boy was he—went to the Aquarium and dreamed a dream!

### Is Dancing a Business Asset?

**Everett E. Mess, President of the Amalgamated Potash and Pig Iron By-Products Company, Says "Yes"**

ALWAYS a sickly lad, I had no idea what work was until, when I was twenty-two, my mother, the sole support of my father and myself, died. Too delicate for manual labor, I had always danced well, and, dancing men being scarce, I was able to subsist for some time on refreshments served at the parties I attended. However, so much orange juice began to tell on me, and, health gone, penniless, starving, I was down and out at twenty-two! One night a friend introduced me to the largest and homeliest girl I had ever seen. "Dance with her," he whispered, "nobody ever does—and her father is president of the A. P. and P. I. B. P. Co." At first I thought I couldn't—but I did. Never before had I worked so hard. But I have since. I married her.

My investment doubled itself. I was taken into the firm. Shortly after, her father died, and as she was the largest stockholder I became president. Does dancing pay? I'll say it does!

*—Katherine Daylon.*

### Sub Rosa-ry

**By the Lady**

*THE hours I've spent with thee, drear heart,*
*Seem like a string of blurbs to me.*
*I count them o'er and o'er, each one—apart*
*From your society.*

*Each smile so smug, each quip a boast;*
*No praise of self you've left unsung;*
*I marvel at your sheer nerve most,*
*To think I'd fall for your glib tongue.*

*O, barren effort! Squandered thought!*
*The wind you've wasted—needless loss.*
*I drop a single tear, alas, to think you've sought*
*But failed, old kid, to put your stuff across.*

*—Kathleen Elaine Harte.*

### Fisherman's Luck

*YOU can't be calmly idle*
*While fishing here, in Maine;*
*The trout are suicidal*
*Or possibly insane.*
*It seems to be their habit*
*To see a thing and grab it.*
*They love to get on double*
*To give you extra trouble*
*And keep your landing net*
*Continuously wet.*
*You need no ibis, hackle*
*Or Paramachene Belle;*
*Red flannel on your tackle*
*Would answer just as well.*

(Continued on Page 94)

*Materials submitted for manufacture into telephones about to be photographed under the microscope.*

# It's hard to pass this sentry— *but your telephone must*

A strip of paper made from cotton rags may try hard to look as though it had a linen backbone. But its true character stands revealed under the remorseless eye of the microscope in the laboratory at the Western Electric factory.

Before material is accepted for manufacture into telephone equipment, it must pass the photo-micrographic camera or other equally searching tests.

Vegetable fibres are tried out in the chemical test-tube. Woods and metals are exposed to actual weather conditions—sometimes being left out in the sun and rain for years.

This rigorous testing is typical of the extreme care which goes into every step of telephone manufacture. It helps explain why Western Electric Telephones have been the world's standard since 1877.

**Western Electric**

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

Blabon Linoleum in the pews of the main auditorium in this great edifice is quiet and comfortable under foot

The four-story Park Avenue Baptist Church at 64th St., New York, frequently referred to as the Rockefeller Church."
Emery C. Pelton, New York, and Allen & Collens, Boston, associated architects

# "Skyscraper" church selects Blabon Linoleum

This unique million-dollar structure—the new home of the famous Rockefeller Bible Class in New York City—is the last word in modern ecclesiastical arrangement and appointments.

For the floor of the pews, the galleries, the Sunday-school auditorium, for the offices, the Bible Class and other rooms Blabon Art Linoleum was chosen because of its peculiar fitness.

Not only was a floor needed whose appearance was in keeping with the substantial furnishings, but whose surface would withstand the weekly tread and scuff of hundreds of feet.

Durability is built into Blabon Linoleum. So zealously do we guard its quality that we even make our own linseed oil, which is a vital part of linoleum. This assures a uniformly high standard of quality.

In Blabon plain and inlaid linoleums the patterns and colors go through to the burlap back, and always remain distinct and bright.

Blabon floors are sanitary. Quiet and comfortable to walk and stand upon, and so easy to keep clean. They are cool in summer, and warm and cheerful in winter—especially with fabric rugs thrown over them. Waxing and polishing once in a while keeps them in splendid condition. Any Blabon dealer can send or recommend an experienced man to cement them down—an approved method of laying Blabon Linoleum.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon Write for illustrated booklet.

**Blabon Rugs for beauty and economy**

They are genuine linoleum. Mothproof, sanitary, durable, and lie flat without fastening. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

**The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia**
*Established 71 years*

**Important Notice:** Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not genuine and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black under or which readily is detected upon examining the edge

# BLABON ART Linoleums


Continued from Page 92

*The trout of Little Grassy,*
*So impudent and sassy,*
*Are madly enterprising,*
*Unanimously rising*
*In any kind of weather*
*At any kind of feather.*
*The trout of Lily Pad*
*Are easy to be had*
*An observation which*
*Applies to Windy Pitch,*
*But those of Dacey Pond,*
*Intelligent beyond*
*The trout of other waters,*
*Instruct their sons and daughters*
*Untouched to let a fly light*
*Except, perhaps, at twilight*
*In these remarks please find an intimation*
*Of how I spend a wilderness vacation*

*Arthur Guiterman.*

### Woodchucklings

*FAR below Katahdin's crest*
*As I flung me down to rest,*
*The leathers of my pack unbuckling,*
*From the opening in the wood*
*Where the empty cabin stood*
*I could hear a happy woodchuck chuckling.*

*And I asked the chubby gnome*
*At the doorway of his home*
*In the clearing where the wild bee suckles,*
*"Is the trouble with your head?*
*Is the race of foxes dead?*
*What's the reason for your chuck-chuck-chuckles?"*

*Then he answered with a grin,*
*"Oh, my summer harvest's in*
*And the hazel wands were well worth stripping;*
*And I've nothing more to do*
*But to sit and laugh at you*
*And to hear the cheery chipmunk chipping.*

*"In our deep and roomy cell*
*Is my lady-chuck, as well*
*As our seven little woodchucks, wriggling;*
*They are old enough to run,*
*And they frolic in the sun,*
*And you ought to hear them gig-gig-giggling!"*

*Then I told the merry chuck*
*How I envied him his luck*
*And his salutary state of being,*
*Who could listen all the day*
*To the squirrel and the jay*
*And the chickadee a-dee-dee-deeing.*

*But I had to go beyond*
*To the shore of Grassy Pond*
*And a bufflehead with ten big duckl'ngs,*
*So again I slung my pack,*
*And I took the mossy track,*
*And I left him to his chuck-chuck-chucklings.*

*—Arthur Guiterman.*

### The Critic's Downfall

*FOR many years he earned large pay,*
*His many readers thought him clever;*
*He seldom found in book or play*
*Stuff that was any good whatever.*
*He ripped the poets up their backs,*
*And called their gravest efforts funny,*
*They feared the furious attacks*
*For which the critic drew big money.*

*The novelists were much afraid*
*When he became the judge who tried them,*
*But, being witty, he was paid*
*A handsome stipend to deride them;*
*When he had finished a "review"*
*His followers were filled with pleasure,*
*And rushed to read it, for they knew*
*They'd find it an ironic treasure.*

*It was a mean pen that he slung,*
*His victims writhed and cursed and worried,*
*Because he was so clever, young*
*Men's fond hopes had been killed and buried.*
*He kept the playwrights filled with dread,*
*They winced beneath his keen sarcasm;*
*His caustic wit had often led*
*An actor to pull off a spasm.*

*He took up dieting, one day,*
*And, with it, proper exercising;*
*Ere long they had to cut his pay,*
*His slump, they told him, was surprising;*
*When he had freed himself for good*
*Of all disorders that had ailed him*
*His liver functioned as it should,*
*And critical perception failed him.*

*—S. E. Kiser.*

"It's Lucky to See the New Moon Over the Left Shoulder"

# Here's a worthy brother to Lipton's Tea and Coffee

Thomas J. Lipton

"WHEN I can produce a perfect cocoa, I'll make it," said Sir Thomas J. Lipton. That was years ago.

Today those conditions have been met. An entirely new process has been devised. This process does three vital things to improve the food value and flavor of cocoa:

It removes the tasteless, useless shells. It retains more of the rich nutritious cocoa butter. It thoroughly roasts and blends the cocoa beans, giving Lipton's a flavor and fragrance that are superior to any other cocoa.

You'll find this new and better Lipton's Cocoa richer, distinct in taste, and with more of that chocolate quality than any cocoa you have tasted, and it actually costs you less, because only half the usual quantity need be used.

It is called Lipton's Instant Cocoa because it dissolves instantly.

*Look for the signature of Sir Thomas J. Lipton on every package of tea, coffee or cocoa you buy—thus*

Thomas J. Lipton
TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER, CEYLON

*Ask your grocer Today for a package of Lipton's Instant Cocoa; if he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you. Accept no substitute.*

THOMAS J. LIPTON, Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey
Chicago San Francisco Toronto New Orleans

The world's tea drinkers have given their endorsement to Lipton's Tea. Lipton's is first choice. It has the largest sale in the world.

From the tea gardens of Ceylon to the tea cups of America, growing, picking, curing, packing and shipping are under Lipton supervision.

Ask your grocer for Lipton's Yellow Label Tea; accept no substitute.

American Home Office and Eastern Packing Plant of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey

You will be delighted with Lipton's new Yellow Label Coffee. After years of experimenting Sir Thomas J. Lipton is able to say, "I have developed a blend of coffee that is a worthy associate of Lipton's Tea. I have given it my name and I believe that it has no superior in the world." A new screw-lock-top can keeps Lipton's Coffee fresh before and after opening. The last spoonful is good.

# BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 34)

There, spread before her, were the tents of a construction camp. Men swarmed and labored. Her eye accustomed to logging knew at what they labored, and why. It was a dam. Somebody was improving the river for logging! Some enemy had invaded the domain of the De Marsays! It was an outrage, an affront.

She leaped from her horse and walked, with chin high and eyes flashing, to the nearest group of laborers.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Buildin' a dam, lady."

"By what right? Who gave you permission to build a dam here?" she demanded.

"Can't say myself," said the man, rubbing his chin and winking over her shoulder, "but behind ye stands the feller that's givin' the orders."

She turned and found herself looking up into the placid, almost indifferent eyes of John Thorne.

XI

YVONNE'S emotions can be described only by comparison. She felt as the Emperor Napoleon might have felt had he discovered that the Republic of San Marino had declared war upon him, descended with a ruthless army of twenty-four men upon Savoy and were encamped there under the impression they had made a conquest of it.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"I am building a dam," said John Thorne.

"I can see that, of course," she said tartly, "but by what right are you building a dam here? This branch of the river is ours. Nobody has any right here but the De Marsays. When the time comes we shall build our own dams and make our own improvements."

A sustained quavering call rose and fell between the valley's walls.

"It's luncheon time," said John. "There's the call. We shall be honored ——"

"I have asked an explanation of this." She waved her hand toward the work.

"I find," said John, "that a cup of hot coffee—and I believe there is stew this noon—makes it much easier for me to be explanatory. In case I do not satisfy you we will not consider we have eaten salt together. You are not to regard this as a binding luncheon at all. And we have a very good cook."

Something in his voice or manner was disarming. It was an illusive quality although it was one of his salient characteristics. Yvonne found herself compelled to fight against it. She would not be disarmed. It was her intention to be sternly belligerent; to demand an accounting of this interloper, and to order his puny invasion over the frontiers of her principality. She meant to do it thoroughly, leaving no loophole for misunderstanding.

"Wally," John called to one of his men, "will you see that Miss de Marsay's horse is baited? The mess tent is just a step."

"If you promise to stop work at once and to withdraw from this river, where you have no right to be ——" Her hand was still upon her horse's reins.

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said Thorne. "There seems to be some mistake."

"Mistake? As to what?"

"My right to be here."

"There can be none. For years the De Marsays have planned and intended to open up this section. I have often spoken of it with my grandfather. No one has any business here but ourselves."

"It is just that," said Thorne, "that is the mistake. As things stand at the moment nobody has any business here but myself. You see, I own this land. I have a charter from the state to improve this river."

"You have dared to buy this land! You have dared to plot and plan to take this river away from us! Oh, I see!" Her voice took on the edge of scorn. "You saw an old man—ill, shut up in his room. That was your opportunity. It was your chance to creep in and knife us when there was no one to fear. You were mistaken. I am a De Marsay, even if I am a girl!"

His eyes rested upon her eyes, not defiantly, not in anger or appraisal. It was almost as if he were thinking about her without seeing her. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said slowly, "you are a De Marsay—all De Marsay. I think"—he dwelt on the word as one who advances an important theory of whose soundness he is not certain—"I think you would have been different gentler, perhaps; less arrogant—if Andrée de Chausson had given something of her loveliness to your inheritance."

No one had ever spoken so to her before. She was astounded that she did not resent it, did not fly into such a rage as she had more than once proved herself capable of. Perhaps it was Thorne's manner of uttering the words—as a reflection of his own, and not for her ears. There had been no sting in it, no desire to affront. It was meditative. Perhaps it was the surprise of hearing from this stranger the mention of a name sacred in her family annals—so sacred as to be kept a glowing secret. It was the second time Thorne had uttered Andrée de Chausson's name!

In Yvonne de Marsay mood followed mood in disconcerting and contradictory way. For reasons which none could comprehend she would flash from laughter to hot anger, from scorn to sympathy, from haughty coldness to warm companionship. Light was always glinting from a different facet. Perhaps this was because her variety was so infinite that each phase could have but the briefest turn in order that all should have a fair chance. Now—and it was against her will—she showed a face almost of dejection. She was disappointed, disillusioned—a little girl unjustly deprived of a coveted toy.

"I was thinking about you as I rode this morning," she said. "After yesterday it seemed to me we might become friends."

"Go 'Way," He Repeated. "I Pushed Once. You Go 'Way for All Time"

"That," Thorne interrupted, "might have been because you need a friend so desperately that you were casting about for one recklessly."

This saying was so keenly penetrating, so illuminating to her of her own situation that she bit her lip and fell silent. He waited for her to speak.

"I do not offer my friendship to everyone who knocks at the door," she said proudly. She hesitated. "Perhaps," she said hopefully, "when you—intruded—on the East Branch here, you did not understand the circumstances?"

"I understood them thoroughly," he said.

"You mean you came here deliberately—did what you have done, knowing you were invading what is my grandfather's and mine!"

"I knew all that was to be known," he said patiently.

"Treacherously!"

"If it seems so to you."

"Have you no defense? Is there no decent reason you can give for such an action?" She wanted him to defend himself, almost sympathized with him in his lack of defense.

"None," he said.

"And now you—you refuse to give it up when I ask you?" She emphasized the word "ask"; her manner impressing upon him how great was her condescension in requesting when she might have commanded.

"Yes."

The word was brief, final, yet it carried no weight of discourtesy. Somehow it gave her a feeling of littleness, of impotence before him, and she resented it. His manner, his words held her as negligible. He refused her friendship, so she told herself; was willing to trade her friendship for a dam across a river—the friendship of her who held herself so rare. For a mere dam, for money—because he must be building his dam to make money—he was willing to forgo her esteem. It rather bewildered her. She had not deemed such a thing possible—that there was any price a man would not have paid willingly to possess her good will.

"Then," she said, becoming again a flame of anger lovely to the eye, "you shall be forced off. You shall find that there is a De Marsay to reckon with, even if grandfather is—is too sick to act."

"Mr. Bracken seemed to feel much the same way," Thorne said gravely.

She turned from him, set her foot in the stirrup and vaulted to her horse's back. Thorne's hand touched the reins, restraining her. He looked up into her frowning eyes, even as she lifted her riding whip. Anger urged her to strike. She hated him, hated him for daring to stay her, for daring to lay his hand upon her mount. But she did not strike. Slowly she lowered the whip and her cheeks took on a rosy flush. He nodded.

"It was a thing to be ashamed of," he said quietly. Then: "If your grandfather, in your presence, face to face with me, asks me to abandon the East Branch, I will do so."

He released her horse, lifted his hat, and turning his back squarely upon her walked away; and she, with that curiosity which is one of woman's chiefest charms, noted that he did not look back. She struck her horse a single blow so that he leaped under the smart of it, and dashed at breakneck speed up the road she had so recently descended.

She did not pause, save to give her mount breathing time, until she reached the office of her grandfather's mills. Here she flung herself out of the saddle, tossed the reins over the horse's head and ran up the steps. Through the outer office she passed like an embodied whirlwind and laid her hand on the knob of the private-office door when the voice of the new bookkeeper arrested her.

"Mr. Bracken is occupied, ma'am," he said.

He was unfortunate: it was no moment to select to interfere with Yvonne de Marsay's plans, and she flashed upon him the anger that had been pent up inside her, waiting for a handy object to be blasted.

"Occupied? Who is he to be occupied when I wish to see him! Who are you?"

"I," said the young man, "am the new bookkeeper."

"Keep them, then," she said, and jerked open Bracken's door. Inside she found herself looking into the perturbed faces of Bracken and Doc Roper. Bracken's cheeks turned putty color, then to red. He opened his mouth to speak, but Yvonne gave him no time to formulate a sentence.

"I must see my grandfather at once! Come with me immediately!" she said imperiously.

Bracken recovered his poise. "As you see," he said in his cold, banker's voice, "I am busy. This is no way to come rushing in. ——"

"Nonsense!" she said. "I wanted to see you. You will come with me at once."

"If there is something you want to talk to me about," he said, "I will see you this evening."

"You will see me now! There is something my grandfather must know at once."

"As you very well know ——" he began.

"I don't care what ails him how ill he is. He must be informed of this. If he were dying he would want to know."

Bracken shrugged his shoulders. "Everything that touches you pampered young women seems of life-and-death importance to you," he said.

Doc Roper leaned across the desk and fixed Bracken with his little eyes. "Sit tight," he admonished.

"You," said Yvonne, "will be still! When I reach a depth where I need you to speak for me ——"

"It is never well to stamp on an offer of friendship," said Doc coolly.

"If I felt your friendship was mine," said Yvonne, "I would be ashamed for the first time in my life."

"The human mind," said Doc, drawing from his pocket a carrot and commencing to peel it with his jackknife, "is a machine which changes very frequently."

She ignored him. "This man, John Thorne, is building a dam on the East Branch. He has a crew at work. That valley is ours. He must be driven out of it."

"Is that what you wished your grandfather to know?" Bracken shrugged his shoulders. "You want to burst into his sick room with that?"

"It is of importance to warrant bursting into his grave," said Yvonne.

"Your grandfather has known this a week," said Bracken. "Perhaps this will teach you to leave alone affairs which do not concern you. The thing is already taken care of."

"Taken care of! But the man is there! His work is proceeding."

"Your grandfather has left it in my hands."

"Which is why he is still there. That is not the De Marsay way. What have you done? What will you do? If André de Marsay had been on his feet this man and his dam would have been thrown in the river days ago."

(Continued on Page 101)

*THE* experience of most people with O-Cedar Polish is simply this:

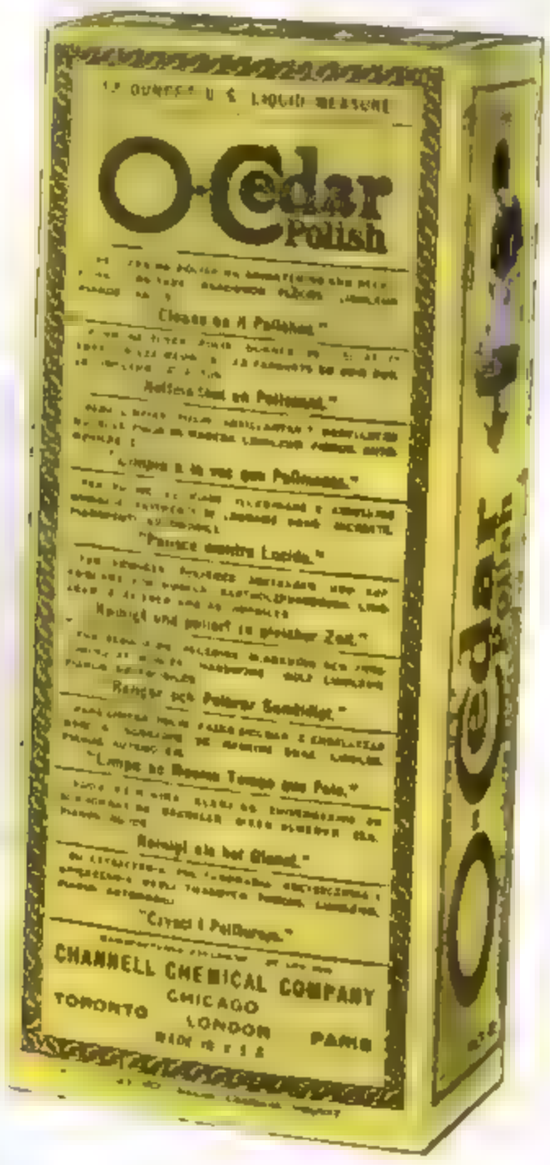
They buy a 4-ounce bottle (costing 30c) simply as a trial.

They use it according to directions (as pictured below) and are delighted with the results. Their furniture and woodwork take on new beauties—cleaner, brighter and prettier than ever before.

So satisfactory are the results from the trial a larger size bottle is bought.

The second purchase is generally a 12 ounce bottle costing 60c—or 3 times the quantity for twice the money.

Use O-Cedar Polish
The O-Cedar Polish Way
Wet a piece of cheese-cloth with water
Wring it almost dry
Pour on O-Cedar
Go over the surface
Polish with a dry cloth
The Result: a sparkling bright, hard, dry lustre
30c to $3.00 sizes




As the wonders—the utility—and the superiority of O-Cedar are more fully appreciated people buy the larger sizes—quarts, half gallons and gallons effecting greater economies. Quarts are $1.25, half gallons $2.00 and gallons $3.00.

# O-Cedar Polish

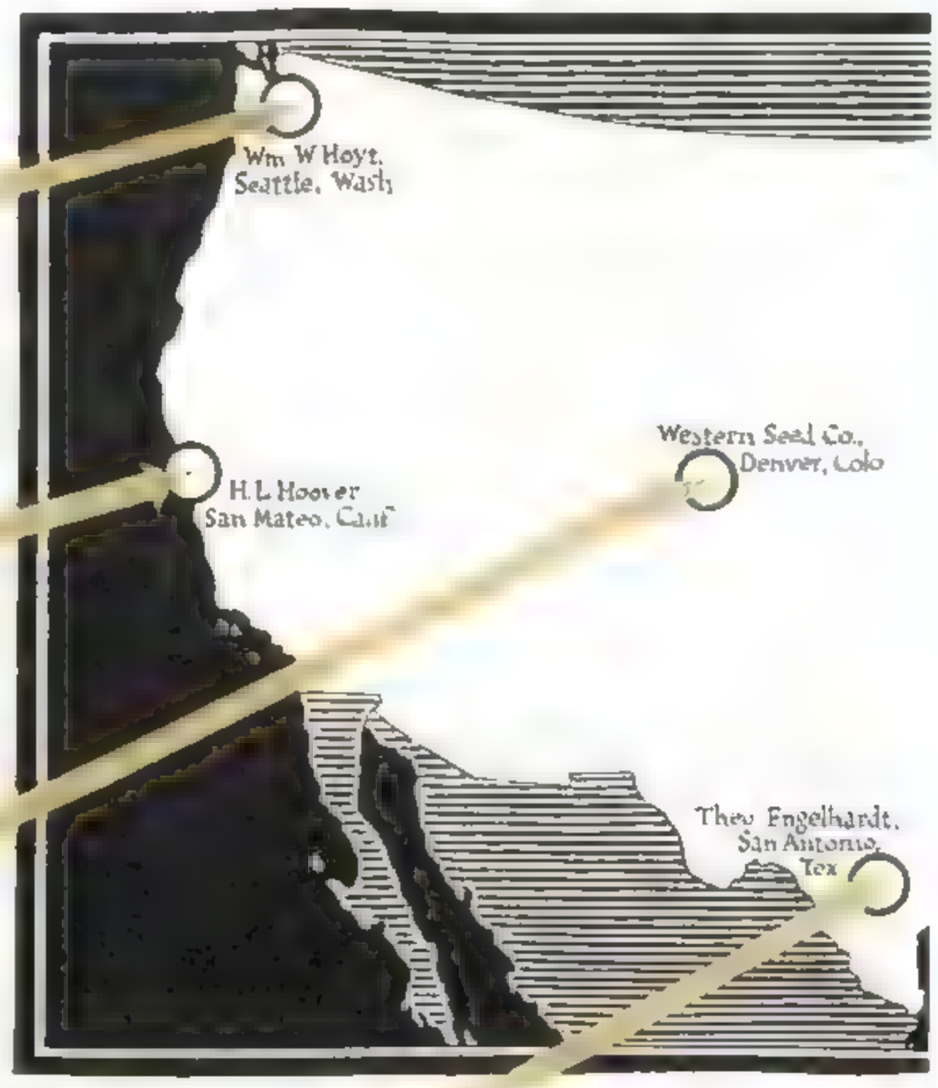
CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY - Chicago - Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

# EVERY-

# ARCOLA PAYS FOR ITSELF

"I AM particularly pleased with the small amount of fuel ARCOLA requires to keep our five-room cottage comfortable and warm. When we get up in the morning, the house is always as warm as during the day."

WM. W. HOYT
Seattle, Wash.



"ARCOLA has given us just the proper degree of warmth, and the expense for fuel has been low. I heartily recommend ARCOLA."

H. L. HOOVER
San Mateo, Calif.

"ARCOLA is a great saver of fuel; we figure it will pay for itself in two winters at the present rate. Besides we are getting 25% to 40% more work from our employees, because the old stoves never distributed the heat properly."

WESTERN SEED CO.
Denver, Colo.



"I WOULD NOT BE without ARCOLA. I have had it in my home for over a year and for all that time I have used no more coal to heat eight rooms than I used formerly in one stove. The heat is even in all the rooms."

THEODORE ENGLEHARDT, San Antonio, Texas.

## What do these letters mean to you?

SIMPLY THIS—that you can throw away your old-fashioned heating equipment, install steam or hot-water warmth in your home, *and save money by doing it.*

Actually you will be *making* money as well as saving it. For any real estate man or banker will tell you that steam or hot-water warmth adds many times its cost to the selling value of a house.

Just as a straight business proposition, therefore, you should send today for the free book about ARCOLA.

ARCOLA is a handsome, compact little boiler-radiator that warms the room in which it stands and sends a steady flow of

# WHERE IN THE FUEL IT SAVES

"YOUR No. 5 ARCOLA is warming my store and our eight large rooms over it. The remarkable thing is that it keeps them all warm at all times. I highly recommend ARCOLA and radiators to anyone."

OTTO L. F KAMMERER
Mankato, Minn.

"THE ARCOLA you installed in my home is a comfort and a pleasure—no cold rooms or cold corners. And it uses no more coal than my old sitting-room stove did."

WALTER H. THAYER
Bellingham, Mass.

"WITH ARCOLA we actually use *less* fuel to heat the *whole* house now than we formerly used to heat the first floor only; and the house is cozily and evenly warmed all the time."

FRANK S. VOHS, St. Louis, Mo.



"I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY that the money I invested in ARCOLA and American Radiators has added more comfort to my home than any other appliance in the house."

WM. S. PFAFF, New Orleans, La.

hot water or steam through small pipes to American Radiators in every other room.

That means that *every* room is warm—no hot side and cold side to the house. It means a clean house, free from dust and ashes. It means that one fire heats all the rooms—a very large saving in fuel.

Surely this is worth investigating. Drop a line to either address below and ask for the book that tells how ARCOLA pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Life is short; don't shiver through it. Put ARCOLA and American Radiators in your home this Fall.

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

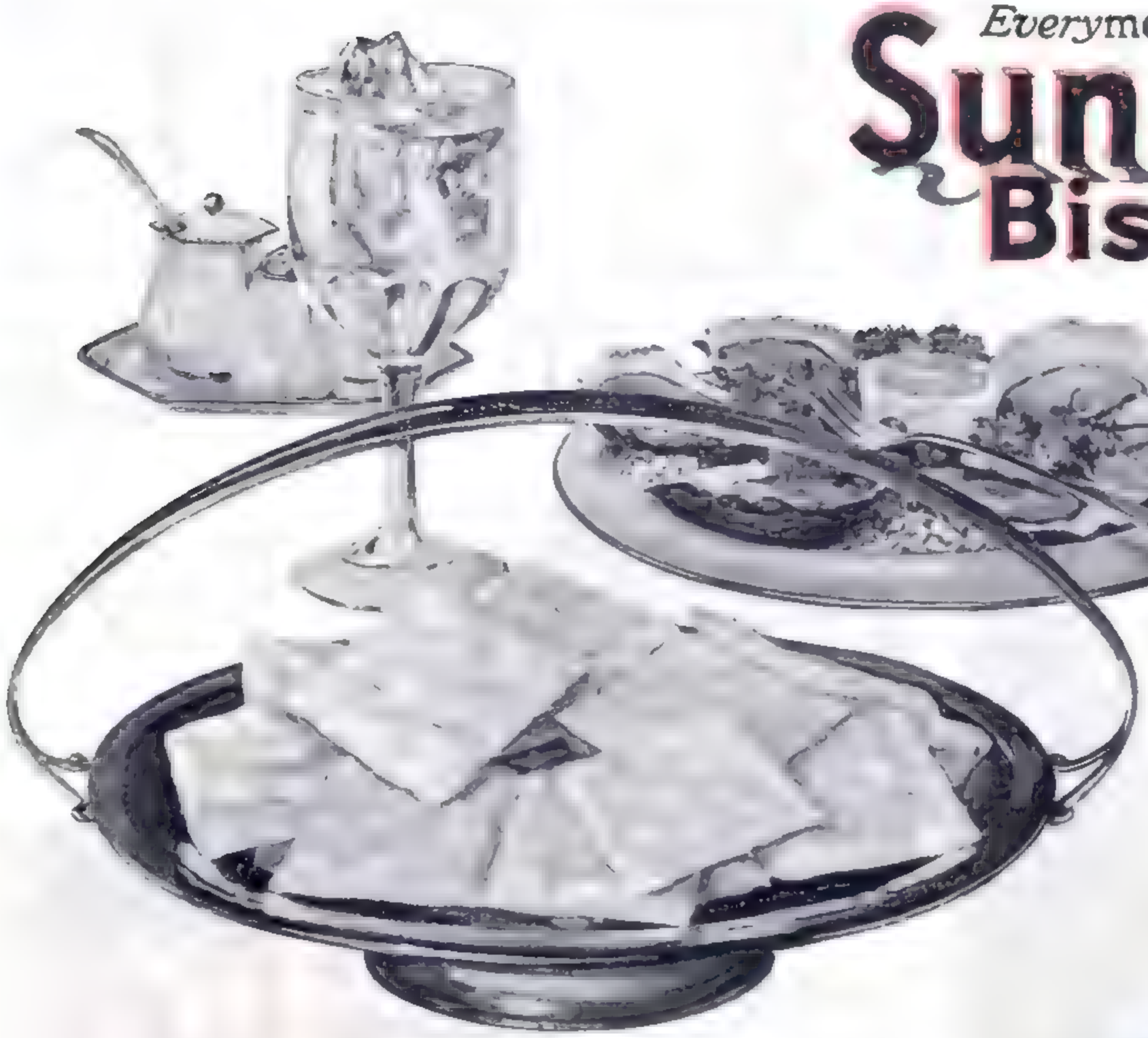
*IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need*

AMERICAN IDEAL RADIATORS BOILERS

104 West 42nd St., New York Dept. 57 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

*Everymeal* *Everyday*

# Sunshine Biscuits



*Sunshine Krispy Crackers with Oysters*

## *Leave them on the table the whole meal*

Small, square, flaky crackers—dainty, crisp, tender and salted just right—that is what Sunshine Krispy Crackers are. The first bite tells the story.

They taste good themselves, and, better still, they improve the flavor of other foods eaten with them.

Put Sunshine Krispy Crackers on the table with the first course. Leave them there till the meal is over. They are just the thing to go with oysters, fruit cocktail, soup, salad, and with cheese and after-dinner coffee.

Keep them on hand all the time.

It would be interesting to look over the other Sunshine crackers, biscuits, and wafers displayed in the Sunshine Biscuit Rack. Many of them will be exactly what you want for various occasions.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers can be bought in individual packages and in bulk. In a few Eastern States ask for Sunshine Saltines if Sunshine Krispy Crackers are not available.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

*Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits* *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

*From the Thousand Window Bakeries*

(Continued from Page 96)

"Business is not done today by throwing in the river," said Bracken. "My methods will be quite as effective."

"Your methods!" Scorn flashed from Yvonne's eyes. "Your bookkeeper's methods! Your stock-broking methods! Your crawling around corners and up back alleys! If you do not take me to my grandfather and let me hear with my own ears that he has left this thing to you ——"

"What?" Bracken said with a twist of his thin lips.

"I will myself take such steps as a De Marsay should when he is attacked by an enemy."

"Go play with your bonnets and gowns," Bracken said coldly.

Yvonne drew herself up to her full height, chin lifted, shoulders back. She did not become imposing as she hoped, but she did become very lovely, with the loveliness of youth and vivid life, with springtime's courage. A girl of fire, to set the hearts of men a-pounding! Doc Roper drew his breath audibly between his teeth.

"I am a De Marsay," she said.

"The last of the De Marsays," Bracken said, and there was the trace of a sneer about his mouth.

The De Marsays! He hated the name; he hated the pride, he hated most of all the living spirit of them. He was wearied to bitterness with the De Marsays. For years he had lived, breathed, been submerged in the De Marsay tradition. Most of all he hated it because it commanded his envy, made him feel his inferiority. He hated it because he was a hanger-on to the hem of its mantle. There were hours when he could have exulted to see that name dragged through the mire. Anthony Bracken was a man not poor in malice, owning a rich workable vein of envy. In short the De Marsay cosmos had got on his nerves, and a point was approaching where he must vent his spleen or suffer unbearably with mental indigestion.

"The last of the De Marsays," he repeated, a jeering malice creeping into his voice.

He had more to say. The gates were open at last for the outrush of his pent-up grudge. His mouth was open, but no word issued from it. Instead, his face became rigid, his eyes widened, and into them crept unsightly fear. With hands braced against the edge of his desk he thrust himself back in his chair. His was the face and attitude of one who listens to the unbelievable, the impossible—to some sound hideously terrifying.

The sound was not frightful in itself; quite the contrary. It was rather gay, though somewhat quavering. There was a lilt, a buoyancy to it, though the voice was aged. The song came tripping through the window:

*"Il s'en rut à la chasse,*
*A la chasse aux perdrix,*
*Carabi;*
*Il monta sur un arbre*
*Pour voir ses chiens courir,*
*Carabi,*
*Titi Carabi,*
*Toto Carabo,*
*Compère Guillere,*
*Te lairas-tu mourir?"*

Bracken crumpled, diminished in size. Huddled in his chair he lost half his dimensions. He lifted a clutching hand.

"Did—did you hear it?" he asked.

Yvonne's eyes were not upon him, did not witness the pitifulness of his unmanning. She ran to the window.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she cried. Then, turning slowly, a curious suppressed note in her voice, she spoke. "There—is—no—one—there," she said.

She tore open the door and ran through the outer office, but when she reached the street it was deserted. Not a soul was visible either in the yards or upon the road.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she called.

There was no answer. She stood, puzzled, frightened. It was her grandfather's voice, her grandfather's song—the little *chanson* he had been wont to sing to her in her babyhood, and which in his old age in those lighter, gayer moments which came to him, he would still sing as though unconsciously. It was the only song he had ever been known to sing—his own, identified with him.

She reëntered the office. "Did you hear someone singing?" she asked the bookkeeper tremulously.

"I heard nothing," he said.

Bracken looked up at her from his chair, looked a question.

"There was nobody," she said. Then: "Did you—did either of you—hear my grandfather singing?"

The men exchanged a glance. "I heard nothing," said Doc Roper, but his voice was uneven.

"Nor did I," said Bracken. "Nothing: not a sound."

### XII

THE new bookkeeper for the De Marsay Mills showed signs of taking up fishing seriously, as it should be followed by a resident of St. Croix. In that village there are a number of subjects that are discussed gravely and with authority. One is state politics, one is checkers, one is the weather and one is the trout fishing. Therefore when the young man asked advice about the purchase of a rod and other equipment he was accompanied by an interested and argumentative committee, who saw to it that he entered upon his new life with adequate tools.

Of a Sunday morning he went forth to whip his first stream, and inasmuch as John Thorne was a devoted angler it is not to be regarded as astonishing that the two should meet some distance outside the village, or that they should stop to smoke and chat and compare notes.

"Well," said Thorne, "how do you find your new job?"

"Interesting," said the young man. "Interesting. The bookkeeping system is—shall I say rudimentary? No. It is elementary. Kindergarten."

"I imagined you would find it so."

"Why," said the young man disgustedly, "a second-class bookkeeper could install a system for them that would entail three times the work, require four times as many books, and make it twenty times as hard to arrive at a monthly statement. A real efficiency expert—Lord knows what he could accomplish!"

"You've hardly had time," said John, "to turn over much sod."

"Mr. Thorne, I've gone through those books like a mole through a well-kept lawn. I can recite them."

"And found?"

"Nothing."

"They're straight? No signs of tampering?"

"They're right as rivets."

"Um!"

"But that," said the bookkeeper, "doesn't mean there's nothing wrong."

"A paradox!" Thorne smiled.

"It takes a good man to shennanigan a complicated set of books, but James J. Jeffries' dumb-bells could make these books of Bracken's turn handsprings to music."

"For instance?"

The bookkeeper shrugged his shoulders. "I've a feeling. You get them in my business. Can't be a certified accountant, which is kind of a multiplication-table detective, without intuitions. Everything balances, every cent is accounted for, but the small of my back itches every time I take a ledger out of the safe. When my back itches it means there's funny business."

"But you haven't found it?"

"There's a difference between finding it and being able to prove you've found it."

Thorne's eyes twinkled. He was not impatient, and was willing to humor the young man in his circumlocution. "What's your guess?" he asked.

"Contributions."

"Contributions?"

"Charities, benefactions, endowments, et cetera, e pluribus unum, Erin go Bragh! I find a number of items, amounting to a loud and fancy total, which purport to be contributions to the Red Cross, the G. O. P., a fresh-water college, the famine sufferers in Mesopotamia, and so forth, and so on. In units of five and ten thousand dollars."

"Why do you suspect these? De Marsay was well able to indulge himself in benefactions."

"Well, in the first place there are no receipts, no acknowledgments from the organizations benefited. In the second place each contribution was drawn in cash, and contributed in cash—anonymously. The entries read so. 'Contributed in cash and anonymously, according to orders of A. de M.' Just like that."

"Who drew the checks?"

"Bracken."

"Covering what period?"

"A couple of months."

"What do you think?"

"I think," said the young man, "that Bracken is paying the rental of a safety-deposit box."

"What's the total?"

"Here's a list of beneficiaries, with the amounts to each. Seventy-seven thousand five hundred dollars in all. And pretty slick, I call it. If my back hadn't itched —— Say, if ever you go in for messing up a set of books just you think up something as good. I admire intelligence, no matter where I meet it."

"Good work," said Thorne. "Now go catch a fish."

The bookkeeper ambled off upstream; Thorne turned sharp to the right and disappeared up the hillside. He continued to climb until he reached the road which Yvonne had traveled yesterday to reach the East Branch, and proceeded down this at a pace suited to his leisurely habit of mind. He was giving thought to Anthony Bracken and his possible possession of seventy-seven thousand dollars of old André de Marsay's money. Reflections on this subject were interlaced with a consideration of what he had accomplished toward a solidification of his position on the East Branch, of what remained to do, and of the obstacles he might reasonably expect to encounter.

When one projects the improvement of a river, the erection of a sizable dam, the construction of a mill, and the lumbering of a tract of timber miles in extent, he must expect the opposition of the elements; he must be prepared for the labor of combating the passive resistance of inertia. In every project of this magnitude one discovers financial problems that must be solved. In addition to these inimical elements to be encountered in any endeavor Thorne was aware of the necessity for defending himself against still another, one motivated by intelligence if not by malice. This hostile force was the De Marsay interest under the command of Anthony Bracken.

Half a mile above camp the brook turned acutely across the ribbon of road, dropping a dozen feet into a rocky gully which the road crossed upon a wooden bridge. As Thorne sauntered toward this point and was perhaps a hundred yards distant from it, the spot disappeared in a geyser of yellowish smoke. This phenomenon was followed by a thudding detonation familiar to the ears of any river driver. Thorne did not quicken his pace, but continued to approach with the same placid tread. When he arrived at the gully the bridge had disappeared. Below, clogging the rush of the stream, was a tangle of splintered débris, still smoking. The tang of dynamite fumes lay heavy on the air. Thorne looked about him, scarcely expecting to see any sign of life. Not being disappointed in this respect, he shrugged his shoulders, scrambled down to the brook, leaped it and clambered up to the road again.

Twenty minutes later he stepped out upon the little flat where was pitched his construction camp. All about, in the shade, men were dozing, smoking, bathing in the stream or doing their weekly washing.

"Have to dynamite a jam up the road?" grinningly asked a red-haired man who lounged against the bole of a tree.

Thorne replied to grin with grin, but said nothing. He walked out upon the jaw of rock from which his dam was to extend, and looked down upon the tumbling waters, calculating. He was giving thought to precautions. Labor must not be wasted; work once in place must remain in place. Undoubtedly the dynamiting of the little bridge up the hill was the first symptom of an epidemic. It behooved him to take precautions against its spread.

As he stood reflecting a young man whom he recognized as a rodman in the employ of his engineer came running hatless to the other jaw of the falls and began shouting, but the sound of his voice was drowned in the turmoil of the waters. He ran upstream, where, by wading, by leaping from rock to rock, he made a crossing.

"Mr. Thorne," he said breathlessly, "the bridge across Black River is gone—burned."

"Sunday," said John, "seems to be an unhealthy day for bridges."

"But—there isn't another bridge for ten miles, and no other road to get here by. How're we going to haul in supplies and materials?"

"Over a bridge," said John.

"What bridge?"

"The one," said John, "that you're going to commence to build in"—he looked at his watch—"about fifteen minutes.

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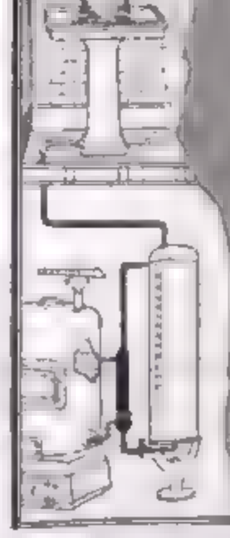

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Wake up Paddy Skidmore if you can find where he's snoozing."

Presently Paddy, the gang boss, oozed out of a patch of alders, rubbing his eyes and scowling with splendid ferocity.

"Try cold water," said Thorne. "I want you wide awake."

"I'm wakeful, worse luck. Who's bellyachin' about what now?"

"Communications have been cut by the enemy," said John with a twinkle in his eye. "We're fresh out of bridges. Nothing to cross. Load the gang in wagons and hustle them to Black River. Throw across a bridge—the kind you built in France with the engineers. When you've got it thrown, stand a man on the middle of it with a shotgun chock-full of buckshot and tell him to remonstrate with anyone who shows signs of wanting to burn, dynamite or in any other way to demolish it."

"Glory be!" said Paddy. "I thought this was to be a dreary peaceful job."

"I'm going to St. Croix," said John.

Thorne rode a horse on the trip to town, making a detour to cross the stream where the animal could negotiate the passage. He stopped at the front gate of the Château de Marsay, threw the reins over a post and walked up the graveled path. Midway to the house he encountered Doc Roper emerging after his daily professional call upon André de Marsay. Doc stopped and eyed John in a manner intended to be ingratiating.

"Mornin'," he said.

"Good morning. I hope your patient is improving."

Doc shook his head. "Strange case. Strange case. Sometimes I ain't so hopeful as I am other times. Say, young man, you and I must have a talk soon. Mutual advantage." His hand sought for and found a carrot in his pocket. "I got something to talk over with you."

"Anything about bridges?" John asked soberly.

"Talk over, not walk over," said Doc. "No need going in; you can't see De Marsay."

"Thank you," said John, "but I guess I'll go in anyhow. I'm a man of habit. I'd miss asking at the door for him."

He walked on, leaving Doc to stand and peer after him speculatively. He had no idea how deeply Doc Roper was interested in him, nor why.

The Indian, Jean, answered Thorne's ring. "Mr. Bracken, if you please," said the visitor, and Jean left him standing while he disappeared into the house behind him. In a moment he reappeared and motioned for John to follow. He led the way to the library, where upon John's entrance Bracken arose and remained standing.

"You wish to see me?" he said brusquely.

"Not exactly," said John, "but it seemed necessary to see you." He paused. "I've come to borrow about twenty men," he said casually.

"You've what?"

"Come to borrow woodsmen. About twenty."

"Young man, you have a splendid nerve. What gives you the idea I would lend you men—or anything else?"

"I just wondered if maybe you wouldn't."

"Well, I won't—and that's that."

"Not to build a couple of bridges?"

"Not for any purpose."

"But you ought to be willing to pay for your diversions."

"What diversions?"

"Burning and dynamiting bridges along the highway."

Bracken frowned. He did not understand Thorne's drift, and what he failed to understand he suspected. What was this talk leading him into? John explained.

"You, or men under your orders, destroyed the Black River Bridge and the small bridge on the East Branch Road. This makes it very inconvenient for me. Therefore you will lend me the labor with which to replace them."

"And if I don't?"

"I'm quite sure you won't refuse."

"I don't know who burned the bridges," Bracken said angrily. "I didn't, nor did anybody under my orders."

"You're not going to put me to the trouble of proving it, are you?"

"Prove and be blowed! I don't know anything about it—except that I'm glad of it. If I had done it do you suppose I'd give you men to make the damage good?"

"You might," said John hopefully. "You ——"

The portières into the hall were brushed aside and Yvonne de Marsay stood in the opening, her eyes alive with the fire of defiance, her head thrown back proudly.

"Anthony Bracken had nothing to do with it," she said. "He hasn't the courage. His way is to send dollars to fight for him, which is not the De Marsay way. When we fight we fight, man to man, in the open. I destroyed those bridges—it was done under my orders. You have dared to set foot on land that is rightly ours, and I shall drive you off—not this hired man. I shall fight you as my grandfather would have fought you."

John Thorne scratched his ear, but manifested no surprise—although he was taken wholly by surprise. He turned to Bracken and smiled that sunny lovable smile of his, and then he turned it full upon Yvonne.

"I guess I shan't insist on those men, Bracken," he said. "The jury finds you innocent."

He continued to smile at Yvonne and to shake his head as one would indulgently reprove a naughty child.

"*Tu boscules le pot des fleurs,*" he said. "*Mechant, méchant!*" You tip over the pot of flowers. Naughty, naughty!

Yvonne flushed scarlet. To be so spoken to! To be regarded lightly as a child when she had assumed the weighty task of being the Joan of Arc of the De Marsays! To be laughed at! Tears filled her eyes; her fists clenched.

"Don't dare laugh at me! Don't dare make fun of me! What if I am a girl? I'm as good a man as you! I'll show you!"

"You little fool!" said Bracken roughly, but Thorne laid a heavy hand on his shoulders.

"Let us remember our Sunday manners, Bracken," he said. "That isn't the way we speak to ladies—even when they burn up our bridges. My apologies for disturbing you, Bracken—and, Miss de Marsay—you and I are going to carry on a wonderful war. I must hurry back and tell my men not to use buckshot."

He paused and listened.

"Wh-what's that?" Bracken said hoarsely.

Yvonne's cheeks whitened and her eyes became wide, but not with fear. Thorne heard a voice, aged, but gay with the lilt of undying youth in it, and the voice was singing:

*"Il monta sur un arbre*
*Pour voir ses chiens couri',*
*Carabi;*
*La branche vint à rompre,*
*At Guilleri tombi,*
*Carabi,*
*Titi Carabi,*
*Toto Carabo,*
*Compère Guillere,*
*Te lairas-tu mouri'?"*

The *chanson* died away as if a door had suddenly been closed upon the singer. Thorne could not tell whence it had come, whether from above stairs or from out of doors.

He turned to Bracken questioningly. The man did not answer. There issued a choking sound from his throat and he slumped down before his chair in a faint.

"What is it?" Thorne asked.

"My grandfather," said Yvonne in a whisper. "I heard him yesterday. It is his song—his voice."

"Has a queer effect on Bracken," he commented. Then to Yvonne: "Have you seen him?"

"No."

"We will see him now. Come. Where is his room?"

"I will show you," she said, tacitly accepting him as an ally in the emergency.

They issued from the library, passed rapidly down the hall to the stairway, but there they halted, for on the first landing stood Jean, the Indian, and by his side Chow Chek Ken, his right hand caressing the back of his neck. It was the Chinaman who spoke.

"No come. No climb." He smiled ingratiatingly. "Boss say no. You go 'way—out fron' door. Plitty quick."

Chinaman and Indian descended side by side. "No bo flaid missee get hurt," said Ken. "You bett' go damn quick."

Thorne looked into Yvonne's eyes. "Go," she said. He hesitated. "Please go before Anthony Bracken comes to. Please!" This was a new phase of her, one he had not seen.

"Departure does seem expedient," he said, and smiled again his warm vivid smile. "Do leave my bridges alone," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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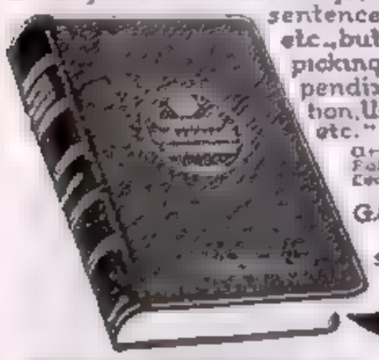

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# STRIKES

(Continued from Page 7)

by the carriers on the ground that it would be a violation of the rights of the employes who had remained in the service and of the new men who had just entered the employ of the roads. Thus it came about that every question upon which the men had gone out could be adjusted by means that would have been as easily available before they went out as afterward. Having needlessly gone out, the only question left to wrangle about was how to get back in. Around this point the battle raged for weeks. It was the subject of mediation, conference and even Presidential proclamation. This question of seniority, of which not one man in a hundred had ever heard before, became a breakfast, lunch and dinner topic all over the United States. It was the subject of editorials, the text of sermons, and the inspiration of thousands of wordy whereases and resounding resolves. Although there were some who pronounced it a false issue and condemned the obstinacy of both parties for haggling about it while the consumer cried for coal and cantaloupes, it really involved a most vital question. That question was: Does the railway employe who goes out on a strike carry with him a vested right in his job and the benefits and privileges incident to it?

The striking shopmen answered in the affirmative and gave reasons that might be analyzed as follows:

The striker has not ceased to be an employe of the road, but has merely suspended work. He has assumed a status analogous to that of an employe on furlough, who, when he is recalled, resumes his former position on the seniority roster;

He had the right to suspend work in concert with his fellows—in other words, to strike—because the law recognizes his right to strike. In this particular instance he has not violated the Transportation Act, not even the objectionable decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, for in the exercise of the right given him by the act he had not accepted those decisions;

If the men lost the strike and were never taken back in a body the worker who returned individually could not claim his former position and the rights incident to it, but if the strike was won or settled and the men returned as a body they were entitled to the restoration of their positions and their places on the seniority roster;

The fact was pointed to that in many previous strikes the returning men had been accorded their former places with seniority.

### The Executives' Reasoning

Analyzing in the same way the contentions of the railway executives, they were as follows:

Conceding that the employes had the right to strike, when they exercised that right they ceased to be employes. There is no similarity between the status of a striker and a man on furlough. The rules provide for furloughs and for the preservation of a man's seniority rights during the period of a furlough;

It was the undisputed right and duty of the carriers to employ men in the place of those who had struck, in order that they might discharge their legal and moral obligation to the public to maintain efficient and uninterrupted transportation;

It being the right and duty of the roads to employ men in the places of the strikers, the men so employed were rightful and legal employes of the roads, entitled to all the rights and privileges inuring to railway shopmen under the Transportation Act and the code of rules established in accordance with it. These rules are expressly applicable to all the shop employes of a road, both union and nonunion, and they automatically apply to every new employe the minute he enters the service. Among these rules are those governing seniority. There is nothing in the rules or in the law that establishes the absurdity that a man may abandon his job or position, and at the same time retain any of the rights or perquisites incident to it;

Though it is true that in some strikes the men have been reinstated, this has been done by agreement or compromise between the parties and not as a matter of right in accordance with existing rules.

The President's first recommendation that the strikers be reinstated with seniority was such a compromise proposal, not purporting to reflect his views as to the principle involved in the seniority controversy; but his second recommendation suggested a course in strict conformity with the law and the rules—namely, that the seniority question be submitted to the Labor Board for decision.

From the foregoing synopsis of the respective lines of argument it is evident that the point in issue is one of deep significance both to the carriers and to the labor organizations, not only in its bearing on the present strike but in the handling of future labor troubles.

As this is written the shopmen's strike is still in progress, and thoughtful people are now taking an inventory of the entire railway-labor question, with a view to possible legislation at next winter's session of Congress. That there will be an avalanche of bills of infinite variety is already assured. The question, in the meantime, will have provoked some thought and much oratory in connection with the congressional campaign.

### Two Basic Facts

In this discussion there are two fundamental facts that will admit of no difference of opinion. The first is that the railway employes by a general strike involving all or the major organizations, as was threatened in the fall of 1921, can tie up, hard and fast, all the railroads in this country, from boundary to boundary, any time they see fit. All this outburst of conversation that occurs about once a year in regard to running the trains with soldiers is mere vocal exercise. Soldiers can guard trains admirably, but there are very few of them that could operate a train.

We have had a demonstration of what the shop crafts alone can do to choke transportation. Here is a class of employes that the general public knew so little about that they were hardly regarded as railroad men. Really the train and engine men, the engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and switchmen are the only railroad employes that the public in general considers indispensable to the operation of the railways. It is true that the men who roll the wheels are of first importance in the operation of the trains, but there are other classes of employes, who perform work of a less conspicuous nature, that are essential to the maintenance of traffic. Dispatchers and telegraphers, mechanics, clerks, signalmen, maintenance-of-way employes and others contribute to the safety and efficiency of the modern railroad.

In case of a general strike comprising all classes of railway employes, what chance would there be to recruit a new force, competent in skill and adequate in numbers to keep traffic going? Absolutely none within any reasonable length of time. Enough competent men could be found to operate a few trains, but the traffic and travel that could be handled under such conditions would not be a drop in the bucket. Not only can the railway-labor organizations close down the roads but they can keep them shut down with practical completeness for a long period of time. The public might as well pigeonhole that fact now for convenient reference as go through the process of reacquiring it at enormous cost later on.

To this first proposition let a second be added of equal indisputability. A discontinuance of railway operation in the United States would bring upon the people instantaneous suffering and loss that would be extended and accelerated by each passing day, until it had developed into the most overwhelming domestic catastrophe that ever befell our nation. Such a strike would be a greater economic disaster than was the War Between the States, and it is within the range of possibilities that it would cost almost if not quite as many lives. It is not worth while to attempt to enumerate and describe in detail the inevitable results of a universal railroad strike. The rotting of fruits and vegetables in the fields, the denial of shipment to grain, livestock and other foodstuffs, the shutting down of mines and factories, the unemployment of unprecedented millions of people, the cutting off of fuel supplies to towns and cities, the consequent discontinuance of all sorts of public utilities, the stagnation of all manner of business, the freezing and starving of helpless men, women and children, the spread of disease and death, the hell of crime and disorder—these would be a few of the high spots in the general cataclysm. This picture is not overdrawn, as every man knows who has kept himself informed as to conditions in Europe and tendencies in the United States. It is based on the assumption that the strike would be fought to a slow and unyielding finish, just as the shop strike is now being fought. Of course if it be assumed that the railroad managements, the Federal Government and the governments of the various states took the other horn of the dilemma and fell on their knees before the strike leaders in abject surrender, then the country would escape the dire consequences otherwise in store for it. In that event just what ransom would be exacted would rest largely within the discretion and generosity of the strikers.

The paradoxical feature of this entire situation is that a general railroad strike of the sort here slightly sketched, aside from the incidental violence and disorder, would be perfectly lawful. The violence and disorder, the slugging, kidnaping, beating up and murder might as well be authorized by law, because they are the everlasting concomitants of the thing which is authorized—the railway strike. It is euphoniously said that men strike in order to exert economic pressure on their employers and on the public. The academic theory of the strike is that the employes of an industry, in effect, lay a wager that the industry cannot be run without their labor, and they discontinue work in order to put this wager to a practical test.

### Making War on the Public

If a strike stopped at that point it might, indeed, be characterized as an economic contest; but no strike of any considerable proportions will ever halt at that stage. The men remaining at work who are waylaid and assaulted, their wives and children who are harassed and terrified by threats and by attacks on their homes, the laborers who are bombed in the shops, the public whose lives are endangered by wrecks, accidental or superinduced, the carriers whose buildings and rolling stock are destroyed by incendiarism—none of these would define their experiences as manifestations of economic pressure. They are naked and hideous physical force, approximating civil war. As a matter of fact the strike is a blockade, and the blockade is recognized as one of the most effective instruments of warfare. Without pausing to argue about who is responsible for the lawlessness incident to strikes, suffice it to say that one cannot conceive of a general railway strike devoid of a large amount of lawlessness. One might as well talk about sunshine without heat or rain without moisture.

The truth is that this alleged right to strike, this system of making war on the public in order to settle controversies with the railroads, is politically, morally and economically unsound. The continuation of such a system is not to the advantage of the public, the carriers or the employes. It will not be creditable to the legislative branch of our Government if a condition so fraught with possibilities of industrial disturbance and political revolution is permitted to survive. It will be impossible to enact effective legislation that will not arouse the antagonism of one or both of the interests involved. It is, however, perfectly feasible to strengthen existing laws in a way that will guarantee substantial justice to the carriers and employes and protect the rights of the American people.

There are certain basic principles upon which such legislation must rest.

The 110,000,000 people of this country, the producers, shippers and consumers are as a matter of right entitled to efficient and fair-priced railway transportation, and as a matter of self-preservation they must have it.

Although the railroads are privately owned and operated, Congress has time and again asserted its power over interstate commerce to protect the public against imposition and discrimination upon the part of railway managements, and the Supreme Court has upheld such legislation. By the same token Congress may intervene

(Continued on Page 106)

# The MAN who guards the Nation's shipping

The responsible insurance agent or broker who measures the perils of the sea and provides indemnity for the ships and cargoes that are ventured upon it, is the protector of our immense and increasing foreign commerce.

To his care is entrusted a vast volume of materials and commodities indispensable to the well-being of the world.

In matters of insurance follow the advice of your agent or broker. His judgments are formed from a wide experience with the laws and usages that govern his profession.

The Insurance Company of North America was founded in 1792. For more than a century and a quarter vessels have sailed and commerce has prospered under its shield.

Any agent or broker can get you a North America policy.

## Insurance Company of North America

*"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"*

*Capital $5,000,000* PHILADELPHIA *Founded 1792*

*The Insurance Company of North America and the*
INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
*write practically every form of insurance except life*

*"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"*

Little skin hurts are always liable to infection. Protect them with New-Skin.

This easily-applied liquid forms a covering that keeps germs out of the wound and helps the injured place to heal.

Keep New-Skin on hand for emergencies.

*15c. and 30c.* *At all Druggists'*

NEWSKIN COMPANY
NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON
*"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"*

**Serve Bran**
**in this inviting way**

Here is a way to make whole wheat and bran so good that everyone will want them.

A special wheat, soft and flavory, is rolled into luscious flakes. And those flakes conceal 25% of bran.

These are two great factors in a diet. You want everyone to like them. Then try Pettijohn's. It will take its place at once in your home as a favorite morning dainty.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

**Representative in Each County**
Can earn $100.00 weekly for next eight weeks handling high class Xmas Specialty in almost universal demand
**Process Engraving Co., 209 S. State St., Chicago**

**Colson Wheel Chairs**
and Cripples' Tricycles
Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
3014 Cedar St., Elyria, O. Catalog Free

*Continued from Page 104*

with statutory enactments requiring railway employes to refrain from interruptions of interstate commerce destructive of the property and lives of the people.

There rests upon the shoulders of railway managements and of railway employes a public trust—the duty of furnishing to the people efficient transportation.

Railway strikes and lockouts must be made unlawful, and impartial punishment must be prescribed for violations of the labor laws by either managements or men. The exceptional railroad managements that have stood with extended hands to receive all favorable decisions from the Railroad Labor Board, but have contrived methods of evading unfavorable decisions, must, in justice to the employes and to the public, be brought sharply to account and made as amenable to the law as the humblest section hand

### *Trial by Combat*

It is merely a piece of fallacious rhetoric to say that an antistrike law in the railway industry would establish involuntary servitude. No man would have to enter the railway service against his desires in times of peace, and when he did enter he would know that in a sense he was entering the public service and would therefore be subject to certain limitations and restrictions not applicable to purely private employment. He would be as free as any other citizen to change his occupation whenever he saw fit. He would understand, however, that no organization to which he might belong would be permitted to conspire to wage civil war on society and industry, and to enthrone anarchy in our republic. Civilized states have established executive and judicial machinery as a substitute for guns and bombs to protect the lives and rights of their citizens. The people have reached the conclusion that this gun feud between the carriers and their employes must stop, for two reasons: First because the fatalities are too serious among the innocent bystanders, and second because the damage done by the combatants to each other is a matter of public concern. The time has therefore arrived when the people are compelled to say that the weapons of force and oppression that have sometimes been used by the railroads against their workers must be discarded and that the weapon of the strike, which has occasionally been handled with deadly effect by the employes against the railroads and the public, must be laid aside. This method of adjudicating a civil controversy is a modern revival of the ancient absurdity of trial by combat. The result of that sort of trial was not based on justice but on brute force. The mountain feudist in our own country who resorts to a rifle may locate his adversary, but he does not by that method locate the disputed boundary line over which the trouble arose.

The Court of Force is an unjust court. The strike is not a safe method of arbitrament. A justifiable strike may be lost, and an unjustifiable strike may be won. And then, in addition to the injustice that is wrought by the judgments rendered by the Court of Force, the costs incident to the trial are enormous and they fall with ponderous, staggering weight upon both litigants alike. The strike of the shopmen will cost this country, one way and another, a half billion dollars, but it will settle no dispute, it will answer no industrial question, it will solve no social problem, it will establish no principle of immediate or ultimate benefit to compensate labor for its fearful sacrifice.

On the other hand it will impoverish the participants and will bring vast suffering to the workers in other lines of industry by retarding prosperity and increasing the cost of living. It will tend to defeat its own object by diminishing the ability of the carriers to pay wages.

If, however, Congress is to say by legislation that the carriers and their employes must surrender the high privilege they have heretofore exercised of fighting out their differences and must henceforth submit them to adjudication, then the greatest care must be used to guarantee to both parties a square deal. It must not be forgotten that there has been an insidious propaganda poured into the minds of laboring men through hundreds of publications, spreading the poisonous preachment that every branch of the Government is unjust to labor. That railroad labor has had its full share of this kind of literature can be testified by anybody who has had the opportunity to inform himself.

In legislation on the subject under discussion there should be the least possible ground for complaints of unfairness. Of course it would be a mere waste of time to endeavor to coddle the designing agitator into the approval of any law or policy of the Government, for he could be satisfied with nothing less than the overthrow of the existing order of society. It must be recognized, however, that a large part of the skilled classes of railway employes are essentially conservative men, although the drift of sentiment among them in recent years is apparently in the opposite direction.

In most of the national conventions of railway employes this year strong ground has been taken in favor of the repeal of the labor article of the Transportation Act, and it goes without saying that any move to strengthen the act by the inclusion of an antistrike provision will be vigorously resisted. The employes demand the unhampered right to tie up the railroads whenever they consider it to their own interest. The basic reason of this is twofold: First because they believe that their absolute power to throttle traffic will get them more than arbitration will, and second because the majority of them are advocates of government ownership, and they believe that their unrestricted power to strike will soon force a discouraged and disgruntled public to adopt government ownership. Their first conclusion is erroneous. Arbitration or adjudication of their controversies will net them more cash and comfort than the use of economic pressure will. Their second conclusion is correct. The surest way to bring about public ownership is to demonstrate the inability of the carriers and the Government to save the public from the unbearable harassment of periodical strikes.

One just ground of complaint from the employes against the Transportation Act, as it now stands, is that the carriers have been able to evade and postpone the effectiveness of decisions of the board conferring benefits on the employes, while the employes have no possible means of escaping an objectionable decision except by striking, which is a method too drastic and costly to consider in any ordinary case. The employes are able to point to a considerable number of instances where the board's decisions have not been respected by carriers, though, of course, the great majority of the carriers have loyally lived up to the decisions of the board. In all fairness it must be conceded that the Shop Crafts in particular have borne with commendable patience somewhat exasperating conditions on certain roads. The possibility of such unfairness and inequality should be wiped out so far as it can be done by legislation.

### *The Right to Organize*

Part of the trouble given by certain of the carriers has been due to their aversion to doing business with the labor organizations on their roads. The Railroad Labor Board has consistently held that the majority of the employes in a particular class have the right to select their own representatives for purposes of conference and negotiation and to appear for them before the Labor Board.

The Transportation Act recognizes the right of the railway employes to organize, to function as organizations and to bargain collectively. It may be that if the statute were made a little more clear and emphatic on this point a few hard-boiled executives with archaic ideas of labor would cease to give trouble. Perhaps, after all, they serve a useful purpose in preventing the world from moving too fast. They offset some of the more radical labor leaders, whose normal gait is running away.

The time has passed when men can accomplish important or permanent results by antagonizing the right of labor to organize. The biggest question in the world today is not how to crush and destroy organized labor but how to curb and restrain its excesses. There is no place in this country for the maudlin idea of the parlor socialist that any demand of labor must necessarily be a just demand. It may be or it may not be. Labor, with its highly sensitized class consciousness, does not always reason along straight lines. It often gives no heed whatever to the rights of those outside the ranks of its own organization. This thought serves to recall a conversation alleged to have occurred among a small group of railway executives who were discussing the doings and misdoings, mostly the latter, of certain labor organizations. One of them indignantly said, "Why, they have tried to run my road; they have demanded enormous increases in wages, vacations with pay, and soft-snap working rules." One of the other executives, after a few contemplative puffs on his cigar, replied, "Yes, my main objection to those fellows is that they are so damned much like us."

The public should accord just recognition to the fact that labor unions must be credited with a considerable part of the advancement of labor in the acquisition of just wages, decent living conditions and all that makes life worth while. A contribution so vital to such a large section of mankind is a blessing to the world as a whole. It must likewise appeal to the composite sense of justice of the people at large that, if railroad labor waives its right to strike or is by statute declared to possess no such right, to the end that railway service may be rendered more stable and efficient, then the public, through the agencies that deal with the question, must make sure that railway employes lose no advantage or benefit by this new requirement.

### *Services Performed*

Many people who have heretofore given the subject but superficial thought have committed the error of advocating a wage for railroad labor based upon labor in outside employment with which it is not fairly comparable. The public estimate of a just and reasonable wage for railway employes should give full weight to the training and skill required, to the degree of responsibility and to the hazards of employment. A just public will also remember that the train and engine men perform work which affords opportunity for only the slowest promotion, which does not fit a man to pass readily into some other line of business, and which separates him from his family a large part of the time.

The railway labor organizations might think that their usefulness was at an end if they were denied the privilege of fighting, but this is not true. It is the same thought the German Kaiser had—namely, that he must have a war, otherwise he was all dressed up with nowhere to go. The labor organizations render service of incalculable value to their membership entirely aside from striking and threatening to strike. This country is full of flourishing organizations of many kinds that serve their constituents to splendid advantage in a peaceful way.

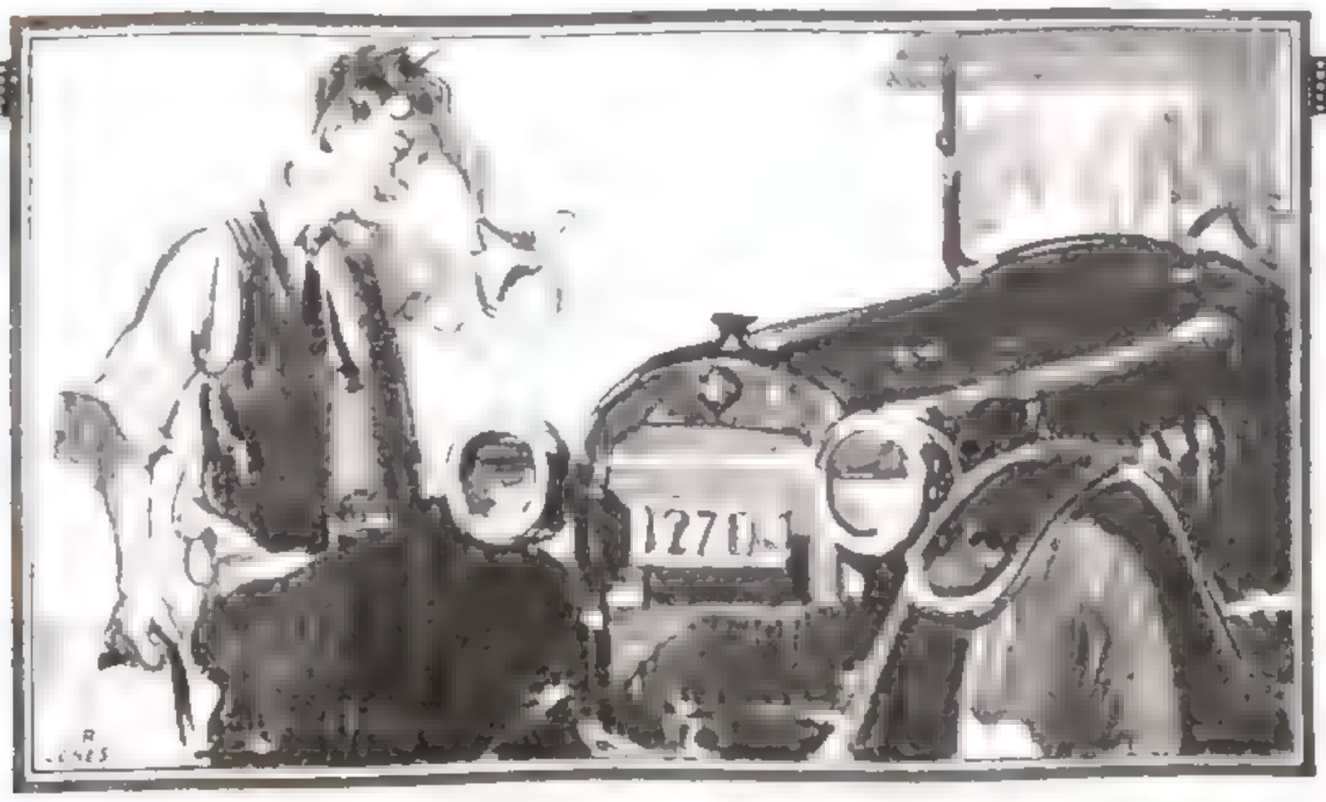
When railroad labor is given, as it is under the Transportation Act, an equal voice in the fixing of wages it should be satisfied. Public sentiment cannot be brought to approve any system that concedes to railroad labor, to all practical intents and purposes, the exclusive power to fix its own wages. Such an autocratic power over the railroads, the key industry of this country, will ultimately result in the oppression of the people and set in motion forces likely to subvert our free institutions. This, however, is the power which railroad labor now possesses under existing laws and conditions, and it is only a question of time until an effort will be made to exert it, unless there is wise and conservative legislation to prevent. Such an eventuality would bring no greater disaster to anybody than to labor itself.

Our people should not temporize with this question. It is too vital and too far-reaching to admit of partisan bickering.

The Transportation Act of 1920 was a long stride in the right direction. Results have justified its enactment but uncovered its fatal weakness. Its provisions should be clarified where necessary to the safeguarding of the rights of all concerned, and, above all, they should be made mandatory and enforceable. Then, if abuses develop in the administration of the law, let the ballot box be resorted to for redress.

This is a problem that cannot be solved by stagnant hesitation or timid retrogression. It calls for a forward movement.

# On the Morning You Find Your Battery Dead!



## Think Well! Recall What You've Learned About Battery Endurance—and Buy as Your Judgment Has Already Told You

Like every other motorist, you sooner or later have this experience: Some morning you open the garage doors, climb into the car, step on the button—*and nothing happens!* Your battery has died in the night.

But why be resentful toward the battery? Rather, dig out the facts and conclusions about batteries you have "filed" in the back of your brain for just such an emergency. You'll probably find they run like this:

"My battery *does* have a hard life. I *do* need the strongest battery I can buy. The Willard Threaded Rubber Battery *does* give longer continuous service at less cost per month and per mile. Its use as standard original equipment by 202 makers is *overwhelming* evidence of quality. On these grounds I have decided the only battery for me is the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery!"

Having once decided, are you going to let expediency, price, or last-minute weakness swerve you when your battery suddenly dies and immediate action is needed? Or are you going to fix that decision *now* with rivets driven through and clinched on the other side?

**202 Makers of Cars and Trucks Use Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries as Standard Original Equipment**

Acason
Acme
Advance-Rumely
Ahrens-Fox
All-American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American Beauty
American-LaFrance
American-LaFrance *of Canada*
Anderson
Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Austin
Avery

Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
Bollstrom
Brown
Bridgeport
Buffalo

Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
Capitol
Carroll
Case
Chevrolet
Citroen
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Colonial
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Consolidated
Corliss
Crawford
Cunningham

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Dearborn
Defiance
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris
Dragon
Drake

Elcar

F W D
Fargo
Fergus
Ferris
Franklin
Fulton

G. & J.
G M C
Gardner
Garford
Garv
Giant
Glide
Goodman
Great Western

H C S
Hahn
Halladay
Hatfield
Hawkeye
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Huffman
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
Huron

Imperial
Independent
Indiana

Jewett
Jordan

Kalamazoo
Kelly-Springfield
Kimball
Kissel
Koehler
Krebs

Landa
Lease
Lewis-Hall
Lexington

M H C
Maibohm
Marmon
Master
McFarlan
Menges
Menominee
Mercedes
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
Mitchell
Monroe
Mor-Powr
Mueller
Mulford

Napoleon
Nash
Nash Six
Nelson
Nelson-LeMoon
Noma
Norwalk

Ogren
Old Hickory
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh

Paige
Panhard
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Piedmont
Pierce Arrow
Prado
Premier

R & V Knight
Rainier
Raleigh
Renault
Reo
ReVere
Richelieu
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
Romer
Rowe

St. Cloud
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Seagrave
Selby
Service
Shaw
Shelby
Signal
Southern
Standard
Standard 8
Stanley
Stanwood
Stewart
Y F Stewart
Stoughton
Studebaker
Stutz

Tarkington
Thomart
Tiffin
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Towmotor
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Traylor
Twin City

Ultimate
United Motors
Ursus

Velie
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Waltham
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White
Wills Sainte Claire
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Wolverine

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
*Made in Canada by the* Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

# Willard THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

# POBBLE & CO.

Continued from Page 5)

brown, noncommittal face of his son. Once he almost started to ask a question, but stopped himself, and instead pushed across the table a box of his own very excellent cigars. Scott half reached, then drew back his hand.

"No, thank you," he said shortly.

Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., went on reading. It did not occur to him that the tight squareness round his son's determined chin resembled the tight squareness round his own. He rubbed his hand down over his face with the familiar squeezing motion, and muttered to himself that Scott was an obstinate young cuss.

III

THE first lesson by J. Scott Manning, Jr., to Miss Ellean Pennington on the subject of The Pobble Perfect Memory System took place the next evening in the Pennington library. Scott sat behind a vast mahogany desk with brass fittings and huge brass knobs on all the drawers, like so many brass knockers; before him lay a copy of the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. A little to one side sat Miss Aurelia Pennington, correctly perpendicular in a stiff-backed chair; and directly opposite was Ellean, in dull blue, sunk in the depths of a great easy-chair, with prim toes barely touching the floor, and mischief in her eyes. Scott felt, as he looked at them over the desk, as if he were intrenched behind all the respectability of a thousand years of Penningtons.

"Well," said Ellean at last, "why don't you begin? I'm waiting to have my memory perfected."

"Yes," said Scott; "yes."

Then he cleared his throat and began.

According to Miss Aurelia's request he gave first a recitation, forward and backward, of the one hundred simple words on which The Pobble Perfect Memory System was based.

He said that association was the great thing. Then he repeated what he had said the day before to Miss Aurelia about the hat and the heart, and continued his instruction into the realms of the bow and the cup and the cow and the cradle, which immediately followed.

"There are various ways of strengthening the association," he told them, "and thus of fixing the image more firmly in the mind. One of these is by exaggeration. If, for instance, you find it hard to remember your picture of a hat, you can increase its size. You can imagine the hat the size of a house. You can go even further, and imagine it the size of a cathedral."

"If my hat was the size of a cathedral could I trim it with the Leaning Tower of Pisa?" asked Ellean.

Miss Aurelia frowned, but Scott beamed all the way up to the unregenerate lock of hair on the top of his head.

"Exactly!" he said. "You have the idea perfectly, Miss Pennington."

He wondered whether her eyes were really black or whether they only looked black in the shadow.

Miss Aurelia's severity relaxed when she found that, after all, Ellean had said something not altogether disgraceful.

They passed then to some of the simpler applications of The Pobble System.

Scott explained how, when the one hundred perfect Pobble pigeonholes had been constructed in the mind, anything to be remembered could be safely placed therein. He showed how easily shopping lists could be remembered. He said that if they wished to buy a bottle of ink and a lead pencil, they could place the ink in the hat pigeonhole, and the pencil in the heart pigeonhole—that is, they could fix two pictures in their minds—a hat full of ink, for instance, and a lead pencil writing "I love you" across a red valentine heart.

He wondered why he liked to look at Ellean, as he talked, better than at Miss Aurelia. He decided that it was because he was employed to give lessons to Ellean.

Then he touched lightly on the methods of remembering numbers.

"I'm worst of all at remembering numbers," Ellean said. She shook her head sadly, as if in contemplation of some grave physical infirmity, but her eyes danced. "I'm just always forgetting. I think the prices of things are quite small, you know, when I buy them in the shops, and when the bills come in, they're so big—you've no idea! And last month I got all mixed up, and added two ciphers right onto the end of my allowance. You wouldn't think it would make any difference, but it did. Didn't it, Aunt Aurelia?"

Miss Aurelia did not answer. She wore the look of one who suffers in silence.

Scott wondered why, when he looked at Ellean Pennington, he always thought of wood elves dancing on a green. He decided that it must have something to do with association.

"I know just how you feel," he said. "I used to be a little like that too. But I haven't had any trouble that way since"—he groped for perfect truth—"since about the time that I got interested in The Pobble Perfect Memory System."

"Really!" said Miss Aurelia with satisfaction.

Then they went on with the numbers. Scott taught them that some numbers lend themselves readily to the method of association by phrase. He said that they could remember 17,771 by thinking of a man with a shovel. When the man was seventeen he began to shovel, and when he had worn out seven shovels he was seventy-one.

He said that they could remember 12,934 by pretending that a man was waiting at a railroad crossing. He began to wait at twelve o'clock. When he had waited for ninety-three trains it was four o'clock.

But most numbers, he said, were remembered by association with the original list of one hundred words. Each word stood not only for itself and its own pigeonhole but for a number. By remembering the words it was easy to recall the desired number.

Thus crocodile pudding might mean $9631. But crocodile pudding in a bath tub meant $9631.14.

At the unfolding of these details Miss Aurelia Pennington looked pained but interested. Ellean looked interested. Then suddenly without warning she jumped up from her chair.

"I've sat still till I've got prickles," she announced, "and I won't be perfected any more."

She ran round the desk and pulled the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System out of Scott's hands. Then with a firm thumb and forefinger she pressed down the lock of hair that rose from Scott's blond head toward the respectable Pennington ceiling.

"You ought to use Slickum!" said Ellean Pennington.

And there ended the first lesson.

The next night found Ellean in riotous mood. She met Scott in the drive when he came. His joy, however, was short-lived.

"Oh, Gib! Stan!" she called in her high clear voice. "Come here! I want you to meet my book-agent friend."

Scott, very red and uncomfortable, found himself being introduced in turn to Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker. It was no surprise to Scott afterwards to learn that Mr. Gibson Mylls belonged to the Brandlewaite branch of the Mylls family, which in age and respectability was second only to that of the Penningtons. Mr. Mylls was a dark, pale, bored young man, with a habit of touching his mere smear mustache with an affectionate forefinger. Mr. Barker, on the other hand, was the sort of person who ought to have been an advertising manager. And perhaps he might have been if his American mother had not succeeded in marrying a foreign fortune. Miss Aurelia Pennington was obsessed by the fear that Mr. Barker was not quite a gentleman. Mr. Barker was accustomed to say that when he wanted anything he went after it, and when he went after it he got it. And when he had said this he would put out his hands in a curious gesture, palms upward, as if he had just tossed up the universe and were going to catch it when it came down.

Scott decided that he did not like either Mr. Mylls or Mr. Barker. A few minutes later he liked them even less.

"Come on," called Ellean gayly. "Time for lessons in perfection! Come, Aunt Aurelia! Come, everybody! Stan and Gib are coming too," she explained to Scott. "They've both got awful memories. I collected their fees, and they're both going to buy Pobble books, so I knew you wouldn't mind. Did you sell a lot of books today, Mr. Manning?"

"Quite a lot," said Scott.

He had never been so miserable. It had been bad enough the day before to sit behind the great Pennington desk, under the eye of Miss Aurelia Pennington, and feel Ellean laughing elfin laughter at him from the depths of an easy-chair. But it was infinitely worse to have her laughing at him openly with the despicable Mr. Gibson Mylls and the detestable Mr. Stanley Barker looking on.

They filed into the library. Ellean sat in the middle of a long sofa with Mr. Gibson Mylls beside her on the right, and Mr. Stanley Barker beside her on the left.

"Come, teacher," she said, "let's begin."

"Ellean!" said Miss Aurelia. Then she turned to Scott.

"You promised to take up the subject of remembering names tonight," she reminded him. "But I do wish that first you would just run through that list of words once more. Mr. Mylls and Mr. Barker haven't heard you."

"Certainly," said Scott savagely.

He picked up the copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System on the desk, and laid it open before him with such violence that he broke the de luxe limp-leather binding.

Then with his eyes fixed on the interested respectable face of Miss Aurelia Pennington he recited the simple list of one hundred words—forward and back. When he had finished he said that here, as well as in other things connected with the system, everything depended on association.

"It is futile," he told them steadily, "to try to remember a name merely by repeating it over and over to yourself. It must be connected in your mind with some specific train of associations by which it may be recalled at will. The association may have to do with the person's appearance, or his profession, or with some generally known manufactured product, or with some character in fiction, or ——"

"Can you give us an example?" asked Miss Aurelia. "I thought your examples yesterday were so helpful."

"Yes," said Scott, "I can. Take Mr. Baer. Perhaps he has gray whiskers and you associate him with a grizzly bear; perhaps he has white hair and you associate him with a polar bear; perhaps he is a negro and you associate him with a black bear."

"And perhaps he is bald and you associate him with plain bare," said Ellean promptly.

Scott paid no attention.

"Take Mr. Patch," he said. "You can think of Mr. Patch sitting up in bed with a patch over his eye, and a patchwork quilt over his knees, eating a bowl of Patch's Sugar of Milk."

Ellean bounced up and down on her sofa, to the immediate discomfort of Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker.

"Oh!" she cried. "It's a game. Isn't that fun!"

She patted them both indiscriminately on their nearest shoulders, and Miss Aurelia frowned.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Mylls.

"Clever," said Mr. Barker.

And Scott went straight on.

"Take Mr. Cheever," he said. "Mr. Cheever is a surgeon. A patient will be able to remember him because he comes up to her with a meat cleaver, ready to cleave her and the sight gives her a cold sheever down her back."

"It gives me a sheever just to hear you," Ellean declared.

She got up with a melodramatic gesture of sheevering and went to stand on the hearth rug. Scott thought that she was very lovely. And still he did not pause. He was intent only on giving Miss Aurelia Pennington her money's worth and making his escape.

"Take Mr. Merriman," he said. "Perhaps Mr. Merriman owns a circus where there is a merry-go-round."

"And perhaps he doesn't," said Ellean.

"Perhaps not," Scott admitted. "You may be able to remember his name, not because it is appropriate, but because it is ridiculous. Mr. Merriman may be an undertaker."

"He's more likely to be a furniture dealer, or something prosaic like that," Ellean said practically. "How should you remember Mr. Merriman if he was a furniture dealer?"

Scott considered.

"Rime is often a help," he said at last. "I should think 'Old King Cole was a merry old soul.' Then I should think 'coal and wood.' And then I should think 'Wood and furniture.'"

Miss Aurelia Pennington bent her unbendable old head in approval of his effort.

"Isn't that the simplest thing you ever saw?" she said.

"Just about," Ellean agreed pointedly. "Now let us do one. You give us one, Mr. Manning."

"Take Sawtell," said Scott obediently. "What does Sawtell make you think of?"

"Sawtell rimes with hell," Ellean murmured.

"Ellean!" said Aunt Aurelia.

Ellean defended herself.

"I didn't say it made me think of hell," she said. "I said it rimed with hell, and it does. Rime is often a help; Mr. Manning said so."

Miss Aurelia Pennington resumed her expression of one who suffers in silence. Scott tried to be tactful.

"You might start with a rime," he said, "and think of William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head, and then telling his son to go and saw wood."

But Ellean hardly listened, because she already had a new idea.

It was characteristic of Ellean to have a new idea before she had finished with the idea before that.

"Let's do our own names!" she suggested. "Gib, what does Barker make you think of?"

Gib touched his small mustache.

"Dog in the manger," he said glumly.

Ellean rebuked him.

"Gib, dear, don't try to be clever," she told him. "You know you can't. Mr. Manning, what does Mylls make you think of?"

"I don't like to say," Scott muttered with admirable self-restraint.

And there ended the second lesson.

Scott drove Mr. Mylls and Mr. Barker home in his excellent new roadster. Ellean said that he would be glad to.

"Gib's got a blow-out, and Stan walked out for the exercise," she said, "so I told them it wouldn't be a bit of trouble for you to drive round their way. It won't, will it, Mr. Manning?"

"No," said Scott.

Mr. Mylls came out and got in beside him at once. Mr. Barker stayed to say another good-by, while Scott ran his motor and fretted at the delay.

"Nice little thing," Mr. Mylls said at last with an inclination of his head toward the house they had just left.

"M-m-m," said Scott.

"Nice old family," he continued.

"M-m-m," said Scott.

Mr. Mylls grew more loquacious.

"Awful lively now," he vouchsafed, "but she'll settle down after she's married."

Something proprietary in his tone roused a horrible suspicion in Scott's mind.

"Are you engaged?" he asked abruptly.

Mr. Mylls touched his mustache.

"It hasn't been announced," he said, "but there's an understanding."

"Congratulations," said Scott shortly.

Then he leaned on the button that sounded the motor horn, and signified to Mr. Barker within that he and Mr. Mylls were ready to start.

Scott took Mr. Mylls directly home. Mr. Barker settled himself comfortably in the place formerly occupied by both himself and Mr. Mylls, and relaxed into conversational ease.

"Clever," he said. "That Pobble System."

"M-m-m," said Scott.

"You've got a gold mine there," Mr. Barker went on.

"M-m-m," said Scott.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Barker grew even more expansive. He pointed over his shoulder.

"I've got one back there," he said not very subtly.

"What do you mean?" said Scott.

Mr. Barker pointed again.

"Ellean," he said. "You know—Miss Pennington."

"Are you engaged?" asked Scott. He felt history being repeated.

"Not exactly," said Mr. Barker. "But—well—yes, practically."

Then he made the curious gesture, with his palms upward, and murmured something about having what he wanted.

(Continued on Page 112

# A Startling New Discovery About Our Teeth

*Did you know that our teeth have millions of tiny openings? Destructive acids enter these tiny openings, causing decay. Remarkable new dentifrice, perfected after seven years' research and clinical observation, fills up these openings—thus solidifying—calcifying—the teeth, and makes it possible to counteract tooth decay.*

SCIENCE has made a great new discovery—a discovery which promises to revolutionize present day methods of caring for the teeth.

Up to now, cleaning and polishing the teeth, and stimulating the flow of saliva have been the accepted methods of caring for the teeth.

Now, however, a method has been discovered, and embodied in a delightful tooth paste, which not only does these two things—but accomplishes a result that has never even been attempted in the dentifrice field.

This new discovery effectively counteracts tooth decay by actually *solidifying* and *hardening* the teeth!

## Why Children's Teeth Decay

The teeth are not solid stones, as is generally supposed. They contain millions of tiny openings. Even the enamel, the hardest tissue in the body, is porous to a surprising degree.

The teeth of children are especially porous. For this reason, they are very susceptible to decay. As they grow older, the teeth should naturally become harder, more solid and more resistant to decay. This solidifying and hardening is brought about by the action of a tooth building and repairing substance in the saliva. The teeth, being porous, absorb the saliva carrying this substance in a carbon dioxide solution. By the simple process of evaporation of this carbon dioxide of the saliva, this solidifying substance is deposited within the tooth structure, and hardens.

Frequently, children's teeth, instead of undergoing this solidifying and hardening, undergo a rapid process of softening and disintegration. The teeth, being porous, will absorb harmful acids, which disintegrate the teeth, just as readily as they absorb substances which solidify the teeth.

Unless the solidifying action of the saliva is sufficient to counteract the disintegrating action of destructive acids, the teeth will decay. This solidifying substance in the saliva is known as calcium phosphate.

## Why Teeth Decay During Pregnancy

It is known that the percentage of calcium phosphate in the blood and in the saliva is lower during pregnancy and the period of nursing than at other times. Consequently, the calcium phosphate supply of the saliva available for tooth repair is not always sufficient to replace the inevitable destruction of the teeth, caused by food acids and acid fermentation in the mouth.

## The New Way to Prevent Tooth Decay

Hundreds of experiments prove that when the *saliva* is rich in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is rare. On the other hand, when the saliva is deficient in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is extremely common.

Indeed, laboratory experiments prove that when an extracted, porous tooth is treated daily for thirty days with saliva of one free from tooth decay, it undergoes marked solidification, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. (See Fig II.)

Mr. Ruthrauff believed that, if the saliva of one free from tooth decay had such a concentration of calcifying, or solidifying, substance that a porous tooth could be partially solidified in thirty days, it would be possible to develop a solution of this substance, which would completely solidify a porous tooth. He also believed it would be possible to incorporate such a solution in a tooth paste, which would assist the saliva in its chief function—the calcification of the teeth as a means of counteracting tooth decay.

After seven years of research, in which he discovered how the saliva performs this solidifying—or calcifying—action, he was able to develop a tooth paste which possesses marvelous calcifying or solidifying properties. (Compare Fig. III with Fig. II.)

This product is known as the Calcifying Tooth Paste—ACIDENT.

## ACIDENT the Perfect Dentifrice

A number of years ago Mr. Ruthrauff developed and patented a tooth paste which today is universally recognized as one of the most efficient cleansers and polishers of tooth surfaces known. ACIDENT is the culmination of seven years of additional research, and embodies new agencies, remarkable for the quickness with which they clean and polish the teeth. ACIDENT contains no grit or harsh abrasives. ACIDENT is a most delightful dentifrice, with a new, refreshing flavor. It is different from every other tooth paste, and there is a scientific reason for every difference. ACIDENT enjoys the highest scientific endorsement.

## Note the Rapid Results

No matter how thoroughly you care for your teeth, you will be surprised at the quickness with which ACIDENT cleans and polishes. If your teeth are sensitive to heat or cold, sweets or acids, you will find that, in a short time, this sensitiveness will disappear as the porous surfaces become solidified or calcified. Calcified teeth acquire a characteristic polish and lustre which it is impossible to impart to soft, chalky and porous teeth, until they have been calcified. For your teeth's sake, and for the sake of your children's teeth, introduce ACIDENT into your home today.

Most druggists already have ACIDENT. If yours does not, fill out the enclosed coupon now, and mail it today. We will see that you are promptly supplied with a large size tube. Once you have used a full tube of ACIDENT, you will always use this tooth paste which counteracts tooth decay.

## How ACIDENT Solidifies Teeth

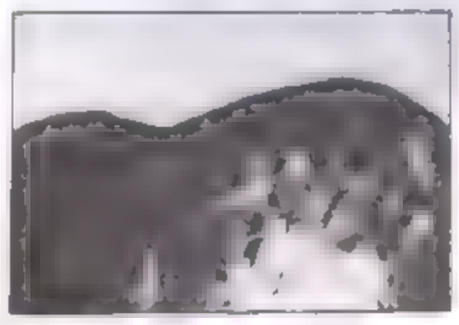
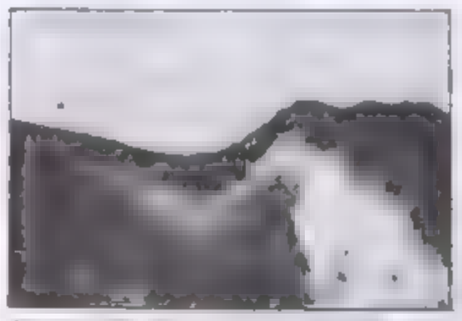
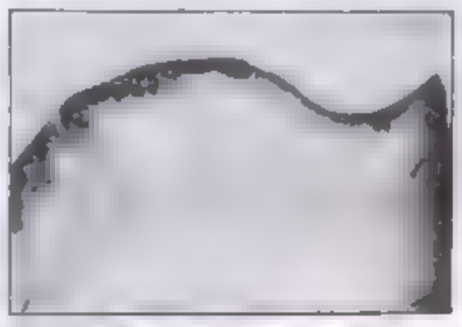
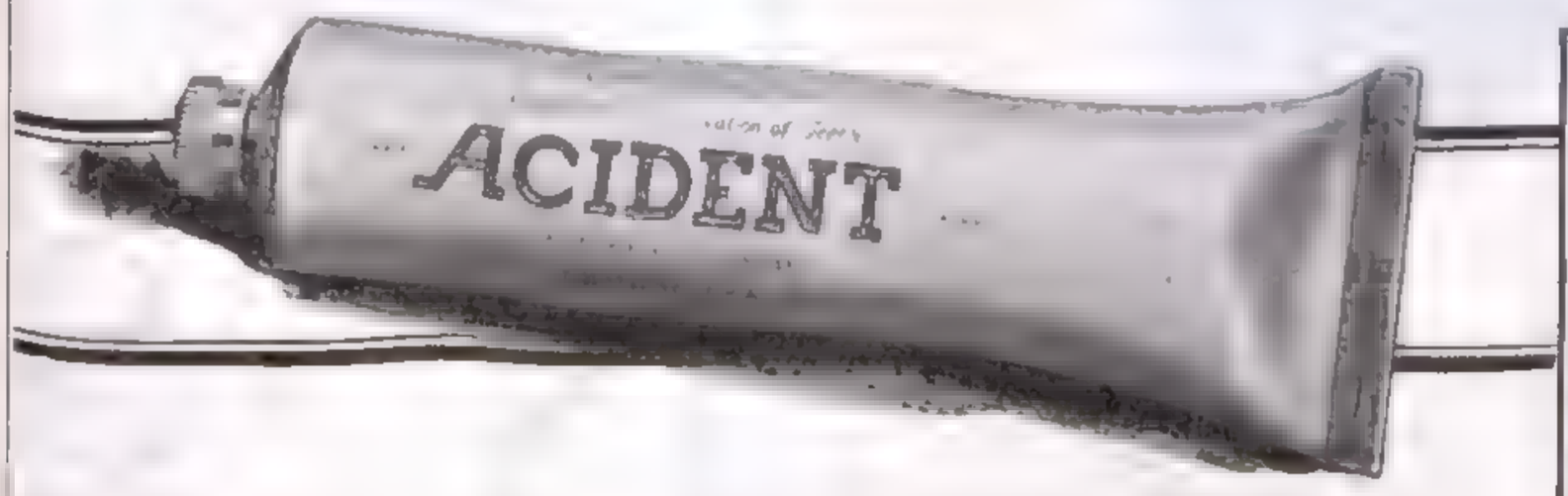


Fig. I. The above is a microphotograph of a cross section of tooth enamel of a naturally





solidifies and hardens the teeth, so as to prevent the penetration of destructive acids.

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Druggist's Name

Address

My Name

Address

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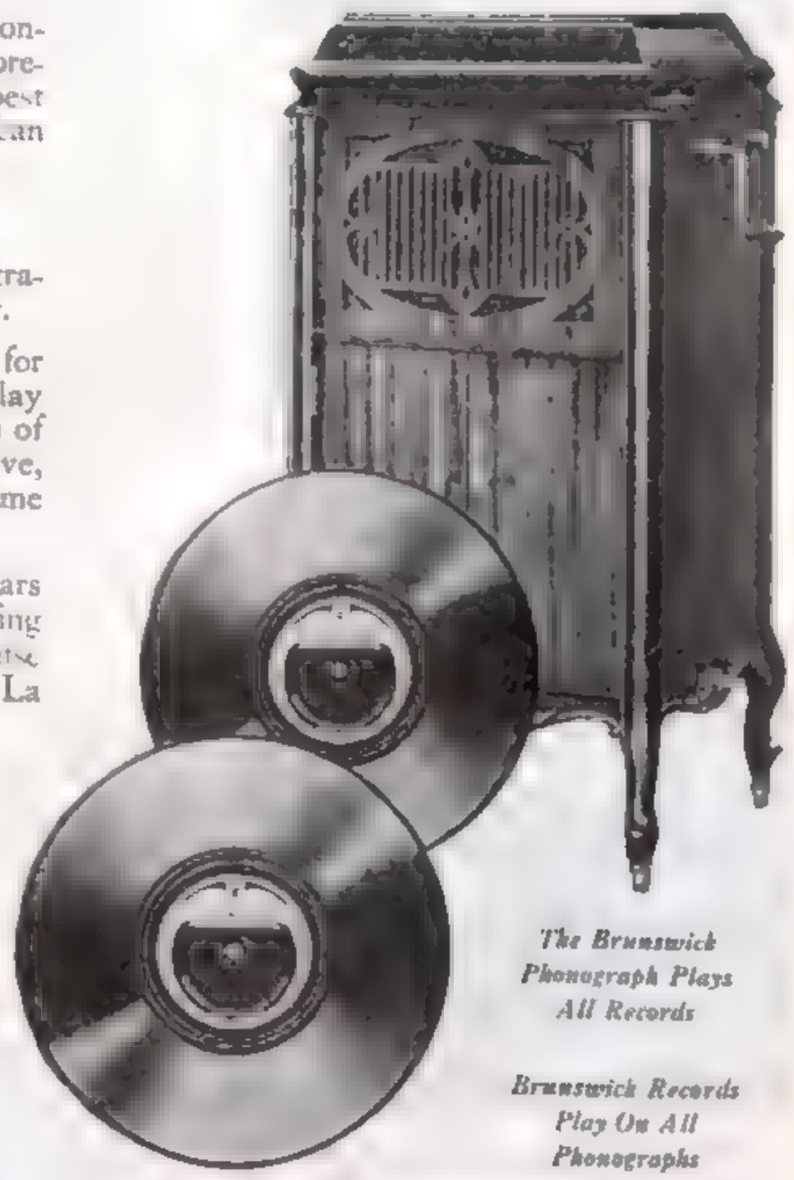

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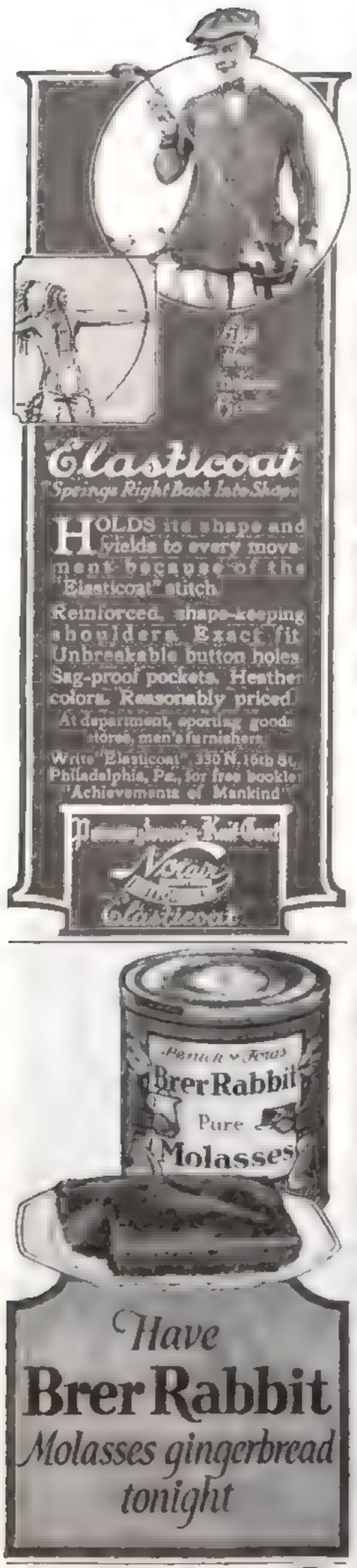
# BRUNSWICK
## AND RECORDS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(Continued from Page 108)

Scott, driving home alone, was not at all sure what he thought about anything. He did not stop that night to read his father's paper.

IV

MISS AURELIA PENNINGTON received Scott the next night with a very serious air. She said that the system was not working well, and that her niece had disgraced herself.

Ellean was in the library. She was sitting alone in the middle of the great blue tapestry sofa with her head tilted against the high curved back. The dull blue made a perfect background for the clear healthy pallor of her face and the glory of her brown-gold hair.

"Hello, Mr. Manning," she greeted Scott as he came in. "Guess what's happened. I've disgraced myself and you and The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I'm in sackcloth and ashes."

"It's very pretty sackcloth," said Scott.

It was pretty—all smoky grays and misty blues that fell round her in little formless clouds of color when she moved. Scott felt himself distracted by the loveliness of her as she sat there and looked up at him.

"You see," said Ellean, "it was like this: I was going to do some shopping for Aunt Aurelia. I was going to buy some plain handkerchief linen, and some lace, and some ribbon, and I associated them with hat and heart and bow just the way you said. And then on the way I went by a milliner's shop, and in the window was the duckiest hat you ever saw. And I got all mixed up. I knew Aunt Aurelia had told me I mustn't buy another hat this summer; she told me the first of the month. But I thought of hat, and there was the hat; and then I associated it with heart, and I knew my heart was set on it; and then I associated it with bow, and it had the sweetest bow right here over one ear, and streamers that came way to my knees. And so I bought it."

"And so she bought it," echoed Miss Aurelia Pennington.

Then she sat down and began to suffer in respectable silence.

Scott murmured that perhaps when Miss Pennington grew more accustomed to the system ——

The lesson did not go well that day. Miss Aurelia was gloomy, and Ellean was thinking about something else, and Scott was confused in the middle of his choicest examples of how to learn poetry by The Pobble Perfect Memory System, by the recollection of a line that had to do with a nose that was tip-tilted like a flower. He said to himself that he was not interested in the angle of Miss Pennington's nose, or in the curve of her white throat above the dim color of her gown.

But—anyway, the lesson did not go well.

When Scott swung his car up the drive on Thursday evening he saw Ellean sitting on the top brick step that led to the Pennington mansion; it was one of the sorrows of Miss Aurelia's respectable life that Ellean liked to sit on the doorstep. Ellean waved her hand to Scott as she caught sight of him at the bend.

"Hello!" she hailed him as he set the brake and clambered out. "Aunt Aurelia's gone. She says we're to have our lesson together." She dimpled with laughter. "Shall you make me work very hard?"

Scott smiled—his dazzling smile.

"Not very hard," he told her.

Ellean considered, rocking back and forth with her hands clasped round her knees.

"Aunt Aurelia's in disgrace today," she vouchsafed at last when she had decided that it was too good to keep any longer. She leaned forward, at the immediate risk of rolling herself down the steps on top of him. "I think," she whispered, "that that's why she's gone out. You see, this afternoon we were all at the country club, and Doctor Montfort was there—you know, that awful old celebrity that wrote the book about China. He's got whiskers all over his face till he looks like the Australian bush, and what did Aunt Aurelia do but go up to him, and say in this sweet gracious tone, 'Oh, Mr. Baer!' And the joke is that he is a perfect bear. And it was all over the club house in five minutes."

Ellean went off into gales of laughter. Then still laughing she ran down the steps and joined him.

"Come," she said. "I want you to see my rose garden." And she vanished round the corner of the house.

Scott followed, hurrying to keep up with the little figure that danced before him down the terraces and along the respectable garden paths to a low door in a brick wall—and through it into a paradise of old-fashioned rosebushes run wild. Ellean stood in the midst of them, poised, with her arms outstretched and her head thrown back. All in white, as Scott had seen her the first time, with the late sunset light on the brightness of her hair, she was more than ever like some wild wood sprite come out of the tangle of roses.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said. "It used to be mother's garden, and now it's mine, and I don't let anybody touch it."

Then she whirled away from him and vaulted to the flat stone edge of the circular bowl that used to be a fountain. She balanced herself there—lightly—as she did everything, and swung her feet. Scott took an impulsive step forward. Then he stopped—wavered—and sat down on a little garden bench. He tried to say to himself that Ellean was practically engaged to two men already. He wished that she was not so upsettingly pretty.

They decided not to have a lesson that night.

"You know," Ellean was saying a little later—"you know, I think I'd like you quite well if it weren't for just one thing."

"What's that?" asked Scott.

His tone implied that he was willing to make any reasonable change.

"You work so hard," Ellean objected. "I don't like work. And besides, it puts ideas into Aunt Aurelia's head. Now, if you'd believe it, she wants me to go to work. She thinks I ought to have a definite purpose and a moral aim and all that sort of thing. Isn't it absurd?"

"Yes," said Scott.

He felt at that moment that nothing could be more utterly absurd than to ask Ellean to do anything that she didn't want to do.

"And right on top of that," continued Ellean, "I offered to go down to her old settlement house with her and mend a few broken hearts, and she said I was flippant, and wouldn't take me."

"I should think you'd be better at breaking hearts than at mending them," said Scott.

"Heart, hat," quoted Ellean wickedly.

Scott was confirmed in his suspicion that he was being played with again.

"You're heartless," he said unwisely.

"If it goes 'heart, hat,'" inquired Ellean, "does it go 'heartless, hatless'?"

Scott retired into injured silence, and Ellean swung her feet and watched him. No man can hold out forever.

"But I don't see what I've got to do with it anyway," he said at last.

"I told you," said Ellean. "You work. And you're such a serious, earnest kind of man. I hate serious earnest men. That's why I don't like you."

Scott looked at her for a moment in a daze. Then he began to laugh. He laughed till all the little crinkles came round the corners of his eyes, and the upstart lock of hair vibrated in sympathy. In the past Scott had been accused of many things, and had had many defects in his character pointed out, but on the score of seriousness or of earnestness he had never borne reproach. He said as much to Ellean.

"But you work," she accused him again, "when you don't have to."

"I do have to," said Scott.

It was Ellean's turn to look dazed.

"But I thought your father had money enough —only—you liked it to do this—and—Aunt Aurelia said "

"Do you think I like to make a fool of myself?" Scott demanded.

He kicked savagely at the grass with his heel.

"Golfers," said Ellean sweetly, "are asked to replace the turf."

Scott did so. Then he told Miss Ellean Pennington all about himself and his father, and his happy past and his unhappy present, and in particular about the day when his father had puffed his cheeks several times in and out, and whirled round in his office chair, and banged his hand on the desk, and shouted that he could break anything except him, and that when he was through he was through.

Ellean balanced on the carved stone rim of the fountain and listened.

"My," she breathed, "that must have been exciting!"

"M-m-m," said Scott. "Yes. Medium exciting."

"Sometimes," said Ellean, "I most wish Aunt Aurelia would cut me off with a shilling just to see what would happen. But she won't. If she'd been going to she would have before this." Then she laughed. "Isn't it funny?"

"Awfully funny," said Scott.

"You have to sell Pobble Perfect Memory Systems!"

"Yes," said Scott.

Then suddenly she grew serious.

"Do you sell many?" she asked.

"Quite a lot."

"How many did you sell today?"

"Six."

"How much did you make on them, all together?"

"Twenty-four dollars."

"That wasn't much, was it?" said Ellean.

Scott's pride was touched.

"Maybe not," he said, "but it's something. The first week I made seventeen dollars." He smiled. "My luck began the morning that I came here. I suppose you brought it."

Ellean paid no attention. She had already started on a new idea.

"How much does Aunt Aurelia pay you for these lessons?"

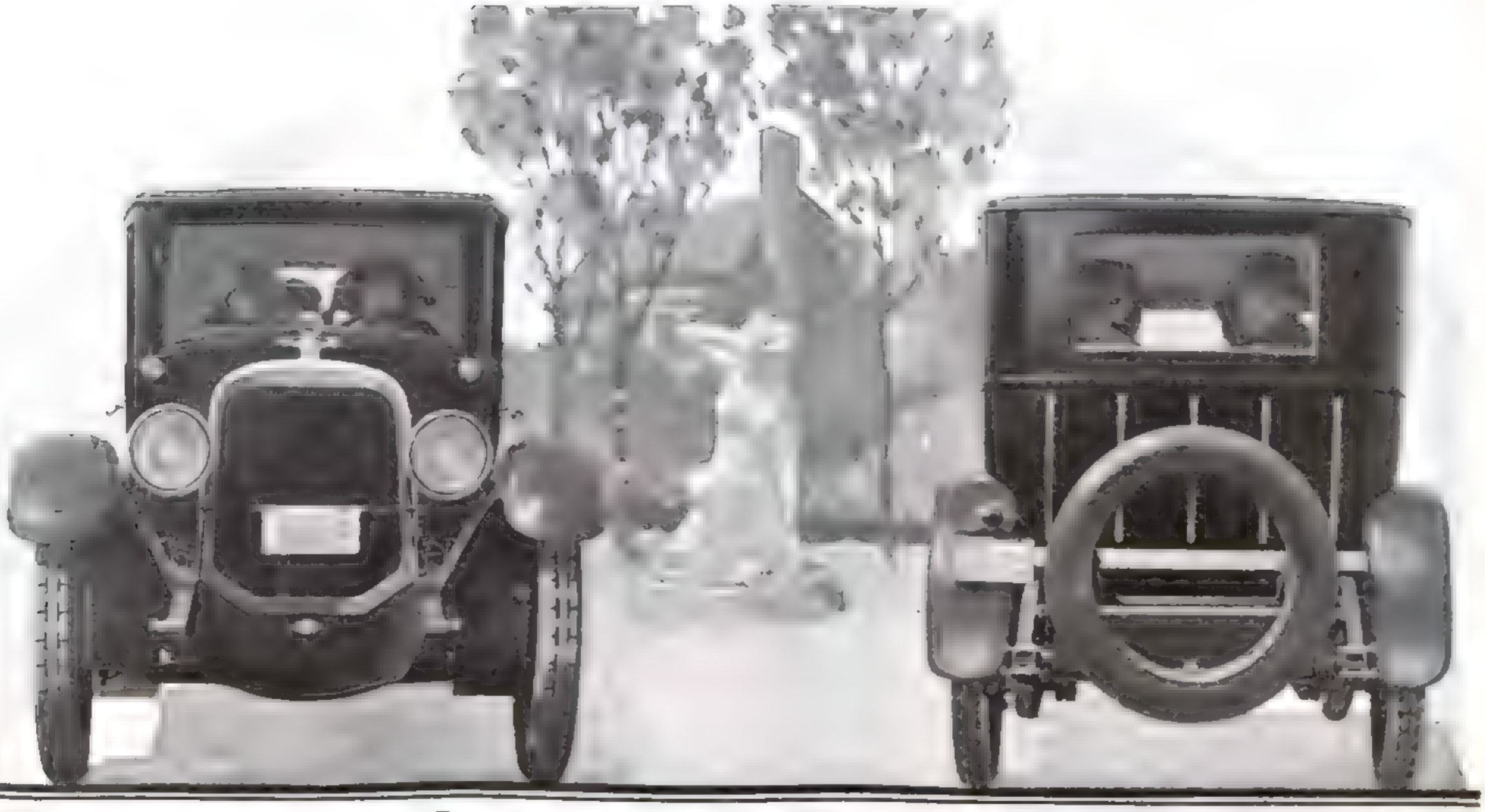
Scott looked uncomfortable.

"Ten dollars apiece," he said. "Of course I know they're not worth it. And of course I'll take this one out."

"Pish!" said Ellean in brief imitation of her aunt. Then she flung out her arms in a wide gesture. "Why," said Ellean, "don't you go into it on a big scale?"

And from that moment might be dated the boom in The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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# THE GREAT MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"Very well," said she; "in that case I think the police force and the library and the traffic system are adequate. You might include the telephone system."

"Good!" he cried approvingly. "Very good, indeed, dear lady! The telephone system, of course!"

"And," she went on, encouraged by her success, "perhaps a word about American women. They will expect at least a word from so famous a feminist."

"They shall have it," he said; and thereupon the bell rang.

He seated himself hastily at the desk and rearranged some sheets of manuscript that lay upon it. He seized a pen in his hand, dipped it in ink, poised it in midair and motioned to Daphne to admit the interviewer. She did so nervously and tremulously.

"Mr. Wellington?" inquired Peter Gray with a correctly formal smile at the secretary. "This is very kind of you, indeed."

Mr. Wellington put down his pen, rearranged his sheets of manuscript and had the grace to stand up to greet his visitor.

"Won't you come in please, Mr.—er ——"

"Mr. Gray," supplied Peter placidly. "Thank you. I'll be brief and I hope not too banal, Mr. Wellington."

"That," observed the great man, "is extremely thoughtful of you. I have already, as you may have read in your newspapers, commented on your skyscrapers and your sky line. I said, I believe, that your tall buildings marched along beneath the clouds like an army with bayonets.

"Yes," he repeated, pleased with the phrase, "like an army with bayonets."

"Very descriptive, indeed, Mr. Wellington," said Peter. "But what I wanted to ask ——"

"I should like," the other interrupted shamelessly—"I should like to take this occasion to comment on the New York police force."

"Yes, but what I wanted to ask ——"

"I should like to express my admiration for that glorious regiment recruited from all the divers nationalities that have merged into the melting pot called America. It is—well, I think I may call it a foreign legion watching over the land of its adoption. Am I right, Mr. Gray?"

"In a sense, yes," agreed Peter. "But what I wanted to ask was your opinion of the younger American writers—the rising generation of poets and of novelists—and how they compare with their contemporaries in England. That was what I wanted to ask."

"Oh," said Mr. Wellington, and rose and walked to the window, where he stood gazing out at his army with bayonets. Peter addressed his thin back.

"Since you have honored us by coming over here," he said with scarcely perceptible sarcasm, "you have no doubt also honored us by studying our literature. The readers of my paper would value enormously your estimate of the achievement of our writers. Coming from you, Mr. Wellington, it would be almost conclusive. Whom, for instance, do you consider our greatest author—our greatest living author?"

Mr. Wellington turned quickly, with an expression of relief lighting up his sallow long face.

"That," said he, "is easily answered. Mark Twain, beyond a shadow of a doubt."

There was an uneasy silence, during which Peter glanced furtively at Daphne Love. Her flushed face was averted and she was making dots and little triangles on her note pad. A bit of the gilt had peeled off her idol, and she was especially humiliated that Peter Gray should be present to perceive the clay underneath. A certain sort of ignorance is excusable, sometimes even praiseworthy; but there is another sort which is merely ludicrous. But possibly Mr. Wellington had misunderstood the question.

The great man, himself, almost immediately blocked up his one loophole of escape when he queried brightly, "What is Mark at work on now?"

"On a cloud, I hope," said Peter Gray.

Mr. Wellington's pale brows knit themselves into a puzzled and displeased frown. He sensed that there was something amiss; that restrained laughter was in the air; that his dignity was threatened. He felt as a king must feel who suspects that his crown is not on straight.

Peter Gray, to his credit, diverted the subject of the interview from American literature to American women; and here, where he could deal in generalities, the great feminist was at ease. To be sure, he uttered no new truths; he threw no new light on the mooted question of exactly what was woman's *raison d'être;* he furnished no new or conclusive arguments for his advocacy of her complete emancipation. But he hashed up the old ones amusingly enough, with a touch of pepper and a dash of sauce to render the dish palatable and scarcely recognizable as last night's chicken.

And half an hour later Peter Gray left with ample notes in his pocket to make a readable article for the Evening Focus.

"Please," Daphne found opportunity to whisper to him as she accompanied him to the door—"please don't quote him on Mark Twain."

Peter made the great sacrifice of his career and promised that he would not.

### III

THE work that Mr. Wellington found for Daphne was interesting enough, perhaps, but was not at all of the sort she had expected. His first lecture, which was one of three to be delivered in New York, dealt solely with England and the English. It was a success, and scarcely a person in the audience suspected that it was not gospel and, as such, authoritative. Moreover, the subject was one of which the audience was so uncertain that it was ready—and quite naturally enough ready—to accept the verdict of an Englishman on his compatriots.

Daphne had little to do with the preparation of this lecture beyond the purely manual labor of transcribing it in shorthand from the great man's dictation and then typing it. The few errors in grammar which Mr. Wellington committed and which she ventured tactfully to correct she ascribed to colloquial carelessness. And so she was satisfied and contented, and once more the idol was all gold; or would have been all gold had she not been troubled by the touch of affectionateness that had somehow or other, and very gradually, stolen into the author's manner. Little pattings of the hand, little pressures of the elbow, little layings of fingers on her knees—all completely innocent, friendly and impossible to resent. Nor did she at first outwardly resent them; but it was with something of an effort that she persuaded herself that this undue fondness for touching her was merely the careless familiarity of a genius, to whom doubtless both mentally and physically she seemed as a child.

But the moment did eventually arrive when she was forced to admit that even if Mr. Wellington thought her a child, he himself was behaving far too much like a grown man—in fact like many absurdly stupid grown men whom she had encountered in her not too shielded existence.

They were outlining his fourth lecture, which was to be delivered in Boston—his second and third had gone not badly in New York—and the author, in an irritated, despondent mood, was pacing the floor. Mrs. Wellington was, as usual, far away and probably silent.

"What shall I say to them?" the great man groaned. "What in heaven's name shall I say to the fools?"

"Why," she answered, puzzled and distressed by his exaggerated petulance—"why, I suppoee that what they want to hear is something about—well, about your subject; about contemporary American writers. It's the first time, you know, you've been willing to touch on anything American, and naturally everyone's agog to hear your opinions. Boston is very proud, your manager says, to have been so honored. You remember in one of your first interviews Peter Gray asked you——"

"Peter Gray?" he interrupted. "Who on earth is Peter Gray, and when did he ask me anything? And what did I answer?"

"He came up here to interview you and ——" She stopped abruptly, remembering Mark Twain. "He came up here," she continued haltingly, "to ask you for a word about our contemporary literature, and you answered that the New York police force was superb."

Mr. Wellington eyed her flushed face suspiciously. Was that, he wondered, an American joke that she was perpetrating? He endeavored in vain to recall the circumstances of this interview with Peter Gray. Doubtless he had evaded some question put by the reporter, and if so perhaps he had done it cleverly and the girl was full of admiration for his dexterity. At any rate, she had evidently treasured his reply in her memory. He was aware—he had seen instances of it before—that she did treasure in her memory many of his happiest phrases. He was pleased that it should be so; pleased that so lovely a young girl should hang—very metaphorically, of course—on his lips. He decided suddenly to give expression to his pleasure; and so, confident that she would receive that expression as gratefully as a commoner receives a knighthood from the king, he laid his hands on her shoulders and kissed her on the mouth.

"My dear," he said, "what are you doing this evening?"

She pushed him back from her with a startled but sincerely indignant gasp. She was startled at the unexpectedness of the action, and she was indignant at the manner in which it had been performed and the insolent phrase which had followed it. One did that sort of thing and said that sort of thing, she surmised, on the kitchen stairs. That was the way the footman wooed the chambermaid.

It was not, of course, the first time that she had been kissed; or even the first time that a man had asked her what she was doing that evening; and in more felicitous circumstances she would not have been greatly perturbed by either event. The most emancipated woman in the world, one is sure, does not on occasions rebel at such things; but Daphne had made of Mr. Wellington her idol, and an idol totters and falls when it becomes coarsely human; totters and falls from a height ——

"There!" she said when she found words. "There goes my job! That ends it, Mr. Wellington! You're worse than a—than a stockbroker." She stressed the word "stockbroker" as if such a person were the most contemptible being she could think of; and it is probable that current literature and drama had led her to believe he was.

Mr. Wellington regarded her with pale, amazed eyes.

"The great American bluff," he said to himself. "She's pretending to be coy. She wants a bit of urging."

So he urged a bit.

"My dear," he said, and his arm stole out tentatively once more in her direction—"my dear, you mustn't be angry, you know. Indeed, you've nothing to be angry about. And you mustn't be frightened. You're a stunning girl and I'm very fond of you—very fond of you—and I think, without vanity, that you're fond of me, eh? Come now, be reasonable, my dear. My wife's away somewhere—Boston or San Francisco or somewhere—and we'll have a jolly week together, eh? What do you say? Eh?"

The "ehs" began to grow weaker as he perceived no signs of complaisance in Daphne's manner.

"Eh?" he repeated after a silence, and ventured to pat her back.

She thrust his arm away viciously. Then, without a word—a rare piece of self-control on the part of a woman—she commenced putting on her hat.

"Oh, I say ——" he began, and suddenly lost his temper. "So you're leaving me flat, are you, you damn little fool? That's the American of you, I expect. All you American women treat your men like dogs, and so you think you can treat me like a dog, too. In England we whip women like you."

"Over here," said Daphne calmly as she finished powdering her nose, "we often whip little swine like you."

She was forced to struggle in order to reach the door, and that she did reach it was due mainly to the fact that the great author did not relish having his face scratched.

So there went the first job, and with it an illusion or two and a quantity of face powder.

### IV

WHEN fate—or anything else you choose to call it—plays into the hand of a man, that man is scarcely superior to a jellyfish if he does not step in and win the trick. Unfortunate accidents are usually fortunate for someone, and there exist people, even, who benefited by the World War. In similar manner Peter Gray profited by Daphne's loss of a job.

In a very shy, old-fashioned way he had been proposing marriage to Daphne for three years; and she, in a very self-assured, new-fashioned way, had been refusing his proposals with a friendly smile. Great ambitions were in her—laudable enough ones, too—but among them was not that of being anybody's wife or anybody's mother. At least not for the present.

But now that she had been wounded, by the loss both of her job and of her dignity, she turned to Peter as to a surgeon and gave him to understand that bandages and an anæsthetic would not be unwelcome. He responded with creditable alacrity and she told him all.

When she had told it he was sensible enough not to inquire in what way he could help her, but instead he told her in what way he intended doing it.

"I'll get him for you," he said confidently. "He's an ignorant charlatan and a conceited one into the bargain, and that breed make the easiest victims. Remember, we already have Mark Twain to play against him. If he can make a break like that he can make a lot more, and after this I shan't be lenient with him in the Evening Focus."

"No," said Daphne thoughtfully, "I don't want you to be."

She was silent for a moment, and then she said, "While I was his secretary I saved him from making a fool of himself a hundred times over."

Peter glanced at her inquiringly. There lay behind her words, he surmised, something more important than the words themselves conveyed. Suddenly he grasped it.

"Yes," he said quickly; then, rattling his sentences off staccato, he leaped from one inference to another until he reached the peak of the conclusion.

"He can't get along without a secretary. He has just lost his secretary. He needs another secretary to take her place. He is lecturing on American literature, but knows nothing about it. It rests with his secretary whether he gets away successfully with his bluff or not. We prefer that he should not. Therefore I shall become his secretary. Yes, Daphne, I think that should be comparatively simple. Where's his next lecture to be held?"

"In Boston," she answered.

"Ah?" queried Peter. "In Boston. That should be fun. Yes," he added with crescent malice, "that should be fun, indeed. I'll run downtown and speak to the boss about this new job of mine; tell him I'll give the readers of my column something worth while reading for once, and I'll get him to write me a letter of recommendation. You know the kind—sober, industrious, willing, honest, fond of children, willing to travel, and so forth. Then I'll get some more letters from—well, from various sources where I've a slight drag, and armed with these I'll rush into the Beldmore and up to F. P. Wellington's rooms. And, my dear, I'll land the job. Watch me! Watch my work! Good-by! I'm off!"

She called him a treasure and he was off.

He was extremely active the rest of that day, scurrying in and out of impressive offices, collecting impressive testimonials as to his character and ability. Men disgracefully rich and men amazingly famous had had occasion to make use of his services in the past, and now he didn't hesitate to ask a favor of them. A banker, an editor, a senator, a publisher and a bishop asserted on paper that he would be the ideal secretary for Mr. F. P. Wellington; and when the sun set, somewhere apparently in New Jersey, Peter Gray was the best recommended young man in New York.

The next morning found him once more waiting Mr. Wellington's convenience in the lobby of the Beldmore, and this time he waited all of an hour. It seemed that the great author was already considering applicants for the secretaryship, and since almost everyone considers himself or herself capable of filling such a position, the waiting line was a long one.

When Peter was finally admitted to the presence he found Mr. Wellington exhausted and harassed.

(Continued on Page 118)

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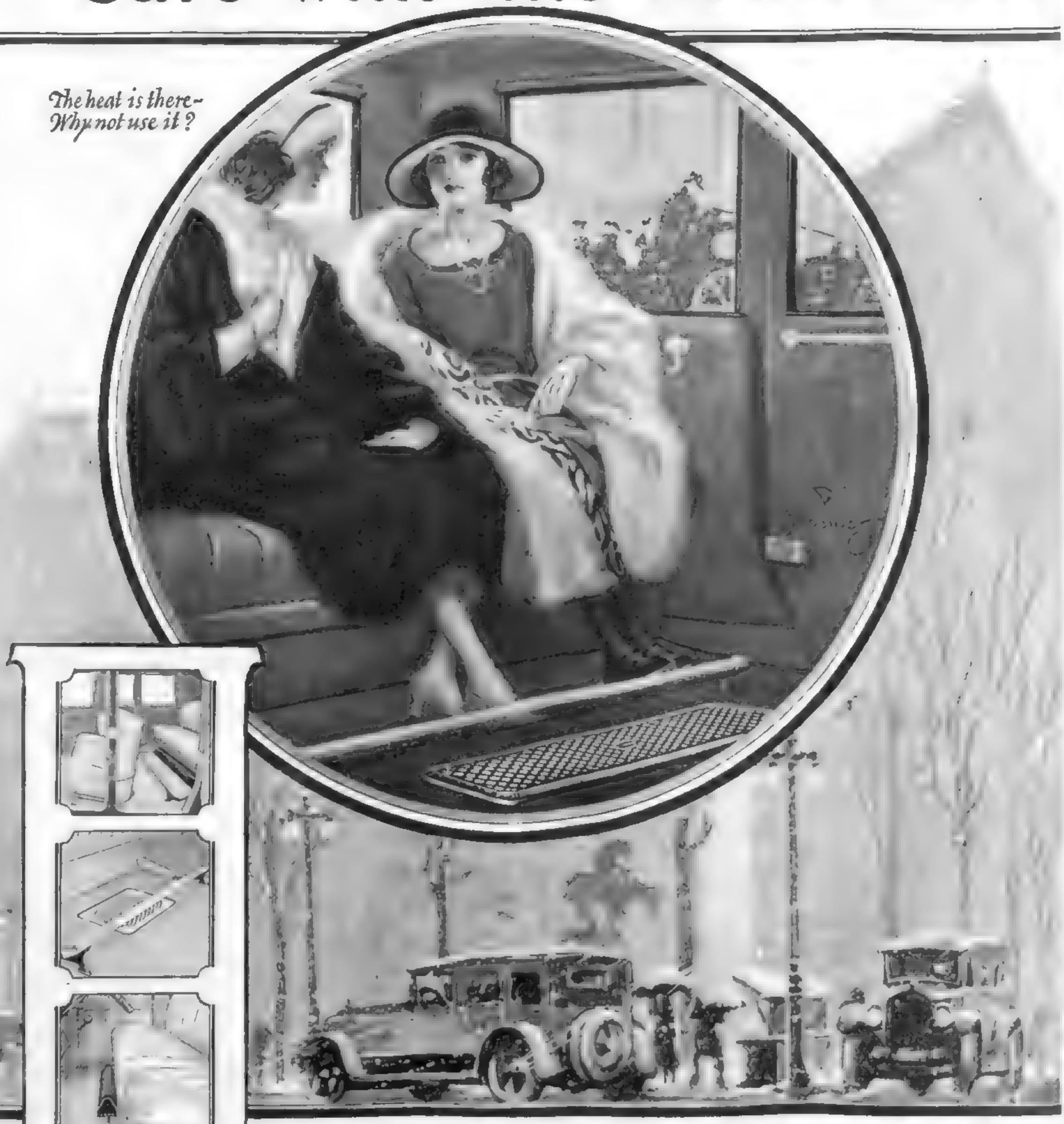

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*(Continued from Page 115)*

"Another!" groaned the author, his haggard face sunk in his beautiful hands.

"Yes," agreed Peter, "but the last. I'm the man you're looking for."

"You are, eh? Well, we'll see. Spell 'syllable.' That's my first test and I can generally show them the door after it."

"I'll spell 'syllable' as often as you want, sir," said Peter, "as soon as you've glanced at these letters of recommendation."

"Give them here," commanded the great man wearily. He took them from Peter's hand, removed them from their envelopes, aligned them on his desk, cast a brief look at their signatures, read one of them through and then raised his head.

"I've heard of your banker friend," he said, "and of your publisher friend. The editor, the senator and the bishop are of no importance. Do you know anything about contemporary American literature?"

"I write it," answered Peter.

"I see," said Mr. Wellington; "but you're up on all the other chaps as well?"

"I know them personally," said Peter; "but of course I don't read them. I write about their books, though."

"You do, eh? Well, I've got to talk about their rotten books."

"Then," said Peter, "I'm your man."

"I expect you are," admitted Mr. Wellington reluctantly; "I expect you are. Well, you're engaged."

V

THE lecture delivered in Boston by Mr. F. P. Wellington on contemporary American literature will linger long in the memory of Bostonians. Probably not since the appearance on the platform of Edgar Allan Poe have the residents of Back Bay been so horrified and their chaste mentality so outraged. But, as Peter Gray was at some pains to explain later, the fault lay perhaps with themselves in that they expected too much of Mr. Wellington. Like Daphne Love, they had striven to make an omniscient, infallible idol out of merely human clay. It was, therefore, both unfair and unreasonable to blame the idol when he cracked.

He cracked in the presence of half a thousand of the most cultured minds in the city of culture; he cracked in the sight of perhaps four hundred pairs of eyeglasses resting on cultured noses; he cracked in the midst of hisses emanating from lips which had never before tasted the sweet satisfaction of hissing.

"The lecture was all Wellington's own," Peter Gray said afterwards. "I had no hand in it except to let him deliver it as he wrote it or, rather, as he dictated it to me. I made absolutely no corrections, additions or subtractions; I let it go uncensored, for it was my belief that the great American public desired to hear F. P. Wellington and not his private secretary. There is only one portion of the lecture—and that a very small portion—for which I claim any credit at all. I refer to the introduction. It consists merely of a short paragraph, but I like to think that it is as felicitously phrased as the rest of the amazing masterpiece; I like to think that it blends with and is almost worthy of the work of the master himself."

Peter, in this modest disclaimer, told the exact truth. Mr. Wellington—at Peter's suggestion, to be sure—had in three days read one book of each of six young American writers. It is unnecessary and would possibly be libelous to enumerate the six, although anything that Mr. Wellington said to disparage them doubtless redounds to their credit. Having accomplished this notable feat of literary gormandizing, the great man felt himself completely competent to deal with his subject.

"They're all beastly trash," he pointed out, "and anyone can call trash by its name. I'll put in a bit of sugar here and there to sweeten the pill and we'll go for them good and proper. In any case I expect these Bostonians won't understand what I'm talking about. They're rather provincial, eh?"

"Well," answered Peter gently, "they don't think so of course."

Mr. Wellington smiled his comprehension and commenced dictating. He dictated for two days. When the great work was finished he said to Peter:

"Now I leave it to you to write me an introductory paragraph—something local, you know. Anything you please, only I suggest you make it informal, colloquial hail fellow well met, you see."

"Yes," said Peter, "I think I see. You give me a free hand, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly; anything you like. Finish it up this evening if you can. I'm off to dress."

And so Peter, with carte blanche and a clear conscience, wrote the prefatory paragraph, the authorship of which he did not disclaim.

I shall quote it in full, as printed in the Boston Evening Transcriber; but to judge of its effectiveness one must first visualize the scene of its rendition: one must see with one's inward eye, as Wordsworth would put it, the crowded auditorium, filled with expectant, somberly clad men and expectant, brightly clad women, come as reverently as they who of old came to Delphi; one must imagine the stage, with the chaste speaker's table, bearing its pressed-glass pitcher of ice water, standing in the center; one must conjure up the solemn semicircle of chairs back of the speaker's table, freighted with thin whispering men and fat whispering women, all of them alert, eager and ludicrously conscious that they were being watched; and finally one must see Mr. Wellington himself as he steps forward, immaculate, to bow to his disciples and to display his beautiful hands. Self-assurance unlimited and a sort of benign condescension mark the great man's manner. He is like a father preparing to talk to his children on a subject which he trusts will not be beyond their young comprehension; he is like a god—a minor deity perhaps—discoursing to favored mortals; he is like, in short, an English writer—a minor writer perhaps—addressing an American audience.

He fingered the sheets of his manuscript with his cherished, slim fingers and there descended over the auditorium a dim, holy hush. He moved the water pitcher half an inch to the left and the glass a quarter of an inch to the right, and he cleared his throat unobtrusively. He glanced comfortably about the house—at the orchestra seats, the balcony and more especially the boxes. He smiled a little and fluttered his eyelids in recognition of a rich patroness flying all her jewels. And then he began.

"My friends," he said, repeating the words that Peter Gray had written for him—"my friends, I am glad to be in Boston, for Boston, as your own Noah Webster said, is a small town; but there are those that love it." Here the audience expressed its first surprise by a sound like a universal sigh. "But," the great man continued, "I am aware that even in the smallest and most primitive communities there can and do exist people of culture and of intelligence, and I am pleased to believe that I have before me tonight all of Boston's educated men and women." At this point there were heard among Boston's educated whisperings and murmurings punctuated by an uneasy laugh or two. "I am aware, too, that Boston has endeavored valiantly of recent years to keep abreast of modern thought and modern culture, and for such endeavor I have no praise too high. To strive to overcome your natural disabilities, whether successfully or not, is noble in itself; but what is superlatively noble is the willingness that you have to be taught. I understand that for several years now you have had well-organized and well-attended Browning societies, devoted to the study of that great poet who, since he wrote in English, is yours as well as ours. Shakspere I know you to be already well acquainted with. But let me remind you, lest in your legitimate admiration for the giants of England you forget those of your own soil—let me remind you, I say, that you have here in New England produced a master whose name is heard round the world; a master to whom even we English render obeisance. I refer, as no doubt you have divined, to Walt Whitman, the Sage of Concord!"

Mr. Wellington here concluded his prefatory paragraph—concluded it to the accompaniment of disquieting noises among his audience. That he was unable accurately to interpret the significance of the wave of sound that was borne to his ears was excusable. When a multitude is taken completely by surprise, is staggered, is *bouleversé*, as the French expressively say, its various members react in various ways, and hence utter various ejaculations. Mr. Wellington heard good-natured laughter and he heard ill-natured laughter; he heard ironical jeers and tentative hisses, the latter of which he was at liberty to take for merely a demand for silence in the audience; he heard stamping of feet from the balcony and scandalized murmurs from the boxes.

"A division of opinion," he thought; "they disagree, no doubt, as to the worth of Whitman." And he added to himself, "These Americans seem to take their literature damn seriously."

No attempt will be made to quote the body of his amazing lecture, for it can be read *in toto* in the files of the Boston Evening Transcriber, which, not being a humorous paper, devoted several indignant columns to the affair. As the Transcriber observed editorially, he displayed a surprisingly complete ignorance of American literature either past or present, and this ignorance was rendered in no way more palatable by the fact that his criticism was always bitterly adverse. He brushed aside young America with a contemptuous sweep of his arm.

Bostonians, fortunately perhaps for Mr. Wellington, are brought up to conceal their more brutal emotions. There is little of violence or of unbridled passion in your well-bred Bostonian, just as there is little of slap-stick humor; but there is, instead, a great deal of mental dignity. Things of the mind are taken more seriously probably by a certain class of Bostonians than by any other important group of people in America, and an insult to the intelligence is resented by them as deeply as a slap in the face. They might have laughed at Mr. Wellington's inexcusable ignorance of his subject, but they could not laugh at the gratuitous insult he offered them in the assumption that they were such fools that he could get away with it.

As the great man proceeded with his series of ludicrous asininities a sullen, concentrated hush of anger descended over his audience like a fog. Had one listened intently one would have heard a clicking of eyeglass cases and a sibilant rustling of wraps, indicative that people were preparing to leave. And then, silently, by twos and threes and fours and more, with flushed faces and angry eyes, the audience dwindled away up the aisles.

From the balcony, where sat some of the redder bloods, came frank, whole-hearted hisses, and finally hoots and cries of "Take him away!" and of "Shut him up!"

A very important personage on the platform rose nervously and reluctantly, touched Mr. Wellington's elbow and whispered something to him in an apologetic manner. The great man, disconcerted at last, was heard by those who remained in the front of the house to exclaim:

"They're behaving like a lot of drunken sailors! The tickets, I expect, were given to the servants."

At that the very important personage forgot his reluctance and his nervousness and replied with asperity, "It is fortunate for you, sir, that the servants brought neither fruit nor vegetables." Then, turning to the half-empty auditorium, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture is at an end. The patrons and patronesses thank you for your admirable self-control. There is scarcely need for me to explain that Mr. Wellington is exceedingly indisposed, and that he will be forced to cancel his future engagements in Boston. Thank you again for your patience—and good night."

And so terminated ingloriously the career of Mr. F. P. Wellington upon the lecture platform in the United States of America.

VI

PETER joined Daphne Love in the lobby. "I, too, have been fired," he remarked; and they looked at each other and laughed. Indignant passers-by regarded them in astonishment. They were fiddling while Back Bay burned.

"It was superb!" Daphne exclaimed.

"It was," Peter agreed. "I gave him the rope and a hook to attach it to and he did the rest himself."

"It remains to decide what his two ex-secretaries will do," she said. "The collapse of a great man always drags down a host of little people with it."

Peter half shut his eyes.

"I seem to see," he said dreamily—"I seem to see St. Thomas' Church on an early afternoon in June. There is an awning from the curb to the main portal, and across the sidewalk lies a strip of red carpet. A limousine, all nickel and black, draws up to the church and ——"

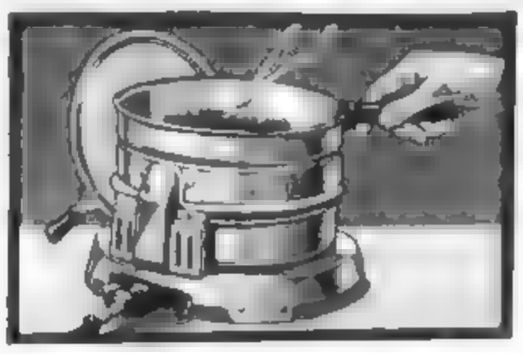
"And another young American woman assumes the shackles," interrupted Daphne.

She held out her hands to him.

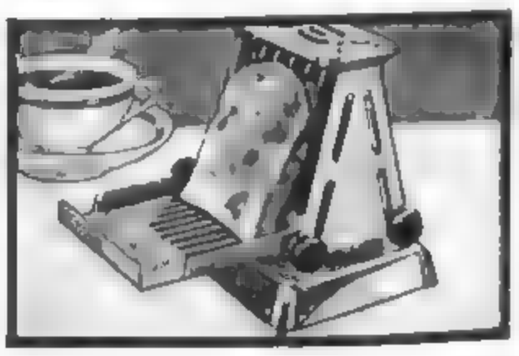
"Put on the handcuffs, Peter," she said.

"Light's goin' out," warned the callous gentleman behind the bars of the ticket window.

# The American breakfast as it is prepared today



Steak or chops, meat, potatoes, eggs, griddle cakes are cooked on the *Hotpoint Radiant Grill* It boils, broils, fries and toasts any *two* operations at the same time



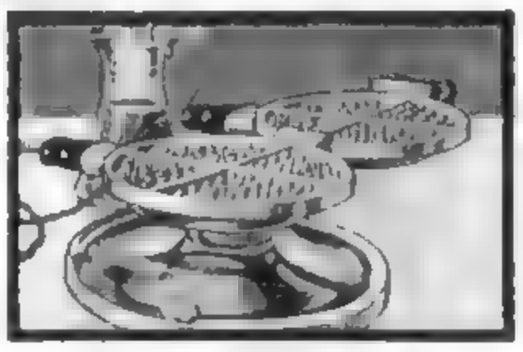
The *Hotpoint Toastover Toaster* makes crisp, delicious toast. When the bread is toasted on one side, just a touch on the knob *turns it over.*

GETTING the family breakfast might seem to a man about the easiest part of a day's home-work. A woman knows better.

There's no other meal that has to run more on schedule. The children must be gotten off to school. The men folks to business. And all the housework is waiting in the background.

The reason, perhaps, why the *breakfast-time* help of their Hotpoint Servants is so especially appreciated by thousands of women. Whether light breakfast or heavy is the rule, it is prepared quickly *right at table*—without muss or fuss.

As the American breakfast is prepared today—*with Hotpoint Servants*—no one labors over a hot kitchen stove, and no one jumps up from the table to serve the others.



With the *Hotpoint Electric Waffle Iron* crisp, delicious waffles are easily cooked right at the table. There is no smoke—no fuss. The *Waffle Iron* comes apart for easy cleaning.

The *Hotpoint Percolator* gives the family uniformly good coffee morning after morning. The *Coffee Service Set*, too, is made by Hotpoint.

*There is a*
HOTPOINT
Household Iron
Boudoir Set
Utility Ironing Set
Hedlite Heater
Radiant Heater
Heating Pad
Curling Iron
Immersion Heater

## Hotpoint SERVANTS

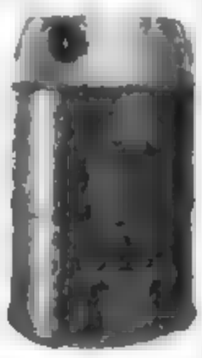
EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City
Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

*There is a*
HOTPOINT
Chafing Dish
Teapot
Tea Kettle
Disc Stove
Radiant Stove
Vacuum Cleaner
Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Ranges

**INTERNATIONAL**
HOT WATER BOILER
We also make boilers for steam and vapor heat, all subjected to rigid scientific tests



**INTERNATIONAL**
SECTIONAL BOILER
For large homes, apartment houses, etc. "Gets the most out of every pound of fuel"



**INTERNATIONAL**
WARM AIR FURNACE
Made in various designs and sizes to meet different requirements.

**INTERNATIONAL**
ONEPIPE HEATER
Inexpensive, easy to install, most economical—wherever it is suitable.

# Heating Comfort With Low Up-Keep Cost

You want heating comfort. You want it at the least expense of fuel and labor. You want these provided in a single heater with low up-keep costs over a long period of years.

These things depend not only upon the *make* of heater you select, but also upon the *type* or *kind* of heater and *size*—and then upon proper *installation*.

If you select an INTERNATIONAL HEATER you can be sure of the *make*, because here is the largest exclusive manufacturer of heaters, with 75 years of experience and a long-established reputation too valuable to risk injuring, merely for a sale.

You can be sure of selecting the right type and size of heater if you seek the advice of International Heater Company engineers who can and will give you absolutely unprejudiced advice, because we make *all* standard types and sizes.

And you can expect proper installation from an INTERNATIONAL Dealer. Naturally, we seek to do business only with that type of dealer whom we know to be capable of carrying INTERNATIONAL Service to its utmost conclusion, in the interest and to the complete satisfaction of you, the user.

*Write for General Catalog. With it we will send a simple "Floor Plan Chart" which you may fill in and return, whereupon our engineers will give you unbiased advice as to the best type and size of heater for your particular requirements. Address Service Department A, Utica, N. Y.*

*All Standard Types*
Hundreds of styles and sizes at a wide range of prices.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Nashua, N. H. Cleveland

DISTRIBUTING POINTS
Portland, Oregon, Lesch Brothers
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at the sign of good heating
INTERNATIONAL BOILERS & FURNACES

# INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UTICA, N. Y.

# SALT CURED

(Continued from Page 17)

sunrise until Ladies Cañon and Rock Creek are passed. Then up Jay Bird Gulch until the land begins to slope toward One-Eye Creek."

There are no signboards in the hills, and Jim Sin's review of his instructions leaned heavily on lone trees and time-sculptured rocks, the contours and profiles of hills and mountains, earth colors and sky lines; but with all of it painted accurately with long and involved phrases in the Mandarin dialect the overdue Argonaut closed his eyes, content with the belief that no matter where he might hit the trail he would know where he was and could take up his march toward his meeting place with Chang Leu.

On Number 62 out of Sacramento at 2:50 the next afternoon, Jim Sin again sought and found a place in the smoking car where, undisturbed, he might dream along at about three cigarettes an hour until Placerville was reached. Leaving the town, the railroad keeps south of the American River, lying in three or four resolute tangents, marching through a dozen little towns like a line that meant to get somewhere. This directness and resolve begins to falter at Folsom; and there, shunning evil companions and the men who have made enough discovered mistakes to land them in the penitentiary a mile or so above the town, it dives southeast to Latrobe, to begin an irresolute stagger upgrade through the Eldorado hills until it reaches the sanctuary of Coon Hollow and Hangtown Creek.

Number 62 is due out of Folsom at 3:48 P.M., and on the day Jim Sin was aboard she left on time. At five minutes after four the train slowed down to a six-mile rate at White Rock crossing to avoid the messy business of boosting a yearling bull into greener pastures than the ones he had enjoyed around the headwaters of Adler Creek. The animal had been hazed into his appointment with the front end of Number 62 through a jungle of blackberries by an absentee member of the Folsom Penitentiary road crew, and when the train slowed down the good-behavior man, Todd Eggers, swung aboard on the starboard side of the rear platform of the smoking car. He waited here for a little while until the scratches on his hand stopped bleeding and then made his way into the car, where he sat down three seats ahead of Jim Sin.

Blue overalls and an army shirt, a dusty black coat and a faded brown canvas hat, hobnailed shoes with the grain of the leather inside, hands gray with stone dust except for their scratches, sandy hair and an honest face—this was the outside of Todd Eggers, and this much Jim Sin observed in the fleeting glance that he gave the newcomer. The inside of Todd Eggers was half and half kindly damn fool and plain horse thief. He had been handy with a branding iron in the first years of his activities, but the fences and the changing markets had cramped his style and he had reformed to a point where no man might truthfully call him a hair-burning rustler. Horses were different—you could cover the ground with what you got away with and stay drunk a month on the proceeds of one night's work. Horses it had been, but the last one had carried him fairly into the beginning of a ten-year stretch at Folsom. Good behavior had landed him in plain clothes with the road gang, but the roar of a rock crusher and the stone dust that hangs in the heated air around the crusher plant had lost their charm, and now he was free.

When the conductor came through he paid a cash fare to Placerville and smiled an open, honest smile when he explained that he was too late to buy a ticket at Folsom. Men in a hurry leaving Folsom are subjects for close questioning, but the horse thief side-stepped with a quick complaint about his inability to borrow any dynamite from the Folsom outfit for his superintendent at the tunnel up from the Starlight mine.

"Knowed that damn crusher foreman when he was muckin' in the Grizzly Flat country. Now since he gits this job with the state you can't git eatin' tobacco offen him, let alone the lend of a few cases of giant."

The conductor allowed it was hell how these here guv'ment officials swelled up like pestered horned toads when they got on the pay roll.

"Between these here swivel-chair grafters and the civil service a man can't do nothin' but groan an' pay taxes."

The conductor cut the cash-fare slip, cleared his punch with a few clicks like a nervous barber working with dull clippers, and swayed about his business down the aisle of the car. When the conductor had gone the cash-fare passenger wiped a drop of blood away from its source in a deep scratch on his lower lip. He reached into his shirt pocket and hauled out a sack of tobacco and a package of brown cigarette papers. He held the tobacco sack in his left hand while he poured out the tobacco into the creased paper.

Jim Sin, seeing only the lifted left elbow, guessed the rest.

"Lef'-hand man—no good."

He watched the southpaw for a moment. When the tobacco was poured the man lifted the sack to his mouth and clamped down on the yellow draw strings with his teeth. He jerked the sack away, closing it, and on the cotton fabric, above the label and next to the blue revenue stamp, Jim Sin saw a bloodstain as big as a dime.

A mile out of Placerville Todd Eggers swung off the train and dived down the bank into the sheltering underbrush that fringed Hangtown Creek.

Jim Sin, slouched down in his seat, got another eyeful of the hobnailed shoes with the rough outer surface, and a glance at the convict's right hand, gray with stone dust, as it grasped the corner of a car seat to steady the man against the roll of the lurching train. The scratches on Todd Eggers' hands were nothing now but little infected breaks in the roughened skin, marked by dry areas of coagulated blood that showed black against their gray background.

The deeper cut at the left of his lower lip had stopped bleeding, and Jim Sin saw a beauty-spot area of dried blood as big as a dime on the man's chin.

The train arrived at Placerville at half past five, and an hour later, seeking whatever transportation might be available along his route, Jim Sin boarded the northbound stage, intending to ride through Big Cañon as far as the American River, from which point his journey would be resumed on foot.

On the front seat of the stage with the driver were two middle-aged lady hikers from Michigan who aimed to see America first during August, provided their feet held out. A grocery salesman and a photographer occupied the middle seat. Jim Sin was alone in the back seat, and here he would have had plenty of room except that the lady hikers' blanket rolls and a portable stove, three suitcases and a baby carriage crowded him into a corner, where he had to sit straight to keep clear of a sharp section of stovepipe.

At the south portal of the American River bridge a man stepped into the middle of the roadway a hundred feet ahead of the stage. He held one hand high above his head, and the gesture reacted perfectly on the driver of the stage, for in the stranger's hand, silhouetted against the dust-laden foliage, was a blue .45 that answered all questions of the moment.

The driver of the stage slowed his car and stopped. He turned to his passengers and saved the gun-bearing interruption the trouble of speaking.

"Git out an' line up while that bird collects." The driver was an old-timer who knew a hold-up when he saw one in the middle of the road. "Climb down and put your hands back of your heads so your arms won't git tired."

One of the lady hikers, posed according to directions, started to shiver and passed rapidly into a dance that has been prohibited in all American cities of over a million population, and the grocery salesman began a verbal protest that ended with three clicks where the barrel of the stranger's gun swept across his front teeth; but beyond these minor diversions the affair passed off without interruption. It left Jim Sin stripped of his own gun, his cartridges and some loose change in excess of seventeen dollars.

The stranger went through his customers one at a time, personally, with his free right hand. When Jim Sin's turn came to step forward he saw that the stranger's left hand bore on its dusty gray surface little areas of black coagulated blood that partly


Mr. W. C. Malone is a retired grocer of Madison, Wisconsin

The Sherer Patented Counter with display front and drawers in rear for 30 items.

## *Mr. Malone's hints to other grocers—*

"I have found how to keep a clean, neat store. My progressive methods have brought me new trade and kept my old trade satisfied. Some customer tells me this almost daily.

"Until I installed my Sherer counters I was unable to keep my crackers, dried fruits and other bulk food articles in a clean, housewifely way. Boxes, barrels and tubs cluttered the store.

"But not now! My Sherer Grocery Counters with close fitting drawers protect the bulk foods from dust, flies and promiscuous handling. No dusty prunes from my store!

"And the best of it is that samples of these goods are on display under glass, which makes selections easy.

"I explain all of these points to my customers, because our interests are mutual; we both profit."

***What do these hints mean to the housewife?***

There are more than 70,000 Sherer Counters in use. Every one is in a progressive store, indicating a grocer who gives proper protection to the foodstuffs sold to his customers.

Has your grocer taken these precautions to protect you and your family? If not, he is careless of your interests.

Good housekeeping, good foodkeeping and good storekeeping all urge you to do what you can to introduce into your community this system for the more cleanly handling of foodstuffs.

**SHERER-GILLETT CO., 1707 So. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.**
**Factories In Wisconsin - Michigan - New York and Canada**

**Grocers**—We have a plan by which you can install a Sherer Counter and pay for it with the money saved by its use. Use the coupon today and learn how—

—more than 2,000 pounds of bulk groceries are within easy reach of one clerk

—more than 30 items are displayed under glass for customer's inspection

—all goods are kept clean and fresh, away from dust and flies and other contamination.

Make more money by modernizing your store and your methods with a Sherer Counter.

***A few openings***

In a few states there are opportunities for high grade specialty salesmen. If interested send full particulars in your first letter.

**Sherer-Gillett Co.**
1707 S. Clark St.
Chicago

Gentlemen

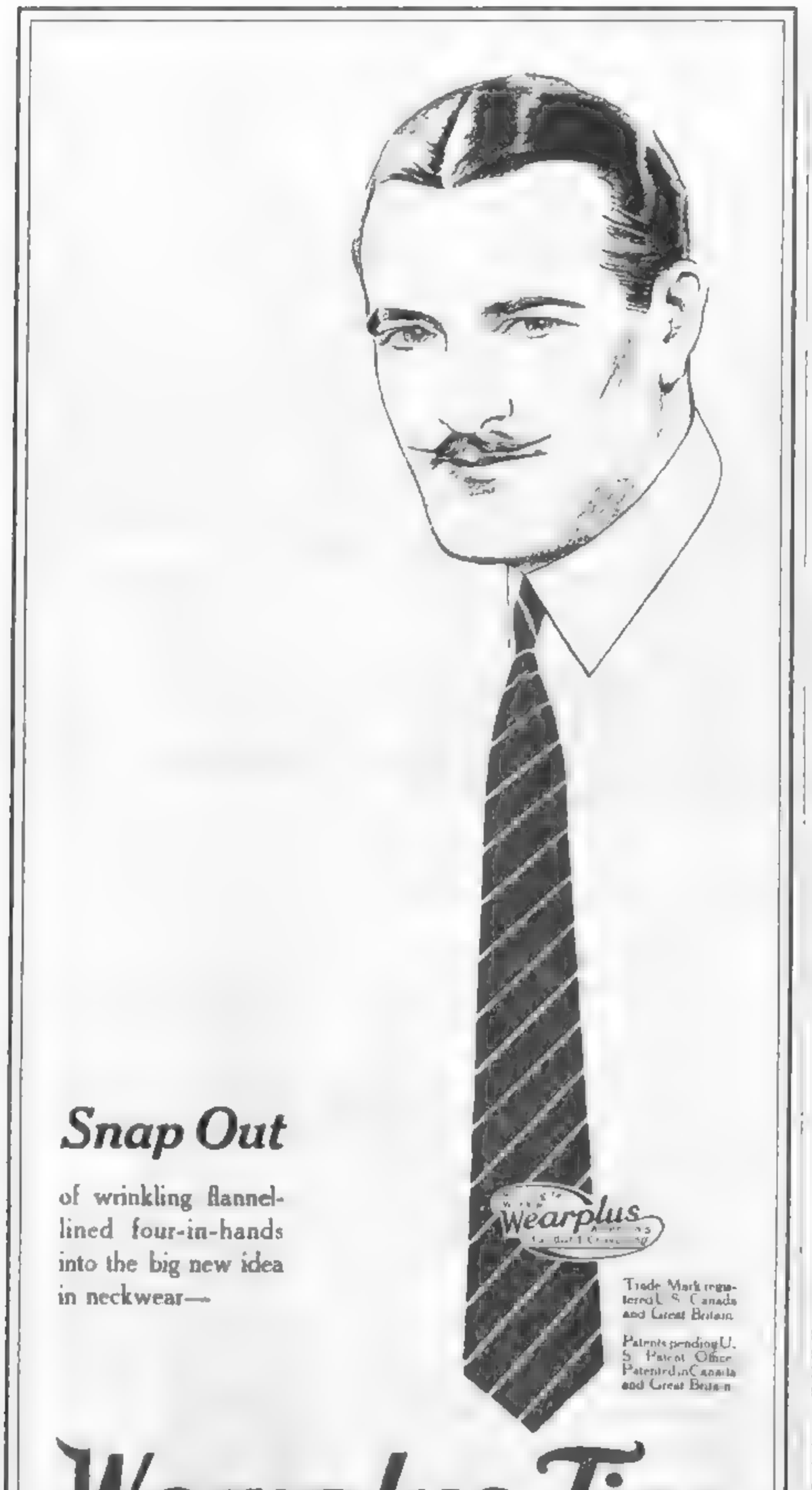
Without obligation, we would like to have you send us description of your GROCER'S DISPLAY COUNTER with particulars regarding the many ways in which it SAVES and EARNS.

Name

Street

City State

Coupon Signed by


Wearplus
Trade Mark registered U. S. Canada and Great Britain
Patents pending U. S. Patent Office Patented in Canada and Great Britain

*Snap Out*

of wrinkling flannel-lined four-in-hands into the big new idea in neckwear—

# *Wearplus Ties*

**Made Without Flannel Lining Padding or Wadding**

The first real improvement in neckwear in a quarter century. Oldstyle flannel wadding replaced by double quantity and quality silk, *double* value, double *wear*. A tie that slides easily, knots neatly, sets snugly—and presses out like new—no flannel inside.

At your dealer's in the nifty new Fall patterns. Three qualities, three prices.

*Perfect for the new soft collars—Guaranteed to satisfy or money back*

***Blue Label* $1.00** ***Brown Label* $1.50**

***Wearplus Junior for Boys—Red Label 75 cents***

If you cannot get Wearplus Ties of your dealer, *send us his name* and we will see that you are supplied.

Dealers: Send for our six dozen trial assortment.

If not selling profitably at the end of sixty days we accept return without cost to you.

***Salesmen wanted***—experienced, live-wire neckwear men wanted for several territories.

**Standard Neckwear Company Boston, New York**

*America's Largest Men's Neckwear House*

covered a dozen light scratches. The stranger had a blue handkerchief over his face, but Jim Sin knew that on the man's chin, under the mask, any foolhardy investigator could find a spot of dried blood as big as a dime.

"Man is not born with knowledge," he reflected. "To learn is delightful, at whatever expense, but I hope this bandit leaves me my cigarettes."

The stranger left the cigarettes untouched, and when his work was done he issued his first spoken order and walked backward along the full length of the bridge that spans the river. He kept the blue gun well in the foreground during this retreat, and then he was lost in the wooded country upstream from the bridge on the north bank of the river. Five minutes later the driver figgered it was all right to go ahead.

"Git aboard. We're over twenty minutes late now."

Jim Sin hung back.

"I go way here—my cousin he live up river."

"You better not run into that there gun slinger. Chances is he eats Chinks, bones an' all."

"No likee find him. No look see. Lose sebenteen dollah. No lose shoot man."

Half an hour later it occurred to the grocery drummer that maybe the Chinaman was a confederate in the play. He expressed his views to his fellow passengers. The driver of the stage grunted an expression of his contempt and used no words until he reported the hold-up when he stopped at Kelsey.

III

AT THE mouth of Ladies Cañon, half a mile above the river bridge, Jim Sin built a fire. After it had burned down to glowing coals he raked out enough to make a little foundation for one of his cans of sardines. He set the can on these coals and watched it carefully for the moment when the solder should melt around the perimeter of the lower side of the lid. When it had melted he turned the can right side up before much of the oil had spilled. The contents, heated to an appetizing temperature, formed his evening meal. He walked to the edge of the river and drank deeply from his cupped hands. Then, feeling the first chill of the mountain night, he buttoned his twenty-nine-dollar pinch-back overcoat about him and curled closely about the remains of the fire. He lighted one cigarette before he fell asleep. The day's unusual activities rested heavily upon him, and in his fatigue consciousness faded almost at the instant that the spark died out at the moist end of the cigarette.

At dawn, and the reluctant dawn had lagged until nearly five o'clock in the deep ravine through which the river flowed, Jim Sin breakfasted on a second can of sardines and warmed his old bones about his breakfast fire for half an hour before he resumed his march. He occupied this time in smoothing the splintered end of a stout staff which he had cut with his pocketknife from a clump of willows growing beside the stream.

About a mile below the point where White Rock Cañon joins the main gulch there is a smaller stream flowing in from the north country. At the edge of this dancing water, on the dry shelf of a high-water sand bar, the marcher saw a little tobacco sack. He turned it over with his stick. The sack was empty. On the cotton fabric, above the label and next to the blue revenue stamp, Jim Sin saw a bloodstain as big as a dime. Leading to the left, up the little ravine from where the sack lay, a series of depressions in the sand marked the path of a man.

"Drums and banners mark the path of an emperor," the observer reflected, never halting in his journey. "Good deeds lie along the route of a virtuous man, but accidents advertise the cave wherein hides a thief."

Around the bend two miles upstream he came upon the mouth of Rock Creek and half a mile farther along he turned to the left at Jay Bird Gulch. He threaded his way up this watercourse until he had gained the high ground, and then he began his descent into One-Eye Creek, bearing northeast as Chang Leu had directed.

Halfway down the slope he came upon Chang Leu, and the expectant friend dressed in a gray coat made of squirrel skins, advanced to meet him. When they were a hundred feet apart Jim Sin heard his name spoken, and then in quiet syllables, in the dialect of the Cantonese, Chang Leu poured forth the words of his welcome, struggling a little now and then to revive his memory of phrases whose elegance had dimmed through long disuse.

"I encounter thee with the delight that is the desert traveler's when he comes upon the verdure of a cool spring. The feast of thy presence appeases the hunger of loneliness that has consumed me through the long years. Come unto my house, letting thy imagination sound the drums that should welcome thee. We shall converse at the banquet table that is prepared for this hour."

The house, walled with a core of plaited willows, whose fabric supported a thick stucco of red earth mixed with pliant reeds, stood in a little grove of pines through which, under miniature bridges and over rock-bound waterfalls, flowed a little rill from its perpetual source in a crevice spring in Long Gulch.

Fronting the house, and forming a setting worthy of the small stream which threaded its course through it, was an area of dwarfed vegetation where splashes of color relieved the drab green of a miniature forest of twisted pine trees. The interior of the largest room of the house was hung with a fabric woven from fine grasses and stained a bright yellow with some vegetable dye, which lent an effect of drenching sunshine to the inclosure. A table, spread with a vermilion mat interwoven with a tapestry of black characters in classic outlines, bore a dozen porcelain platters and bowls, glazed with a blue which matched the patch of western sky that was revealed through the open door. Two smaller vessels of fine workmanship, shaped like libation cups, stood at each side of the table, and these were glazed with the imperial yellow reserved, in China, for the table of the emperor. The cups were filled with a purple wine, and Chang Leu, lifting one, offered it to Jim Sin.

"First of all," he said, "I shall drink with you in memory of the last precious mouthful of water which we drank in our steel prison on that day of death under the sun of the south."

They drank, and Jim Sin noted that the flavor of the wine was not so marked as its immediate reaction. It made him hungry, and when Chang Leu had removed the covers from the several dishes upon the table he fell to, without question, and accomplished a compliment to the food more eloquent than any he could have spoken.

There was a roast goose, preserved since the day of its roasting in a heavy covering of deer's fat. There was venison and a dozen quail and a saddle of mountain sheep. There was bear meat, broiled and spiced, and a rack of mountain lion around which, in contrast, had been arranged a circle of spitted doves. With the repast Chang Leu served two sauces, one a semiliquid jelly made from the juices of half a dozen kinds of wild fruits, the other a distillate of fish blood, tempered with a decoction of the roots of some nameless shrub.

After midday, gorged to a point that must have satisfied the most insistent host, Jim Sin groaned loudly and waved an impotent gesture of refusal toward Chang Leu, who stood ready with the wine jar.

"A final cup to grace this unworthy repast," Chang Leu said, pouring the wine as he spoke.

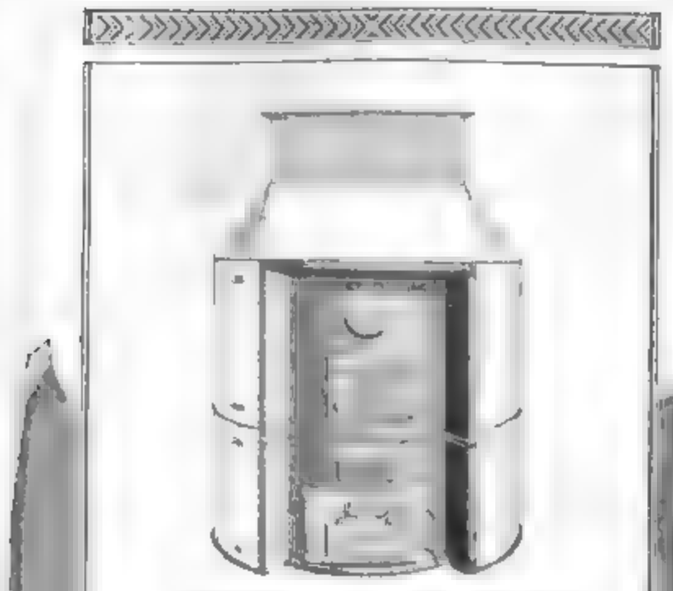
Jim Sin lifted his cup.

"Home was never like this," he reflected. "This approximates heaven. This, in fact, is the life that is checkered but never dull." He closed one eye and looked intently at Chang Leu. "I owe you a great debt, a number-one-sized debt, for the pleasure I have known since we commenced this banquet. It was a fortunate hour for me when I received your summons."

"And an excellent hour for me when you answered," Chang Leu replied. "You have wondered at the motive back of my invitation. It is this: I am tired of the monotony of life in these hills. I have spoken to no man of my race for more than six years. I have never left my hunting range in all this time; never have I journeyed more than a mile or two in any direction. There has been a little gold in the bed of the stream to the north, but it is gone now. I have it all—three or four pounds of it. I wish to return to the busy streets of the cities where I can earn enough money to enable me to return to China to live in peace until the candle of life is burned down to its base of death. I have resolved to return with you to San Francisco."

"'Coarse rice for food, water to drink and one's bended arm for a pillow,'" Jim Sin

(Continued on Page 125



*The Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace*

*The Sunbeam Pipe Furnace*

Sunbeam Furnaces are built in the two types shown above—both based upon the warm fresh air system of heating that provides perfect, healthful ventilation.

Sunbeam Furnaces are made in many sizes to fully meet the heating requirements of every type of house from the eighteen-room home to the four or five-room bungalow. Both the size and arrangement of your building will determine the kind and size of Sunbeam Furnace that will best meet your needs. Through long heating-plant experience the Sunbeam Dealer can help you make the right choice.

# Make Every Room a Sun Room

Solid comfort in every part of the house, warmth in the bay windows, warmth up stairs, warmth in the hallways, *every room a sun room!*

That's real comfort! And it's the Sunbeam Furnace kind of comfort.

Just as the name implies, Sunbeam Furnaces circulate heat everywhere. They quickly transform the whole house into a warm, cozy home. On mild days they easily dispel dampness and chill. On bitter cold days they work overtime and easily maintain the desired temperature. And *every day*, mild weather or zero weather, they save fuel by utilizing *every* heat unit.

Home heating is a science. The building of Sunbeam Furnaces is based upon scientific principles. Each part of a "Sunbeam" is properly proportioned, not only to extract every possible heat unit from the fuel but to circulate its warmth into every part of your home. And your "Sunbeam" will do more—it makes home heating easy. It needs little care. It responds quickly to every move of a convenient upstairs regulator. It gives a "quick action" result.

Sunbeam Furnaces are built to fit every type of home. Whether you plan to replace your old furnace or equip a new home you will find our "Sunbeam Book" of practical assistance to you—a postal or letter will bring one to you by the next mail.

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

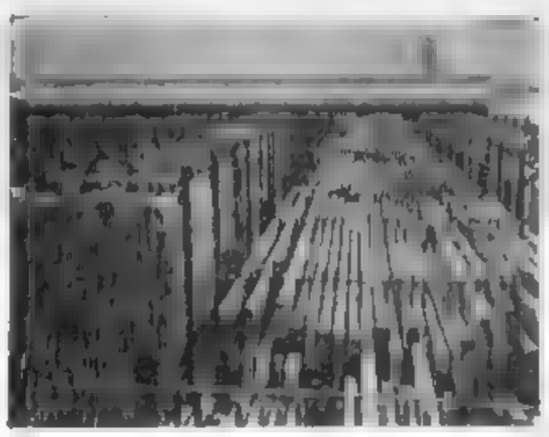
# SUNBEAM

## PIPE *and* PIPELESS

# FURNACES

*A general view of the seasoning and storage facilities of the Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Company, one of the fifteen complete Weyerhaeuser manufacturing units*

# LUMBER—
## *That Actually Meets the Requirements*



THE growing success of Weyerhaeuser lumber for industrial use is due largely to the thorough and exact seasoning process to which the lumber is subjected—not one process for the entire lumber output, but a distinct method of seasoning for each species, type and size of wood.

The Weyerhaeuser mills have kept apace with the progress made in practical wood seasoning by dry kilns. They have done extensive research work, adapted old processes and developed new ones. They have long realized that the science of wood seasoning properly applied is a saving to the purchaser. It gives a wood easy to work, with little wastage and with a prolonged life.

The illustration above shows loaded cars at the entrance to the kilns of the Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Company. Note the even stacking and the precaution to secure the load to prevent twisting and warping during processing. Stickers are inserted between courses of boards to allow even circulation and drying.

Each charge is tested in the kiln laboratory many times during the processing which forestalls over drying and other faults. When the lumber leaves the kiln it meets with the high standards set by the Weyerhaeuser organization for all its products.

MANY concerns have for years been looking for an organization that could and would relieve them of their lumber buying worries; an organization that could look at lumber from *their* point of view.

That is just what the Weyerhaeuser organization is doing for a great many industrial concerns today. It is prepared to deliver to industrial buyers *a dependable lumber service,* which means far more than the routine of shipping an occasional car of boards.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years studied industrial lumber needs. It has found that the best way to serve American Industry is to have ready at all times for a group of permanent customers the exact type of lumber in the correct grade, size and quantity they desire.

Such a service has its beginning way back in the forests, where trees that yield particular types of lumber that fit specific requirements, are marked for special cutting. Close grained, slow growth, even textured, cork-like White Pine logs, for example, are set aside for pattern stock. The same careful selection is practiced for all of the varied softwood requirements of industry.

Such painstaking efforts to serve industry are made possible through utilization of the vast resources and specialized equipment of the Weyerhaeuser organization:

A large timber supply of fifteen different species, and many types within these species, sufficient for decades of cutting.

Scores of logging camps guaranteeing a steady stream of suitable raw material.

Fifteen complete modern manufacturing units.

Seasoning processes that prepare lumber scientifically for each exacting need.

Distributing facilities backed by fifteen immense mill stocks and two great strategically located distributing plants.

A corps of salesmen trained to think as purchasing agents and buyers have wished for lumber sellers to think.

EACH year more and more concerns realize what this type of lumber service means.

The Weyerhaeuser Sales Company distributes Weyerhaeuser Forest Products through the established trade channels. Its principal office is in Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

## WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
### SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

*Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.*

(Continued from Page 122)

quoted. "In the midst of these one can be happy, but riches are as the fleeting cloud. The world is torn with strife and the demons of hunger and battle and disease stalk through the length and breadth of the nation. A great war has lately finished, and its frightfulness you can judge when I tell you that, though it be ended, the nations of earth are all engaged in a contest of hatred. Even now the guns are sounding in a dozen battle lines, and by contrast it is called peace. China, to which you would return, is a battle ground from Canton to Peking. The United States is the theater of a struggle between the rich and the poor and the mongrel dogs who fatten on the casualties of both sides. Here you have plenty, and the beauty of the march of the days, and you are a fool for wishing to change your lot."

Chang Leu returned with a single sentence:

"But in the stream to the north all the gold is gone."

Jim Sin was silent for a moment.

"Gold, as usual, is at the core of the problem that is twisting the belly of my friend," he mused. Then, aloud, he asked a question: "How do you kill a mountain lion?"

"I will show you."

Chang Leu retired to one of the two small rooms that opened from the main apartment and returned a moment later with a five-foot bow, strung with gut. With it he carried a quiver of arrows which were tipped with flint.

"In the manner of the hill tribes up the Yangtse gorges," he explained. "Anything dies when one of these messengers has tasted the blood of its heart."

He held a single arrow out to Jim Sin and handed him the bow. Jim Sin fitted the arrow to the bow and seemed to derive a new ambition from the feel of the intimacy between shaft and string.

"I would like to be proficient in archery," he said. "It is a noble sport, worthy of kings, who first promoted it among the people of our country."

"Desire is the father of action," Chang Leu returned. "Let us withdraw to the wooded slope beyond our garden and there you can indulge your fancy as you please."

The archer raised a slab of soft bark and set it against a tree. Against the bark for a target he fixed a bright yellow leaf. He returned to Jim Sin's side and showed him how to release the bowstring from the ball of his thumb, cleanly, so that the arrow might begin its flight without being diverted at the instant of freedom.

For three hours Jim Sin fired shaft after shaft at the target. At five o'clock, aware of what he had accomplished during his intensive study, he asked Chang Leu for one of the heavy blunt arrows that the solitary hunter used against the smaller game that he bagged. Chang Leu gave him one of these, and forthwith, after a brief word of farewell and a promise to return next day, Jim Sin departed over the hill, following the path over which he had come from Jay Bird Gulch, up from American River.

On the dry shelf of the high-water sand bar, at the edge of the dancing water of the little stream that flows into the main river a mile below White Rock Cañon, Jim Sin found the tobacco sack which he had seen that morning. Now, since he had turned it over, the blood stain was on its upper side, and from its day-long exposure to the air and sunlight the stain was black. In the softened light of early evening Jim Sin turned to the right and walked up the little ravine on whose patched floor of bare rock, alternating with stretches of sand, lay the record of the flight of a recent traveler.

The hunter came upon his prey near the top of the ridge. Todd Eggers, fatigued with the vigil of the night, was sleeping in a shaded glen, curled up in a bed of leaves at the foot of a pine tree. With no more ceremony or preparation than he had used in his practice when he was shooting at the yellow-leaf target on its buffer of soft bark, Jim Sin fitted his heavy blunt arrow to the bowstring and drew his right hand back until it lay against the tense muscles of his shoulder. Then, cleanly, he released the string, and echoing on the sharp note of its vibration came the hollow sound of contact where the heavy blunt arrow had stunned its victim into sleep more sound than that which he had just enjoyed.

Jim Sin indulged himself with one brief cry of triumph: "Hai! Hola! Hail the victor!" Then, doubtful of the degree of injury which he had inflicted, he unloosed the bowstring and lashed the thumbs of the unconscious man together behind his back. From its holster under Todd Eggers' arm he lifted the blue .45 and from a collection of cash and jewelry in the pockets of the outlaw's coat he retrieved seventeen dollars, some odd change, a box of cartridges and his own ancient single-action .44. While he looked at the prostrate man he set about the business of cutting off a two-inch oak tree two feet from the ground. He fired four shots into it out of the .45, splintering it so that he could break it off. When this had been done he hauled the inert form over to this rooted post, and while he still supported the unconscious man he hooked his victim's left knee around it.

Then he dragged the man's right foot to a position against the oak, where, under his left knee, it was hooked around the smooth surface of the little tree.

When this was accomplished he took off the bandit's coat and laid it over the man's face as a shield against the mosquitoes that had come with the setting sun. He started down the ravine then, beginning a six-mile journey into Placerville.

He returned about midnight, guiding a posse whose members, led by a hard-boiled deputy sheriff, were decorated with an air of determination and two or three guns apiece.

When they came upon Todd Eggers he was conscious and weaving about in a vain attempt to get his legs unlocked from about the little oak. Jim Sin looked at the captive

"No can do. Mebbe can do, you cut off leg, but just now all same jail."

In the sheriff's office next morning, where the superfluous notices of a thousand-dollar reward for the capture of the stage robber were ready for distribution, Jim Sin made one request of the man who handed him the check for the amount of the reward

"I like ketchum gold dust. No likee money."

"You mean you want cash? That there check is as good as cash."

"No likee cash. Likee gold dust. Can do?"

The officials were disposed to extend the compliments of the season to the hunter who had bagged Todd Eggers with a blunt arrow and who had held him captive with a constrained posture about an oak sapling.

"Can do. There's some dust in the safe over at Sam's store."

Fifteen minutes later Jim Sin began his return trip into the hills where Chang Leu awaited him. About his waist was a section of a discarded rubber inner tube, tied at the ends like a sausage, and in this tube was three pounds, more or less, of coarse gold dust, mixed with a few two-dollar slugs. He carried his bow with him, and it was strung again with the gut string that had bound the thumbs of the captured bandit. Tied to the bow to prevent its loss along the way was the blunt arrow. Jim Sin figured he had done enough bow-and-arrow work to last him for a few years. Archery was trying on the nerves, for if you missed your first shot when you were after big game the chances were you might miss a lot of things, including three or four quarts of personal blood.

When the traveler came to the mouth of Rock Creek, instead of continuing along to Jay Bird Gulch, he detoured to the left and followed the larger channel in its meanderings to the north and until it turned east to where One-Eye Creek flowed into it. At the point of the sand bar in the junction of the two streams he unlimbered the rubber tube of gold dust and for a space of a hundred feet at the water's edge, along both margins of the bar, he sowed the heavy yellow grains of metal. When this was done he rammed half a dozen rounded stones into the rubber tube and cast it into a pool. Then, retracing his steps along the sand bar, he obliterated his footprints, smoothing the sand with the bow which he carried.

It was noon when he climbed the hill to the house where he knew Chang Leu would be waiting. When he was a hundred feet from the house he called loudly to his friend.

"Hola! The heat of the day has created an awful thirst within me. This hunting is hard work."

A moment later, out of the twin libation cups, the pair drank deeply of cool wine.

"I am suddenly hungry," Jim Sin said, "I would partake of the meat of the lion, for I am tired and courage has fled."

When this - becomes this - read this date

*The Long Life of Williams' Will Amaze You!*

YOU scratched that date on the metal cover of your Williams' Stick the first day you used it. You've lathered with that stick every day since. At last it's worn down to the collar. Now—read the date on the stick it's your evidence—your positive proof—that Williams' Holder Top is the Long Life Stick.

You will be delighted with the months of shaving joy in Williams' Long Life Stick. October—November—December—January—it lasts and lasts and lathers as long as it lasts.

You will be delighted with Williams' Long Life Lather. Williams' holds its moisture to the end of the shave. It cannot freeze dry on your face.

You will be delighted with Williams' Long Life Comfort—a soothed face, a smooth face; all day, every day. Williams' is lather for your skin as well as for your beard! Your first Williams' shave will tell you that, and your thousandth will confirm it.

Send 10c for full size Holder Top box containing trial length stick. The trial stick is good for more than a month's shaves. The Holder Top box can be used indefinitely for Williams' Re-Load sticks. The coupon is for your convenience.

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 610, Glastonbury, Conn.
Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.
Name _____
Address

When he had eaten, the hunter rested for an hour, and then, "When do you propose to desert this secluded corner of paradise?" he asked.

"I shall return to the city with you," Chang Leu replied. "Whenever you have had your fill of this solitude we will journey to San Francisco, where I can begin to accumulate enough money to afford me ease and luxury in my old age in China."

"Leaving the gold that is in the stream to the north?"

"There is no more."

"'Gold is where you find it,'" Jim Sin quoted. "I should like to see how you go about the business of harvesting gold from the field where it grows."

"Your desires are the text of my law," Chang Leu returned. "I can show you the process, but no harvest will reward our work."

Forthwith, burdened with a shallow gold pan, the pair walked down the hill to One-Eye Creek, and from the sands of its margin Chang Leu panned three or four samples of barren sand. When he had done this Jim Sin relieved him of his work, walking directly toward his salted field. In the first panful there was a pinch of coarse gold. Thereafter until night fell Chang Leu worked steadily, and the clean-up for the day was half an ounce of gold. At midnight Jim Sin awakened his exhausted companion.

"Is it still your intention to come with me to San Francisco tomorrow?"

Chang Leu waved his hand in a slow gesture.

"'Coarse rice for food, water for drink and one's bended arm for a pillow,'" he quoted. "I shall stay in this paradise of gold until the rock of the mountains is washed into the depths of the sea."

In the obscure light Jim Sin smiled a quiet smile.

"Desire is the father of all motives," he reflected. "The superior man venerates the decree of heaven. Peace in a thatched hut—that is happiness."

Two days later, in his kitchen in Doctor Holland's house in San Francisco, Jim Sin, dismissing the substitute cook, made a bargain with him. He pointed to six crates of gift apricots which had accumulated during his brief absence

"You ketchee wagon, takee applecot when you go, I give you fifty cent."

When the apricot problem had been solved for the moment he retired to his room and lighted a pinch of tobacco in the bowl of his silver pipe

"Life is always too much or not enough," he reflected. "Riches lead to vice and poverty to theft. The path of virtue can be widened, but its direction cannot be changed."

That night, when Doctor Holland questioned him, he sketched a brief outline of his trip.

"I go see my friend," he explained. "I say how do and come back."

Doctor Holland picked up his evening paper and pointed to a headline.

"What name Chinaman caught that stage robber?" he asked. "Man rob stage, Chinaman catch him near Placerville. You know him?"

Jim Sin put on his best pat-flush poker face.

"You likee stew applecot fo' breakfass?" he asked in reply.


### Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1922.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are.

Name of — Post Office Address

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Fredrik F. Meyer, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York, N. Y.
E. W. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

The Curtis Publishing Company,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1922.

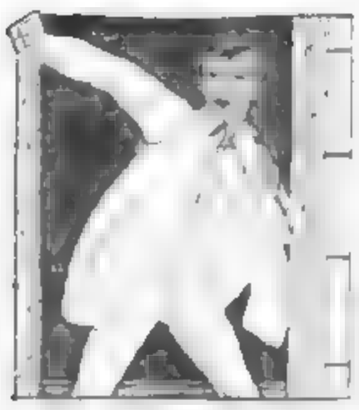
(SEAL) W. C. Turner, Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923)

Note—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification) Washington D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

*X—these are the places in ordinary underwear where sagging, binding, lap-over, etc., result from its failure to retain its original shape.*

# There are no X's against this underwear



*Its special knitting makes Carter's unusually elastic, so that it gives with a boy's every movement, but always springs back into shape.*

Here are weight and warmth, without the objections found in the ordinary kind.

Many men heretofore sacrificed a certain degree of comfort for the essential warmth of their undergarments. They have worn underwear which bulged at knees and elbows, flared and flopped at wrists and ankles, bagged and overlapped in seat and waistline, all to keep out the cold.

With Carter's, you simply put it on and forget about it. It is knit to yield to every movement, and come back again! This remarkable elasticity holds Carter's snug and smooth after dozens of tubbings. Catch hold of a Carter garment—stretch it hard, then let go. Right back into its original shape it springs, every time.

Every Carter seam is finished flat—you don't know they're there. And the ends are budded—no chance for rips or tears. All fabrics are knitted first, then thoroughly washed, then tailored to fit. If you have ever had sleeves and legs and crotch creep steadily up on you after each washing, you'll appreciate this point!

Carter's Knit Underwear is made in all styles and weights of fabric to fit all styles and weights of men.

The leading stores in every city sell it.

The William Carter Company
*Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District). Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass*

Carter's
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
KNIT Underwear
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

# Circulating Heat cuts millions of dollars from America's fuel bills—

## *will cut your fuel costs 35 to 50%*

Science does two things for us—*improves methods —lowers cost.*

Stoves were an improvement and used less fuel than the open fire. But man was not satisfied.

The pipe furnace came and it seemed perfect. But still man questioned. He considered Nature's law—warm air rises, cool air falls. Then he asked: "Are pipes necessary? If warm air will flow through pipes, won't it flow even more freely through large doors, halls and stairways?"

Then man said: "We will construct a furnace without pipes." And he reasoned further. "If cool air falls by Nature's law, let's provide in this furnace a passage for the cool air to flow down and out of the rooms, as the warm air flows upward into the rooms." This was done—and thus the *Caloric System of Circulating Heat*—based on Nature's unchanging law—had its birth.

Caloric heating, through years of service, has proved its superiority in buildings of practically every type and size and in every climate, from Northern Alaska to Florida.

In the present fuel emergency, *Caloric* economy is of national importance, saving millions of dollars yearly for 135,000 users.

The *Caloric* offers you: Guaranteed 70 degrees warmth in coldest weather—clean, convenient, healthful heat—fuel saving of 35 to 50%—satisfaction or your money back.

*Now—this winter*—is the time to start with life-time Caloric comfort. See the local Caloric dealer or write

DISTRIBUTORS
Waterhouse-Wilcox-Pacific Co
331 E. 4th St., Los Angeles, Calif
Waterhouse-Wilcox Co.
523 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
C. H. Parker & Son
Denver

THE MONITOR STOVE CO.
*103 Years of Service*
Pioneers of Pipeless Heating
CINCINNATI, OHIO

IN CANADA
The Monitor Stove Co., Ltd
9 Richmond St. East
Toronto, Ontario

# CALORIC

PIPELESS
SYSTEM OF CIRCULATING HEAT

The Monitor Stove Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Gentlemen: Send name of nearest dealer and mail, without cost, your new book "Summer in Winter"

Name _____

Address _____

# Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is under construction at Buffalo—to open early in 1923. 500 additional rooms will be added later.

There is to be another HOTEL STATLER in the Park Square district of BOSTON.
It will have 1100 rooms and 1100 baths; opening date to be announced later.

## Those "Statler Service Codes"

*By* E. M. STATLER—Being one of a series of advertisements embodying instructions to Statler employees.

Back in the days when there was but one Hotel Statler, my hardest job (and it is my hardest job today) was to get our employees to carry out our policies. There may be businesses in which it is easy; all I know is that it *isn't* easy in the hotel business. We had staked our future success on our policy of pleasing and satisfying people—a policy loosely expressed in the declaration that "the guest is always right"; but you wouldn't believe how difficult it was to get that simple idea lived up to by our people.

That's why these "Statler Service Codes" were written: to put down simply, and make unmistakably plain, our instructions *to our own people* about how guests were to be treated.

Then an unforeseen thing happened: the Codes began attracting a lot of attention *from the public*. Newspapers reprinted them, with comment; magazines and trade papers wrote articles about them; sales managers requested them in quantity lots, to use as textbooks for their salesmen. Pretty soon we were distributing more copies to our guests and the public than to our employees! But that didn't make us lose sight of the real job of the Codes; and from the first small issue till today *every* Statler employee has been *required* to study the Codes and be guided by them.

For several months we have been printing instructions to our employees in these advertising pages. Here is the basis of it all—what we expect of everybody in our service, and what you may expect of them:

## The Codes in Full

### Statler Service

HOTEL STATLER is operated primarily for the benefit and convenience of its guests. Without guests there could be no Hotel Statler. These are simple facts easily understood.

S then it behooves every man and woman employed here to remember this always, and to treat all guests with courtesy and careful consideration.

Any member of our force who lacks the intelligence to interpret the feeling of good will that the Statler holds towards its guests can not stay here *very long*.

New customers are just as valuable to us as old customers—remember that; for each new customer is an old customer in the making.

See that you do your part to make him want to come back here, with his family and his friends.

Impress upon him the fine good-fellowship of the place; the "No-trouble-to-help-you" spirit.

Never be perky, pungent, or fresh. The guest pays your salary as well as mine; he is your immediate benefactor.

Snap judgments of men oftentimes are faulty. A man may wear a red necktie, a green vest and tan shoes and still be a gentleman.

The unpretentious man with the soft voice may possess the wealth of Croesus. The stranger in sawmill boots, broadcloth and rusty black may be president of a railroad or a senator from over the ridge.

You can not afford to be superior or sullen with any patron of this hotel. I said so.

Have every one feel that for his money we want to give him more sincere service than he ever before received at any hotel.

The employee who helps to perpetuate this plan is never out of a job, nor does he escape the eye of the man behind the scenes—the boss.

At rare intervals some perverse member of our force disagrees with a guest as to the rightness of this or that.

He maintains that the meat is well done—when the guest says it isn't.

Or that *this* sauce was ordered when the guest says the other.

Or that the boy *did* go up to the room.

Or that no party called.

Or that it was a room reserved, and not dinner for six.

Or that the trunk wasn't there.

Either may be right.

But these are *permanent instructions:* No employee of this hotel is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest.

He must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call his superior to adjust it. Wrangling has no place in a Hotel Statler.

The Statlers are successful hotels.

Men and women of taste and refinement, from all parts of the world, name the Statler their home while in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis or New York. The reason is that every waiter in this hotel, every hallboy, the chamber-maid, the clerk, the chef, the manager, the boss himself, is working all the time to make them *feel* "at home."

Each member of our force is valuable to us only in proportion to his ability to serve our guests.

### What Statler Service Means

A hotel has just one thing to sell.

That one thing is service.

The hotel that sells poor service is a poor hotel.

The hotel that sells good service is a good hotel.

It is the object of Hotel Statler to sell its guests the *very best service* in the world.

The service of a hotel is not a thing supplied by any single individual. It is not special attention to any one guest. Hotel service—that is, Hotel Statler service—means the limit of courteous, efficient attention from each particular employee to each particular guest.

This is the kind of service a guest pays for when he pays us his bill—whether it is two dollars or a hundred dollars. It is the kind of service he is entitled to, and he *need not* and *should not* pay *any more*.

Every guest who enters the Statler door comes in because he believes he can buy something here *better* than he can buy it anywhere else.

It rests with every employee of this hotel—doorman, hallboys, porters, clerks, waiters, maids, manicurists and managers—whether he goes away disappointed or pleased.

A doorman can swing the door in a manner to assure the new guest that he is in *his hotel*, where people are prompt to serve him. Or—

He can *sling* the door in a way that sticks in the guest's "craw" and makes him expect to find at the desk a scratchy, sputtery pen, sticking in a potato.

When the room clerk says: "I'll just show Mr. Robinson to room 1252," instead of "Show the gentleman," etc., the guest immediately gets a warm feeling of being welcome.

To be able to give a guest this feeling adds dollars to the income of the house and dollars to the salary of the clerk.

An operator who is quick to answer telephone calls, and does not keep a guest holding a cold receiver to his ear and listening intently to nothing, can swell the appreciation of Statler service—and swell the Statler appreciation of her.

A waiter who can say "Pell Mell" when the guest says "Pell Mell" and "Paul Maul" when the guest says "Paul Maul" can make the guest think himself right—and make us think the waiter is all right.

And just here, take heed, that in all minor discussions between Statler employees and Statler guests, the employee is dead wrong—from the guest's standpoint and from ours.

It is these little things that send a guest away to say, promptly,

"I stopped at Hotel Statler."

Or, listlessly, "I put up at a hotel last night."

The steward (or any other head) who can systematize and organize his department so as to save time or help can make more money for the Statler—and more money for himself.

Every dollar saved in any department means that we can sell more service for the same price. It makes Statler service a better, bigger thing, and it makes somebody a better, bigger job.

Every item of extra courtesy contributes towards a better pleased guest, and every pleased guest contributes towards a better, bigger Statler.

I hope to have the words *Statler Service* always mean *Best Service* throughout the world.

You can help to make it so. *Will you?*

### Statler's Talk on Tipping

The patron of a hotel goes there because he expects to receive certain things served with celerity, courtesy and cheerfulness.

The persons who are to fetch and carry these things will be those whose portion it is to render intimate, personal service to others. Since time immemorial, this class of servitors has been of the rank and file.

Now and then a server is found—a waiter, a bootblack, a barber or a bellboy—who adds a bit of his own personality to his services. Such a one shows a bit more intelligence, initiative—perspicacity—than his fellows. The patron finds his smaller wants anticipated, and is pleased. He feels that the servant has given him something extra and unexpected—and he wants to pay something for it.

He tips.

Of course, there are abuses of the tip. A rich bounder wants something more than other hotel guests, and he futilely tries to get it by throwing money about.

His tips are insults, and his reward servility instead of service. Or—

An individual wishing to be thought a "good fellow" *ofttimes* tips with the advice to "buy a house and lot," etc. Or—

An unintelligent traveler, having the time of his life, tips out of sheer goodheartedness.

These types help to constitute "the public."

It is the business of a good hotel to cater to the public. It is the avowed business of *Hotels Statler* to please the public better than any other hotels in the world.

Statler can run tipless hotels if he wants to. But Statler knows that a first-class hotel cannot be maintained on a tipless basis, for the reason that a small but a certain per cent of its guests will tip, in spite of all rules.

Statler can and does do this: He guarantees to his guests who do not wish to tip everything—*everything*—in the way of hotel service, courtesy, etc., that the tipper gets.

Let's make that a bit stronger—guests do *not* have to tip at *Hotel Statler* to get courteous, polite, attentive service.

Or, for final emphasis, we say to Statler guests: Please *do not* tip unless you feel like it; but if you *do* tip, let your tipping be yielding to a genuine desire—not conforming to an outrageous custom.

Any Statler employee who is wise and discreet enough to merit tips is wise and discreet enough to render a like service whether he is tipped or not.

And he is wise and discreet enough to say "thank you" when he gets his tip.

In this connection let this be said:

The man who takes a tip and does not thank the tipper does not feel that he has earned the tip any more than a blackmailer feels that he has earned his blood money. Any Statler employee who fails to give service or who fails to thank the guest who gives him something, falls short of the Statler standard. We always thank any guest who reports such a case to us. Statler does not deal summarily with his helpers, any more than he deals perfunctorily with his guests—but the tip-grafters get short shrift here.

### In Conclusion

When *Statler* service in Buffalo became synonymous with *Good* service, we hoped that the opportunities for advancement offered by the second *Hotel Statler*, then being erected in Cleveland, would stimulate all of our employees to greater efforts. With some it did have that effect.

Now there are other Hotels Statler, in Detroit and in St. Louis. In New York, The Pennsylvania—the world's largest hotel—is Statler-operated. A new and bigger Statler is building in Buffalo, and another Statler in Boston.

As the organization continues to grow, you ought to be growing with it. *Are you?*

You can guarantee your growth with us by making your part of *Hotel Statler Service* the *best* service of its kind there is. *Are you?*

E. M. Statler

# Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

# THE MERGER PERIOD

(Continued from Page 19.)

Small companies often use small, local and low-priced sources of materials and power. They are constantly seeking out cheaper rents, taxes, wages and salaries. With less overhead to take care of it is easier for them to close down entirely in bad times. Rarely do the big companies get the highest prices for their products. They must take the great bulk of the business rather than the choicest bits, and profiteering on their part meets with far swifter punishment than when indulged in by small, obscure competitors.

Even the brief facts given here must show that combination is no one-sided affair, that advantages and disadvantages must be weighed with extreme caution. It is known that in certain industries repeated efforts at combination have failed. Even the largest capital has not served to prevent the miscarriage of every merger plan in trades that are just naturally unfitted for combination.

It must be remembered that no matter how large the industrial consolidations become or how many efforts are made to form new ones, the growth of industry itself more than keeps pace with the movement. That is, no matter how much the big companies expand there are so many new forms of specialized production, so many new products and uses for them, that the chance for other producers in the same general trade is always kept alive.

Consider shoes. The two largest shoe manufacturers in the world—the International Shoe Company and Endicott-Johnson—have not only far outdistanced all other producers but are running a fairly close race between themselves. The first named recently took over the McElwain Company, which was a notably large unit, and with this addition has nearly forty plants. For the most part it has grown by a process of consolidation and combination. Endicott-Johnson, on the other hand, has developed from within, by building new plants and additions from time to time.

### *Bigness Without Monopoly*

Yet these two giant companies, large as they are, produce less than one-fourth the total output. They have grown rapidly to a great size, and even the smaller of the two makes something like one hundred and twenty thousand pairs of shoes a day. They are certainly typical of big business. Why, then, does not one of them gradually drive everybody else out of the shoe trade?

There are no doubt many answers to this question, but one answer at least is that there are so many different kinds, styles, lasts and sizes of shoes—men's and women's, infants', boys' and misses', medium grade and low grade—that no one manufacturer can economically handle the whole business. If he attempted it some small competitor with low overhead would gradually pick off the more profitable portions of the trade.

It has been estimated that there are five thousand distinct products and manufacturing uses for steel wire. In all sorts of specialized directions hundreds, indeed thousands, of manufacturers are to be found in the steel, iron and metal industries generally. The United States Steel Corporation handles a business as stupendous as the human mind is capable of directing. Yet for some years past the relative increase in volume handled by half a dozen competitors greatly exceeded that of the big fellow.

No one is worrying over the smallness or weakness of the larger Standard Oil companies, yet there seems no doubt that the independents are gradually taking a larger percentage of the refined-oil business. Powerful as the Standard companies still are, it is said that independents have two dollars invested for each one of Standard money.

Generally speaking, it may be said that no movement toward expansion and combination ever goes quite so far as it appears to be going in the flush of its most vigorous growth. Some twenty years ago it looked as if all the steel companies would come into one great holding company. Two or three powerful concerns held out, and in the course of a few years other smaller ones had become great. Meanwhile it looked as if all the railroads would be grouped into three or four systems. But several of the combinations fell apart, and other railroads that had not gone into them grew in importance.

It seemed at various times as if Huntington, Hill, Harriman, Gould and a few other railway kings would gather in every road in sight, but it proved to be an illusion only. In the same way there will come a limit to the expansion of Stinnes in Germany and Ford in this country.

Certainly the organizers of most of the latter-day mergers neither dare nor hope for empire and monopoly. Their problem is a very different one from that. The truth is that industry has become too big for monopoly. What is sought in these latter-day mergers is to round out a business.

The idea is not so much to secure all the plants and suppress competition as it is to bring enough plants together to offer a complete, rounded line. A truck merger seeks to offer both heavy-duty and light-delivery trucks; a high-priced and especially well-made passenger automobile is taken in by a company that produces cars of a different grade; a steel company that specializes on rails is taken over by one that makes plates.

The idea is no futile one of suppressing competition; it is the hope that by having a variety of products in a variety of localities there will always be something the public is willing to buy.

### *The Vertical Trust*

An official account of a recent merger of five machine-tool makers contained a detailed list of the products of each plant. A full list of them would fill several paragraphs, and if the account was wholly accurate it showed not only no duplication in products but, to the layman's ear at least, there was hardly the slightest resemblance in the nomenclature between one tool and another.

To a very large extent plants are put together that are complementary rather than competitive in any strict sense. A banker already quoted in this article as being largely opposed to mergers had just completed one, and when asked to explain his apparent inconsistency he replied:

"Well, in that case there was an old Yankee concern making an article of superlatively fine quality. It was old-fashioned, and had wonderful good will and prestige, but it has never been able to make any money. So by putting it together with other companies which make a different line of goods, and putting in new management I am hoping they may make a little money for a change."

Indeed, it may be said that the predominant type of latter-day merger is even more than complementary; it is perpendicular or vertical. The idea is to move in a straight line from producer of raw materials to consumer. Apparently this idea has taken hold of the business leaders of all the great industrial countries at about the same time, for, although Hugo Stinnes in Germany is easily the chief exponent of the movement, it has marked examples in England as well as in this country.

This so-called Stinnes vertical-trust idea of reaching forward and back is sometimes known also as integration. Certainly no idea can appeal more strongly to a manufacturer than to control and keep all the profits from raw material to consumer. There is a satisfying completeness about it, and yet if there are other competitors doing the same thing there is no monopoly, as there would be if the manufacturer bought up all the companies in his own line.

If Mr. Ford should buy up every other concern making a low-priced car he would run bump into the antitrust laws, but it is a little difficult to invoke them against him merely because he buys just enough steel, paint and leather mills to supply his own wants.

England has its cutlery firms that own rolling mills, and thread firms that go back even to the coal mines. But the most pronounced case of integration, or vertical combination, in England is that of its largest industrial concern, Lever Bros., Ltd., which owns plantations, fisheries, seed-crushing, oil-refining, whaling, shipping, mining and banking subsidiaries.

There is no magical efficiency, of course, in vertical combination, in the control by one concern of a whole series of industrial

What do you look for when you buy a raincoat?

Of course you look for style and fit that will make you proud of your choice. But you look, too, for protection in *any* weather. You look for a coat that will give you long, hard wear. And *these* values your eye cannot detect. Even experts are sometimes fooled by clever makeshifts.

When you buy a Raynster you buy assurance, for Raynsters are backed by the oldest rubber organization in the world. Every inch is sealed by layer on layer of rubber that shuts out the hardest rain. Every seam is triple-reinforced to make the coat absolutely waterproof.

There are many different Raynster models, from the rugged rubber surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, for motoring or for business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the Raynster name! If your dealer should be out of the exact Raynster you want, he can get it in no time from the nearest of our many branches.

United States Rubber Company
NEW YORK

Raynsters
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

## An Added Room ~ Subtracted Rent

No 1518
Long Davenport Bed

# By Day a Handsome Davenport— By Night a Luxurious Bed

Because the Kroehler davenport bed is so luxurious and beautiful a davenport, it is hard to realize that beneath its soft, yielding cushions and rich upholstery, and completely concealed by its fine lines, is a wonderfully comfortable bed.

Every night this extra sleeping space is ready for use, inviting restful slumber. With such a convenience as this, you can manage with one less bedroom, and subtract from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

One simple motion converts the Kroehler into a full sized, 72 x 50-inch bed, with patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs, and ample room for a thick, removable mattress and bedding.

Kroehler davenport beds are made in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish; with chairs and rockers to match. Upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trade mark. Don't accept a substitute; Kroehler davenport beds are no more expensive.

*Write for free book of attractive designs and name of dealer.*

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago
*Factories at* Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.
*Canadian Factory*, Stratford, Ontario

# KROEHLER
## DAVENPORT BED

## The Invisible Bed Room


processes. It sounds well, this idea of controlling all the steps, but it may remove the spur to efficient operation at different stages. The tendency naturally is to favor one's own manufacturing or marketing organization, irrespective of its relative competitive efficiency.

It is a beautiful dream for a mail-order house or chain of stores to own its factories, but a good merchandiser may be a poor manufacturer, and the other way around. When the shoe manufacturer puts his own retail stores into a town, then naturally sales resistance from other stores in the same place increases. Nor are there many shoe manufacturers that make a varied enough line to meet the complete requirements of the retail trade.

But with all its defects integration is the logical order of the day, and is likely to go very much further. Unquestionably much of the success of the United States Steel Corporation has been due to its control of raw materials and transportation. The two largest units in the motor field, Ford and General Motors, have gone very far in the same direction, General Motors even having its own trade-acceptance corporation.

Nowhere is the process so clearly at work as in the oil industry, and especially with the Standard Oil and the larger independent companies. The old Standard Oil trust was a highly integrated unit except in the one respect of production, being primarily a refining, transportation and marketing concern. Along came the Supreme Court and broke it up into thirty-odd parts. This partition was devised with great skill. It was carried out partly along geographical lines, but even more along the lines of function. There were producing, refining, transportation and marketing companies. So highly specialized were the different companies that one made vaseline and nothing else.

Now to the extent that the partition was geographical and has remained so, no great element of competition has been injected. But gradually, albeit steadily, most of these companies have been adding to their functions, and encroaching upon those of other companies. Especially have the five great refining companies—New Jersey, New York, Atlantic, Indiana and California—been reaching out for production and buying up independent producing companies, with expansion also the order for other large concerns in this group, such as Vacuum Oil and Prairie Oil & Gas.

### Some Vertical Mergers

But perhaps the most striking recent instance of integration is that of the Anaconda Copper Company, largest producer in the world, which has taken over the American Brass Company, the largest consumer of copper. It is maintained that by such a deal production can be regulated more in accordance with consumption. In its advertisements the company prints a motto, "From mine to consumer," which well illustrates the idea of the vertical combination, an idea by no means new but never perhaps so active a force as in the last few years.

Another somewhat different form of vertical merger is that of the Winchester Company with the Simmons Hardware Company—one a manufacturing organization and the other one of the largest and best-known jobbing houses in the hardware trade.

This vertical-merger tendency is a far cry from anything savoring of monopoly. If it is going to lead to some new and as yet unknown form of monopoly, that is a bridge which seems a little premature to cross. Indeed, it is not easy to see why even the recent mergers in the steel industry should arouse the fears of those who are constantly on the lookout for trusts and other evil spawn of capital.

It is true perhaps that no other industry lends itself so effectively to large-scale production as steel. Here is where automatic machinery is a real substitute for human labor. Here, in the language of one keen student of mergers, "the increase in mechanical efficiency due to machinery more than takes up the slack of decreasing human efficiency." Indeed, so much machinery is required that it takes ten or twenty million dollars even to play at the steel business. But is that necessarily a sin?

At any rate, when it became known a few months ago that one or more steel mergers were under way the Senate called upon both the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission for information, which was well. But the opinion expressed by one senator in urging the resolution, typical no doubt of the feelings of many people, shows what masterly illogic is at the command of some public men:

"The consummation of this merger must be prevented. This is the age of steel. Iron and steel today lie at the base of every human activity. Without steel our farms cannot be cultivated, our railroads would cease to operate, our industries would be prostrated, and our very homes could not be built. The men who control this basic commodity control the nation. The purpose of this merger is clear. It is the elimination of whatever competition now exists in the steel industry and the creation of a situation where prices may be fixed on a monopoly basis without fear of detection."

On behalf of the senator it is only fair to say that when he made these remarks it was hoped by the promoters to merge six independent companies. This would no doubt have been a monstrosity in the senator's eyes, but it would have had only about one-third the volume of the United States Steel Corporation, and only about 15 per cent of the entire business of the country at that.

### Well-Rounded Output

But two of the companies dropped out of the negotiations, and one of them, the Lackawanna, was taken over by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, headed by Charles M. Schwab, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, but now wholly independent of that company. This left one two-company merger and one three-company merger, of about equal size in the final result, each having somewhere between 4 and 8 per cent of the total capacity of the country.

A pretty feeble pair of monopolists! But the story of and reasons for these negotiations can best be told in the words of one of the men close to them:

"Every business of any size is essentially a department-store situation. Take the company that I was originally interested in and which has gone into one of these mergers. It was a big company in itself, the result of a combination of several important concerns, but it was not big enough but what it lacked the factors with which the market was least saturated last year and this year. Let us say it is pipe. It might be anything else, and a few years from now it will be something else.

"Now to make any money from this product, for which my company has no capacity, we should have to spend about $25,000,000. It would take a year, and by that time the market for that product might have dropped, and the capacity would be ready after the demand had ceased. How much more economical to combine with other companies one of which does have pipe capacity. It can be done not only without spending money and waiting but, what is perhaps more important from the public standpoint, without increasing beyond the public's needs the supply of this particular product.

"Combination adds to a company's capacity in the most rapid and economical way, not only for the business itself but for the country at large. We have facilities enough to take care of any kind of business in this country, but they are divided and scattered. To get back, however, to this particular merger, year after next plates may be in demand. Well, my old company has plenty of plate capacity, and the concern it is being combined with to get the pipe production has none.

"Just to consolidate for the sake of consolidation is foolish. The whole point is to get companies with rounded-out production. A company may be big in its line, but if it makes only one thing and there is no demand for that, what is going to become of it? But the rounding out has to be done also with respect to geographical location as well as different products.

"The geographical market must be met where it is strongest, for demand varies, not only as regards products but as regards location. If Chicago is the strong market a company here on the seaboard can't ship as against one near Chicago, and on the other hand the Chicago concern can't ship into New England as against the plant on the seaboard. Freight, you must remember, is a big item in steel.

*Continued on Page 133*

# See What a Quarter Buys

## For a Family of Four

THE main dish of a dinner for four people costs only a quarter if you serve this food.

Other main dishes for four cost $0.90 to $1.25, from four to five times as much.

So by serving delicious "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size, but once a week in place of more expensive foods, you save from one to four dollars a month!

### Genuine Sardines

from California

BOOTH'S "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size, are genuine sardines from our own waters off the California Coast.

They have the real sardine flavor and the firm, tender meat.

But they should not be confused with the small, costly, imported sardines to which you are accustomed.

Booth's are large, nutritious fish, five to six inches long, packed in delicious sauces.

Being a domestic product, you pay no customs duty on them. That's why they cost so little.

Booth's "Food-Sardines" are rich in protein, the builder of tissue. And they provide over 900 calories, food energy units, to the pound.

Their appetizing flavor and vital nourishment are combined with exceedingly low cost. They are one of the most remarkable foods that we know. Compare with others. Decide for yourself.

Your family will enjoy them. Try them this week at least once in place of the usual meal.

Use them in any one of a score of delicious ways; as a dinner dish; for salads; for sandwiches; for chafing dish suppers.

Once you try them, you'll serve them each week by family request. They'll enjoy the dinners. You'll enjoy the saving.

### "Food-Sardines" Fried in Crumbs

Take Booth's "Food-Sardines," wipe dry, season with salt, pepper and a dash of lemon juice. Dip them in flour, then into beaten egg, and lastly in bread crumbs. Heat about three ounces of butter in the blazer, add the Sardines, turning them occasionally until a nice golden brown. Serve with Tartar sauce.

### Compare These Costs

Go over your market bill for the past four weeks. Put down the cost of each dinner's chief item during that time. Add together and divide by the number of dinners represented.

If yours is a family of four, the chances are the figure will be at least $1.25—*probably more!*

Booth's "Food-Sardines" 25c

### Packed Three Ways

Try Them All

BOOTH'S "Food-Sardines" lend variety to your menus because they are put up in three delicious sauces, tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices.

They are prepared for you in immaculate plants with modern equipment. They are very high quality. Be sure of the brand. Note the yellow crescent on the oval tin.

Your grocer probably has Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size. If, by chance, he hasn't, send us one dollar for an introductory shipment of four cans, charges prepaid.

Specify the kinds of sauces you want. Your money gladly refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

### Mail Coupon

OUR famous free book, "Booth's Food-Sardine Recipes," will help you cut your expenses down. Mail the coupon today for your copy.

F. E. BOOTH CO., *Packers of High Grade Foods*
110 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Insist on having
**Booth's Crescent Brand**
in the Oval Tin.

# BOOTH'S

Crescent Brand

"Food-Sardines"

Dinner Size

**F. E. Booth Co.,**
110 Market St., Dept. 110,
San Francisco, Calif.

Please send free book of recipes.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

# Certain-teed

## 4-WIDTH SHINGLES

Beautify as well as protect your home with a roof of *Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles.

The artistic and beautiful effect of a roof of *Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles, in a soft shade of green or red or blue-black, is very attractive.

A *Certain-teed* Shingle roof will afford you years of complete protection from weather and sparks. You would forget you had a roof were you not constantly reminded of its artistic beauty.

These shingles are made in individual and in Four-width types which are easy to lay. *Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles preserve their artistic appearance.

*Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles are of the same quality which has given *Certain-teed* roofing its reputation for dependability. They are the best value obtainable in an artistic and dependable roof.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION

***Certain-teed***

Roofings
Shingles
Tarred Felts
Insulating Papers
Paints of All Kinds
Varnishes
Linoleum
Oil Cloth
FLOORTEX—The Economical, Sanitary, Attractive Floor Covering

***Certainty* of Quality - Satisfaction Guaran*teed***

(Continued from Page 130)

"But suppose this company near New York or Philadelphia decides to build near Chicago in order to take advantage of that market when it is active. To build properly out there will cost $100,000,000 and will take several years. But the steel industry is now overbuilt between 30 and 40 per cent.

"As for competition, the public seems to forget that each company varies in its capacity for each product, and often if it does have a considerable capacity in one of many lines it can't compete in many parts of the country for geographical reasons. If all the products handled in all parts of the country by all the companies going into one of these mergers be considered, the competitive business to be eliminated by combination amounts to only 1½ per cent of the total volume covered by the combination.

"But the United States Steel Corporation with its widely distributed plants, its easy access to its own raw materials and its own transportation facilities is always turning out the products most in demand and in the localities where they are wanted. Transportation alone gives it a differential of $1.50 a ton, and its total advantage over competitors is often close to five dollars a ton. Other steel companies live merely on the sufferance of the Steel Corporation's live-and-let-live policy.

"No one company can afford to provide the transportation facilities or the raw materials which the Steel Corporation enjoys, but by combination we can approach their advantages to some extent. Combination will thus further instead of restrain competition. The Steel Corporation will begin to have some real competition, for these other companies will be able to compete with products and in territory for the first time, not only with the Steel Corporation but in some cases with each other. Above all else, mergers mean competition in new territory, for each merger strengthens the territorial or location power of those who enter it.

"In any case it is combination for the independent companies, or an immense amount of new construction, or death. Why, even the Steel Corporation is not rounded out enough to meet the constantly varying demands for different products in different territories, and is now planning to build a $20,000,000 tube mill at Gary. It does not dare to buy an independent mill, because it is so large already that it fears to bring down upon it the antitrust laws if it bought another independent. Yet the steel industry is overbuilt, and it is not in the interest of the public or labor for the Steel Corporation or any other company to build further."

### *Senatorial Myopia*

The very day following this interview the writer saw a small item in a financial newspaper to the effect that a steel company of barely moderate size, and by no means in the first six or seven, was about to spend $10,000,000 on a new mill. In view of the fact that this company had dropped out of merger negotiations only a few weeks previously, confirmation of the chief point in the preceding interview came with surprising suddenness.

One of the United States senators who urged an investigation of the new Steel mergers said that there had been some competition apparently in the steel industry during the past year, "and that this strange phenomenon, which had been unknown since the formation of the steel trust, has greatly disturbed the steel magnates."

Well, it has not only been competition which the senator has seen, but an atrociously overbuilt and poorly rounded-out capacity, an appalling drop in demand and general poverty for the producers. If by competition the senator means deficits and losses so great that plants are closed down, organizations destroyed and labor thrown out of employment, then the reply discourteous must be that the senator's ideas are perhaps not so constructive as they might be. He is not so much interested possibly in competition to benefit consumers as to keep the competitors poor.

Naturally, competition is regarded differently by those who benefit from it and by those who lose thereby. But it is a fair question whether the so-called competition in many industries in the last few years has been wholesome from any point of view, any more than was the era of profiteering that preceded it. One was the result of an abnormal and unwholesome inflation, and the other is the crash that inevitably follows.

The public welfare depends upon getting away as fast as possible from both the extravagance and waste of an inflated profiteering and the equally wasteful period of ruinous deficiteering. In any case, the surest way to bring about large combinations is to make it impossible for smaller companies to earn a living.

Of course the simple and obvious fact is that when the reasons for latter-day mergers are boiled down to one plain statement, it is found that those in control of these companies do not know how else to prevent or cure the narrowing margin of profits. They may be wrong, but when profits disappear so largely and generally, the natural instinct is to make up for a small margin of profit by a larger volume of business.

Self-preservation is an impelling force, and that is the instinct at work. In a sense the consolidation movement of the present time is the natural response of manufacturers to the buyers' strike. Such impetus as the tendency toward integration and rounding out is receiving, such mottoes as "From mine to consumer," are caused primarily by the virtual disappearance of the ultimate consumer, or at least the secondary consumer in the form of the retailers, in the last half of 1920 and very largely in 1921 and 1922.

### *The Logic of Events*

A well-known concern of national importance, which constitutes the core of a much-talked-of merger, reported deficits of just about $2,500,000 for the first six months of both 1921 and 1922 as compared with a surplus of nearly $6,000,000 for the first half of 1920. It is a fairly typical case.

Such is the irresistible logic of events, and it has little to do with the quality of products, or whether they meet much or little competition. It is at bottom a financial question, of falling prices, reduced demand and overbuilt capacity. Few indeed are the promoters who hope to bring into merger schemes the company that has come through deflation without loss. Such concerns are contented to stay where they are, and properly refuse to take the chances of combination.

The whole story is told in condensed and graphic form by an active industrial operator who has put together a combination in the automotive field. "We had to, that's all there is to it," was his first sentence. Then he went on to say:

"When we were in a period of underproduction everyone received high prices, and it didn't take the ablest man by any means to make a success. Then when we got down to normal or subnormal conditions it was found that there had been a mushroom growth of corporations, and that men who were not particularly good had been getting enormous salaries. Companies had been expected to finance themselves out of earnings and no provision had been made for other methods. The result was a tremendous continuing overhead, no business and no profits.

"What can we do? Well, we have put a number of companies together and hired the best men. Even at that we shall only get enough production to keep one plant open. Do you realize that there are four or five hundred separate makes in this trade, and something like a hundred and forty standard makes? One concern, and a pretty well-known one at that, wanted to go into the merger. But when I looked into it I found that it would add nothing because its production was too small, and oh, the salary list was simply awful!

"In this business we must have a strong selling organization and lots of service stations, more than any one of the individual companies can maintain, for our product gets rough handling. Then, too, we must have larger units with more capital to do business in times like these. In boom times the customer paid spot cash, but now in order to sell goods at all we must offer inducement, and that takes capital."

"Yes, that is all right," interrupted the writer, "but didn't they use the same arguments to float the trusts of a generation ago, and didn't those mergers work out extravagantly?"

"I grant you that consolidations in periods of prosperity are apt to be extravagant. Great bull stock markets encourage

# Murphy Da-cote

## *—the next thing to a professional job!*

If you can spare your shabby car for a couple of weeks or more, by all means take it to a professional painter. He'll build up a de luxe finish equal or superior to the original showroom job. Six to ten coats—very likely Murphy materials. Worth every cent it costs.

But, if you must use it right along, do what two million other men have done. Repaint it yourself. At home. In an afternoon, with Murphy Da-cote. Your professional man will tell you this is the next best thing.

Da-cote is finest pigments ground with the same Murphy Varnish which master painters have used for half a century on their best work.

It's so smooth and creamy, you can't help getting good results from Da-cote. Brush marks melt away after each stroke, leaving a surface like satin. Dries overnight. Next day you have a *car!*

Da-cote is also fine for renewing all wood and metal surfaces. Interior or exterior. Wonderfully durable. Your dealer has it in black and white and ten standard colors.

## Murphy Univernish

*Will Brighten Your Home*

A dozen places around the house are showing signs of age and wear. Brighten them up with a coat of Univernish. More fun than work. Takes little time and leaves a finish like new. Univernish is Murphy professional varnish in cans for home use. Of course it won't turn white. Wonderful for wear. Not affected by scalding water, soap or even ammonia. Your dealer has it clear and in six wood colors. Ask for color card.

## Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

*The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate*

WALLACE
Silver
THE new Wallace "Hostess" pattern is so exquisitely graceful that even the back of each article is beautiful.
The simplicity of its lines, the irreproachable correctness of its style and workmanship permit it to adorn the simplest or the most elaborate table. The "Hostess" merits its name, for it translates truly into silver plate the hospitable spirit of the gracious hostess.
The "Hostess" comes in complete services, both flat and hollow ware—the Dinner Knives with stainless steel blades.
The Wallace Hostess Booklet is what every hostess should know. Correct table settings illustrated and explained. Entertainment suggestions Postpaid for 50c. Address: Hostess Department, Box No. 23.
Wallace prices are reduced. "Hostess" Teaspoons are $6.50 doz. Dinner forks $13.00 doz. Dinner knives, $24.00 doz.
"1835 R·WALLACE"
HEAVIEST SILVER PLATE
R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut
SILVERSMITHS

reckleasness in the formation of mergers. Those made at such times are not necessary anyway. But those in a depression are forced. Concerns are being put together now that did well in prosperity, and must be saved. Consolidation is not really the word for what is going on now; the process should be known as reorganization."

"But doesn't reorganization point to elimination?" was the next question.

"Well, it means the salvaging of what is good."

If consolidations, like the trusts under President Roosevelt, be classed as good and bad, there must be put in the second group not only those that aim at monopoly and those that fail to produce the economies aimed at, but also the consolidations that are organized primarily to yield promotion profits. Indeed, it may be suspected that the public dislikes the idea of huge promotion killings through increased capitalization even more than it does monopoly or inefficiency.

The desire to make profits enters into mergers naturally, as it does into other business ventures. Motives are usually mixed. In one industry pretty much under the control of a few men and which will be recognized perhaps without being named, there is a constant shuffling of the cards, a continual succession of new mergers, of suspicious frequency. But, after all, such gambling operations are not representative of industry.

Promoters make unconscionable fees now and then, but they rarely jam through a deal unless conditions favor, unless there are more fundamental reasons at hand. Nor can it be successfully denied that their own motives are as likely to consist of ambition and a desire for prominence as the mere lust of riches.

The public is easily shocked when it hears of big promotion profits, but it hardly glances at the reports of promotion losses. Merger promotion, like any other speculative game, has two sides. The public, and especially the Wall Street public itself, hates to see anybody else make a profit, and is callously indifferent to other people's losses. A banking house, or an individual organizer and promoter, may work for years to bring about a merger, and indeed a couple of recent instances are the result of several years of labor. There is no pay of any description unless the deal goes through, and usually there is none unless the combination proves a stock-market success.

### The Promoter and His Pay

Promoters rarely take their pay in cash. In a recent instance one individual was to receive stock far below the market price to be established later, and which stock would be worth $1,000,000 to him if that price were ever reached. But he has worked for several years on the plans, spending money as well as time. If the deal fails through or the stock proves a flivver, he will receive practically nothing. If it goes through and proves a success he will receive a million dollars, but that is a small fraction of 1 per cent of the value of the entire property.

The one unpardonable sin in promotion finance is bad judgment and failure. At the very topmost crest of the war boom of 1916 it was proposed by a group of banking and brokerage houses to bring about a merger in one of the newer industries, which if it had gone through would have ranked next to the United States Steel Corporation in size. One captain of industry, whose interests have since fallen apart into the hands of worried creditors, was to receive about $90,000,000, while another, who has ceased entirely to be a figure in industry and whose company has little if any value today, was to receive $35,000,000.

Fortunately obstacles arose, and the inflated combination failed to go through. Possibly its promoters were honestly misled by the times in which they were living, but this much can be said without fear of contradiction, that they committed the unpardonable sin of using bad judgment. The only good merger is that whose capitalization proves to be in accordance with the economic conditions it must later meet.

Promoters' fees, like those of real-estate brokers or any other middleman, are an endless subject of controversy. The one certain fact is that the abuses which attend industrial consolidations would be more easily corrected if there were pitiless publicity. It would be most interesting and instructive if investors were to know, not in one conspicuous case alone but in all instances, what the promoting and underwriting fees of all flotations and consolidations amount to.

This is not the place to go into details regarding the difficulties that the promoter of a consolidation invariably encounters. There are a myriad problems, human, financial and organizational. At times the personal equation becomes fatal. If five or six companies, each with a president of its own, are put together, who is to be president of the combine? At other times the heads of the different companies have a great respect for one another's abilities, and they may be as polite as Alphonse and Gaston.

But there is one type of obstacle that is invariably encountered. That is the excessive value put upon a plant by the owners or chief executives. A chief executive may be perfectly willing to step out himself, he may admit the superior personal ability of his competitor, although this is by no means always the case. But he will never admit that the property he has headed and built up is not a good one. He always exaggerates its importance and strategic position, and without fail regards any merger as an impossibility unless his company is conceded from the start to be its most valuable unit.

### Chain Store Combinations

Years ago a group of manufacturers were seated about a table to discuss a merger. One of them insisted that his company should go in at $100,000, higher valuation than any of the others, because of its water-power facilities. Another man who sat across the table swore violently and, shaking his fist at the first speaker, said:

"I'm from Pittsburgh; if you get $100,000 for that creek of yours I ought to get $1,000,000 for the Ohio River."

Then, too, many a consolidation is spoiled, or at least prevented from being as successful as its promoters hope, because one or two of those who might go in and are most wanted can't quite take the hurdle. They agree in theory that it is all right, they do not dispute what the promoters say, but when they come to the point they haven't nerve enough to take the possible risk. Their feeling is that they have gone on by themselves for years, and that this thing which is proposed to them is just somehow too big a pill to swallow. They may be glad later on, or very sorry, but they won't sign on the dotted line at the time.

One of the most foolish myths that are always circulated vigorously whenever an industrial consolidation of any substantial size is put through or even broached is that J. P. Morgan & Co. or their close associates are behind the deal, or are being consulted. The Morgan interests are no doubt very powerful, but to intimate that no large business operation can or does go through without their say-so is an insult to the intelligence of the business men of this country.

There is not much use in attempting to predict the further directions to be taken by the consolidating movement. Certainly without being invidious there are several industries where the process of elimination must go much further, and will result in a sounder basis all around, even though the gradual improvement in business may remove the urgent necessity of combination. The general opinion is that this will come about through large numbers of moderate sized mergers.

The very large combination is not looked for by many observers. It may or may not be economical and efficient. Opinion differs. Some already in the field are a success; others are not. But the really big combination is difficult to bring into being, and the public fears it. There are those who would like to see only one or two companies in the packing industry and in copper mining. That may yet be the outcome, but it would seem possible only with a very great change in public opinion.

But there is one type of combination the limit of expansion for which does not appear as yet to be within sight. That is the chain store, especially in such fields as groceries, drugs, tobacco, cafeterias, cheap restaurants and the like. It has spread of late even to hotels, and there are at least half a dozen big chains of them. To what proportions this particular development will reach is a subject upon which it is yet too early to hazard a venture.

# Many men begin to lose their vigor twenty years before they should

THE average man in the United States is dead at 54! This means that many are physical wrecks at forty and are already losing their hold upon health and vigor in their thirties.

And yet within the grasp of every normal man are the simple means to *maintain* health and strength—and even get them back when they are slipping away.

### *The truth about loss of "drive" and power*

Failing strength and energy mean just this: *something* is hindering the body from performing its two vital functions. Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it, or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the intestines.

Only in recent years has it been found that the chief cause of the trouble is a *lack of certain elements in our food*.

The most important finding of all was that a familiar food, Fleischmann's Yeast, is rich in the missing elements.

The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body perform its two most vital functions: absorb its proper nourishment, and keep the system clean.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. It helps to "tone" up the whole system and assures regular daily elimination. *Results cannot be expected unless it is eaten regularly*.

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time from your grocer. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 621, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

*Eat it plain—or spread on crackers—or mixed with water or milk.*

*Send today for the absorbing free booklet telling what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use this coupon.*

*Appetite and digestion restored*

The great problem for those with lowered vitality or faulty digestion is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

*Laxatives made unnecessary*

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time. In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. People all over the country are telling how Fleischmann's Yeast has helped them.

*Skin and complexion cleared*

The most common skin disorders are generally the result of lowered vitality and of the decrease in the supply of white corpuscles in the blood. Experiments have shown that Fleischmann's Yeast corrects this basic cause by increasing the white corpuscles and by "toning" up the body to greater vitality.

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Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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# What 100 P-A-X Telephones Do *in* One Year

*The following digested facts are supplied by* Mr. E. D. Conklin, *Vice-President in charge of Production at the* McGraw-Hill Company, *Inc.*, New York

### *Saves 15 Seconds per Call*

"The Private Automatic Exchange is three times as fast as the manual system, saving 10 to 20 seconds per call. As it is used by fully 300 of our employes, this saving is really large, though intangible. Figuring that we make 1,000 calls a day, 5½ days a week, this amounts to 286,000 calls a year. At a saving of 15 seconds per call, there is a total saving of 1,191⅔ hours per year—really a considerable item."

### *Costs Less Than ½ Cent a Call*

"Before we installed a Private Automatic Exchange, our outside phone system was greatly overburdened, due to the great number of incoming calls. Now our 100-phone P-A-X system handles 1,000 calls a day at a cost of only $4.72 a day, or less than ½ cent per call. Incidentally, it saves two additional operators and other charges amounting to a net saving of $948.56 a year."

### *Better Phone Service to Clients*

"The money-saving, of course, is a small item. The primary advantage of the P-A-X is that it relieves the outside switchboard, thereby giving better service to our customers. In addition it insures secret conversations, and gives clearer connections because there are no disturbing noises on the lines.

"There is no danger of losing the party who is waiting, and the speed obtainable makes better satisfied clients. This feature is also important in securing credit information, while holding an outside party on the wire.

"The P-A-X also has the man-finding feature, which is very useful when executives are wanted and are away from their desks."

### *Making Last-Minute Corrections*

"They give us instant connection throughout the building, from president to office boy, and from boiler room to penthouse.

"We often get last-minute corrections just before the magazine is going to press. The P-A-X enables us to phone immediately and directly to the foreman of the printing department and put through the change. All such details of publishing require quick work, and the speed of the P-A-X is a big advantage."

* * * *

Mr. Conklin has given you above the reasons why the P-A-X is indispensable to his company. We have similar reports from many other P-A-X users. Over a thousand organizations in various lines of business employ, with daily profit to themselves, the Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X.

We suggest that you write or telephone our nearest office and ask that one of our field engineers survey *your* establishment. Such a report might prove enlightening.

# Automatic Electric Company

**ENGINEERS, DESIGNERS & MANUFACTURERS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE IN USE THE WORLD OVER**

H O M E  O F F I C E  A N D  F A C T O R Y :  C H I C A G O ,  U . S . A .

*Branch Offices*

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BOSTON, 445 Tremont Bldg.
WASHINGTON 905 Munsey Bldg
ROCHESTER, 612 Mercantile Bldg
PITTSBURGH 608 Fulton Bldg
CLEVELAND, 415 Cuyahoga Bldg
CINCINNATI, 1913 Union Central Bldg
COLUMBUS, O., 518 Ferris Bldg
DETROIT, 525 Ford Bldg
KANSAS CITY, 1001 New York Life Bldg
SAN FRANCISCO, 37 California St
LOS ANGELES, 238 San Fernando Bldg

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International Automatic Telephone Co., Ltd., 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C. 2, England

*In Australia—Address*

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The P-A-X is an Interior Private Automatic Telephone Exchange equipped with various associated services such as the code call, conference, watchman's checking and emergency alarm. The P-A-X gives quick, accurate, secret and convenient service, 24 hours every day, without the need of an operator. It saves money, time and errors.

The P-A-X is similar to the famous Automatic Telephone equipment being so widely adopted for city service, but is especially engineered and adapted to the interior communication needs of financial, commercial and industrial organizations of every type and size. The P-A-X augments and completes, but does not supplant nor connect with the local and long distance service.

# COAL REMEDIES

(Continued from Page 29)

get what they want without the aid of Federal control. As a matter of fact the leaders of the miners have overplayed their hands, and Frankenstein-like, they have created a public opinion that is sure to prove their undoing, unless the American public has changed its temper and discarded its ideals.

In leading up to remedies we must first lay down a number of facts that have a direct bearing on the problem as a whole. About 60 per cent of our coal mines are union properties, while the remainder employ nonunion workers. When everything is running smoothly and the nation's coal supply is normal the immediate result is a keen competition for markets, and the nonunion mines, producing a high grade of coal and paying lower wages, soon get the bulk of the business. As a result the companies operating union mines find their sales diminishing and their business becoming unprofitable. Then the operators in the organized fields become alarmed and insist that wages must be reduced to a level that will enable them to compete successfully with the nonunion producers. Of course the miners refuse to accept a reduction in wages, differences arise, and before long a strike is under way. Then comes a coal famine, the miners go back to work at the same old scale of wages, and for a time the demand for coal is urgent, prices soar, peace reigns and everyone but the coal consumer is happy.

While the union mines are working, the treasury of the miners' organization gets somewhat inflated with currency, and then several millions of dollars are expended in a new effort to organize some of the nonunion districts. Gradually, notwithstanding some severe defeats in various regions, the organized territory is extended and the miners' union becomes still more powerful. That is what has been happening for years, and the same program is being continued at the present time. If the union miner can work only two-thirds of the year at his present high rate of wages he will earn about as much as the nonunion worker who labors a far greater number of days at a lower rate of pay. As things now stand Mr. Lewis can go ahead next year with his missionary work, supported by the strongest arguments that the United Mine Workers' organization has ever been able to present to nonunion miners for the purpose of winning their allegiance. Nothing counts like victory, and that is what the miners are able to hold forth as a lure. On the other hand, each time there has been a strike the nonunion operators have profited to the tune of some tens of millions of dollars, and a large part of this money is kept available as a defense fund against the encroachment of the union.

### A Union on Syndicalist Lines

It is this lack of regularity of operation and the wide fluctuations in coal prices that constitute the chief evils of coal mining today. The president of the miners' union insists that this instability of the business would be eliminated if all of the miners were members of the union. In answer to this the nonunion operators have always insisted that it is only the output from the unorganized fields that has saved the nation from complete disaster during many coal strikes. There is perhaps some truth in both contentions, but in the light of our recent experiences it would appear to be not only impossible but foolish to favor the complete unionization of the coal industry. If the United Mine Workers can strangle the country with only a little more than half of the miners enrolled in their membership, how much more quickly could they do it with all the workers lined up in the union ranks? If the whole industry were organized we have no assurance at all that the great power placed in the hands of the union would not be improperly used.

In approaching our national coal problem, therefore, we find some outstanding truths. First and foremost is the fact that the industry is likely to continue with half of the miners organized and the other half unorganized. This means a continuous fight by the union to extend the closed shop and the check-off to include all fields. Furthermore, the coal industry is practically the only great business in this country that is organized on the lines advocated by the disciples of syndicalism. It is the belief of syndicalists that the workers should be organized into unions covering industries rather than into unions made up of the members of a single craft. In the railroad industry there are a dozen or more unions, while in coal mining there is but one, although men of many different trades work in and about the mines. It is for this reason, and because coal is so essential, that the United Mine Workers is by far the most important union in the eyes of every socialist, no matter to what class he belongs.

As a result of this belief of so-called radicals that the United Mine Workers is the one organization most necessary to the carrying forward of a great social revolution, it may be accepted as fact that strenuous efforts will be made to prevent any action by the Government that will hinder the growth or limit the power over industry of the miners' union. Timid legislators who have an eye to pleasing everybody, thereby rolling up votes, will be of little use in such a struggle, even though the opposition to be overcome represents only the organized 10 per cent of the nation's workers. It is to be hoped, however, that the lessons of this winter will fill our citizenry with an unshakable determination to break the minority rule of labor, just as we have broken the minority rule of capital. There is no way to make men work if they do not want to. Also, we may question the justice of attempts to force labor to decentralize and abandon the practice of introducing third parties in wage disputes. But it is proper to insist that the unions of organized workers be forced to accept responsibility in the same way that capitalistic groups are held liable for their acts.

### Miners Opposed to Arbitration

Nothing is more ridiculous than the demand of organized labor for complete immunity from any effective regulation by the state. No one can dispute the statement that "the freeman owns himself," but it should be perfectly plain that when any worker or group of workers voluntarily enters employment and freely makes a contract it is a solemn duty to keep this contract, and there can be no freedom worthy the name on any other terms. It is silly to say that men are reduced to involuntary servitude by a law that compels them to keep their word. The responsibility for working agreements must rest equally upon the employer and the employe. Our American unions have been the most persistent agitators for repressive legislation to control everyone but themselves.

It is only by keeping these thoughts in mind that any progress will be made in bringing the monopoly of labor under control, thereby eliminating the waste and distress that result to the nation from strikes. It is generally acknowledged that we have done less than any other great people to minimize the evils of labor unrest. Our Canadian friends, with so much less at stake, have gone a much longer way on the road to industrial peace than we have here in our own country. During a period of nine years 182 disputes were brought before the Canadian board of arbitration, and in only two instances was there a failure to settle the trouble. Here in the United States in recent years the country has suffered from something like 2500 strikes each year.

Our American labor leaders particularly the president of the United Mine Workers—are flatly opposed to the settlement of disputes by boards of arbitration. As the unions gain victories and their power increases the demands of the leaders become more arbitrary. This is an ill omen for all those who are now proposing to work harmoniously with labor for a satisfactory solution of the problem. It supplies clear evidence that strikes, at least in our coal industry, must be either prevented entirely or forced to a settlement before the stocks of fuel on hand have been reduced below the danger point. In other words, if we assume that the danger point is a four weeks' supply, or approximately 30,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, the President of the United States should announce to the country that when the supplies of coal have been depleted to the 30,000,000-ton mark mining must resume immediately or drastic action will be taken by the Government in the interest of public safety.

The questions are asked, "What can the Government do?" "How can men be


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HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUITS for men and boys are made in various qualities and weights of fine combed cotton and soft warm wool to suit every person and purse. A handsome illustrated catalogue describing all the lines that we make will be sent free on request.

This garment is featured at good stores almost everywhere, but if you cannot get exactly what you want easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free anywhere in the United States.

Men's suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $3.50; $4.00; $5.00.

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BECAUSE at first glance the one button at the chest so completely dominates your attention, you might overlook two other very important things about the

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This one button makes the Hatch One Button Union Suit the choice of men who want simplicity and precision in all things—freedom too from repair bothers and costs. Yet the other two equally significant features commend this underwear to all: perfect fit and finish, and winter-defying comfort and warmth.

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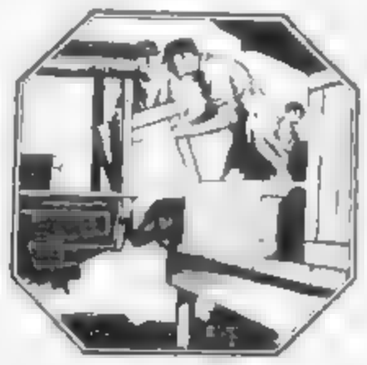

# Proof of Power

Five Graham Brothers Trucks were sold to the State of Ohio recently on the strength of a severe competitive test. Seven well known trucks participated.

The trucks were required for the State's Mine Rescue service, in which ruggedness, reliability and pulling power are the essential qualities.

The test was made over a 40-mile stretch of country road, culminating at Lick Run Hill, known as "Ohio's worst." Unimproved, muddy, 1¼ miles long, with many bad curves and a grade of from 18 to 22 per cent, it demanded the utmost in endurance and power.

Graham Brothers Truck alone reached the summit of the staggering incline—once with chains, once without.

It proved to the State of Ohio what it can prove again with equal emphasis—

It does its work and *does it well.*

. . . .

*The details of this remarkable test furnish an interesting record of relative merits. Write for the Booklet, "Proof of Power," which gives the story in full.*

*Sold and Serviced Exclusively by Dodge Brothers Dealers Everywhere*

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*A Body for Every Line of Business*

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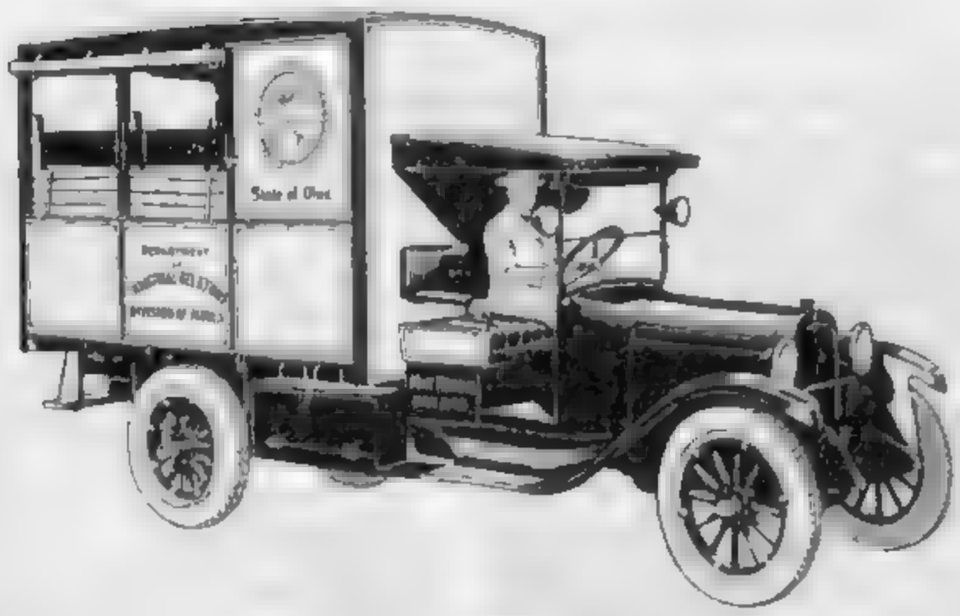


compelled to work if they don't want to?" The Government can handle a situation of this kind promptly and decisively, although it cannot force miners to dig coal. First we must have a bureau of coal economics, so that every fact concerning the production of coal will be available on an hour's notice. Then we must determine and define by law what a coal emergency is and just when it commences to exist. In case of a strike, when the nation's supplies of coal are diminished to the danger point prescribed by law—say, 30,000,000 tons—the President must declare that an emergency exists, and the case in dispute must then go to a board of arbitration previously authorized by law to function in such a time of need. Having all the facts concerning wages, working conditions, costs, and so on, immediately before them, the decision of the court of arbitration would be rendered in two or three days at the most, and the country would still have better than a three weeks' supply of coal on hand to tide over the emergency.

Some of the miners, perhaps all of them, would refuse to accept the terms announced by the arbitration board, and the Government would then set machinery in motion to resume the production of coal under Federal supervision. The men refusing to work would be asked to move on and secure employment in some other line where service would be more congenial. It might take months to build up an adequate and competent force of miners to supply the country's needs, and industry might have to be seriously curtailed in the meantime. But we should be able to see the unusual spectacle of the majesty of the law actually being upheld instead of being merely talked about.

The cost to the nation of effecting such a settlement might amount to four or five hundred millions of dollars, but that would be a small price to pay once or twice for the maintenance of our national self-respect and for the preservation of justice and economic balance in industry. The coal strike we have just passed through will cost the country more than $1,000,000,000, and nothing whatever has been settled. It would be worth much to our people to know that here in America there can be no finish fight of labor and capital in the coal industry, and that the laws of the land sternly forbid the cutting off of our fuel supplies. How we would love and support national leaders with the sand and the sense to give us a real coal remedy instead of dishing up palliatives that correct nothing and only defer the day of final reckoning!

It is not a popular notion that the Government should go into the coal business, but the nation's experiences with the fuel problem for a generation and more should be sufficient evidence that there is no alternative. It is not merely the enormous losses of money, time and effort that coal strikes entail but we must also bear in mind an even more important fact, which is that a fuel shortage with high coal prices completely destroys the natural operation of fundamental economic laws. The curtailment of industry means a decrease in the production of goods and higher prices per unit for all manufactured articles.

### Physical Problems

This year's coal strike has interfered with the orderly recovery of business. The only well-informed people who regarded our recent coal and rail strikes without apprehension and regret were those speculators who capitalize wide fluctuations in prices.

And while we are concentrating our attention on the nation's fuel riddle we must not only think of the political features but give earnest attention to the physical problems relating to the production and utilization of coal. Aside from legislation there are a number of important changes and developments in our fuel practices that might be considered to the great relief and decided advantage of the country. In the very beginning it is necessary that we get ourselves straightened out with regard to the seasonal nature of coal mining, and the causes of part-time employment and general instability in the industry. The fact that there is a heavy seasonal consumption of coal for house heating, especially of anthracite, has caused many people to believe that the demand for coal in the winter months is very much greater than during the summertime.

Though it is quite possible, if we are to judge by such figures as are available, that 75 per cent of the annual production of anthracite is consumed during the six cold months of the year, an investigation shows that the consumption of soft coal does not follow the fluctuation of the thermometer in the same way as does the consumption of hard coal. A careful estimate indicates that 43 per cent of our annual bituminous production is burned during the six warm months of the year, while 57 per cent is consumed in the cold months. The railroads burn more coal per ton mile in the winter, but they haul more freight in the warm months, when the weather is good. They consume 27 per cent of the total yearly output of soft coal, and of this consumption 13 per cent is burned in the summer and 14 per cent in the winter. Likewise the steel business consumes nearly as much coal in the summer as in the winter, and the same thing is true of general manufacturing. Public utilities burn more than one-third of their annual coal supply in the summer, while householders consume only one-fourth. We must not overlook the fact, however, that the public utilities and householders both have excellent storage facilities, so that coal can be stocked during the warm season.

### The Menace of Overcapacity

Even as the foregoing figures now stand, it is clear that the mining of bituminous coal is far from being what we may call a seasonal business. If in addition we take into account that 26,000,000 tons of soft coal are required to satisfy what is known as the Great Lakes trade and that all this fuel goes up the lakes for storage during the summer months and is distributed by rail during the winter to the consumers of the Northwest, then it becomes evident that the so-called summer demand for coal amounts to about 47 per cent of the annual output. Consequently we must abandon the idea that the instability of the coal industry is in any way due to the weather. If we examine the figures of soft-coal production for the last ten years we shall find that during this decade 49 per cent of the coal was produced in the summer and 51 per cent in the winter. There have been buyers' panics in coal, when production was good and consumption only normal. On the other hand, there have been ruinous drops in coal prices during depressions, although the consumption of coal was going on at the rate of 75 per cent of normal, while the consumption of most other commodities was continuing at a rate of 50 per cent of normal, or less. The whole history of coal mining is nothing more or less than a record of rapid transitions from chaos to prosperity and back again, and no one need lay the responsibility for such instability on the weather.

The chief cause of chaos in the bituminous coal industry is overcapacity and overdevelopment of the soft-coal fields. It is this condition that is responsible for instability, and there is no way that the mine owners themselves can remedy the situation through voluntary and independent action. If the mining companies were to attempt to bring order into their industry by joint action and agreement they would immediately be liable to prosecution under the provisions of the Sherman Antitrust Law. Also, it would be impossible for the Government to enact laws compelling a certain percentage of the mining companies to suspend operations.

Among all the plans that have been proposed to remedy our coal evils none is so important as, or should be considered before, the scheme that calls for the immediate establishment of a permanent government bureau of coal economics, or a fact finding and distributing commission, if one prefers to call it that. Even if nothing is done to prevent the recurrence of coal strikes an efficient statistical agency, such as is suggested, would undoubtedly make strikes far less frequent and certainly less destructive. The great need of the day is for the education of both coal operators and coal buyers, and this work must be carried on by an independent bureau whose accuracy and authority will never be questioned. When the consumer knows that there is ample coal available for his needs he will not get hysterical and thereby add to the force of buyers' panics. Furthermore, with abundant information at hand consumers will always be able to exercise wisdom in storing coal in preparation for strikes on the railroads or at the mines. Many of our car shortages have been due

(Continued on Page 141)

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You should be able to shave clean—if your beard is average—by going over your face *one time*. Note this fact and mark it.

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You can obtain a Valet AutoStrop Razor at any dealer's. $1 and $5. The difference in price is marked by the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. Gold plated and sterling silver fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.

Try a Valet AutoStrop. It will prove a revelation. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon, with $1, for Model C, with strop and three blades, postpaid.

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(Continued from Page 138

to a consumers' panic and unnecessary anxiety to stock coal in addition to current needs. Here again education of the buyer will help materially.

A goodly percentage of the coal mines in the United States are what might be called noneconomic operations. At many of these plants the cost of producing coal is from fifty cents to a dollar and a half more per ton than at mines where conditions are more favorable and the managements more efficient. These high-cost mines are a menace to the business and could not exist except for the instability of the industry. Many of these plants, commonly known as snowbirds, operate only in boom periods. Strikes are the food on which they live, for usually during and after a strike coal prices are high. Any number of these mines are run by lawyers, butchers, doctors and bankers. They seldom have contracts, but when it comes to getting the last penny from the public for their coal they are efficient in the highest degree. The elimination of strikes would completely do away with these operations, and the railroads would be greatly benefited by then being enabled to concentrate their attention on the large low-cost producers instead of having to distribute and later collect cars from thousands of scattered country sidings.

Since it appears to be impossible to eliminate strikes, about the only way we can wipe out the noneconomic mines is by educating not only all members of the coal fraternity but the public at large. Therefore we find ourselves again confronted by the necessity of organizing and operating a bureau of coal economics that will have authority to compile, analyze and distribute complete data on coal production, consumption, transportation, storage, wages, earnings, cost of living, number of coal cars out of order, speed of movement, and all other data relating to coal. Operators, miners and coal consumers all could then go ahead with assurance that they were acting on a basis of fact—not rumor and guesses.

With such a plan in action coal owners of the grasping type would not dare profiteer. Those having no regard for justice would find it difficult, in the face of a wide-awake and well-informed public opinion, to set up wage scales that would fall short of providing the miners with a decent living. This would tend to reduce wage extremes and lessen labor turnover. It is also certain that with full data at hand the companies producing coal would not so often engage in price-cutting campaigns that do not permanently benefit the public, but on the other hand do frequently bankrupt the operating companies. As to coal buyers, and consumers generally, the availability of full data would result in wiser buying and cause our enormous coal-storage facilities to be used more for the benefit of industry and the country generally, instead of for selfish personal gain. In buying coal, as in buying stocks or almost anything else, the average citizen cannot be induced to make his purchases on a falling market; but that is just the time the industry needs the buyer most, and nothing but education will bring him in.

### *Information for the Public*

The information that would be disseminated by a bureau of coal economics would materially lessen the prejudice that now exists against the operators and the miners, and would make it more difficult for demagogues to mislead the workers. Up until the recent strike it also appeared that such an agency for collecting and publishing facts might be largely instrumental in reducing the intermittency of employment in the soft-coal mines, and thereby remove what was believed to be the chief grievance of the workers. Up until this year there had not been a general strike in the anthracite field since 1902. There has been no problem of intermittent employment in the hard-coal mines in twenty years, yet the anthracite miners were called out to insure the success of the soft-coal strike by making a fuel famine certain.

There is no longer any doubt that the miner is the most stubborn and aggressive element in the labor group. Since 1915 the national organization of the miners has forced three revisions of its unexpired contracts by national strikes or threats of national strikes. As to local violations of agreements, the United Mine Workers has run up a score of many hundreds of such breaches of contract in a period of only a few years. The average miner in many fields is a radical and a rover. It is this gypsy trait in him that causes the mining companies to have an annual labor turnover of from 100 to 200 per cent.

An efficient educational bureau distributing coal facts will not be able to correct the instability that results from having the industry half union and half nonunion. The unorganized districts will continue to show a much steadier curve of production, and notwithstanding their lower wages the nonunion miners will probably continue to earn a larger income than their fellow workers in the union. This problem is up in the air, and just now there appears to be no hope of dragging it to earth. Likewise there is no way to overcome the instability caused by the great differences existing in the various grades of coal. No one can deny the right of the consumer to purchase that grade of coal that he considers most advantageous to him. As a result of this freedom of choice the effect of quality on stability must continue to be very great when coal markets are normal. The better the grade of coal produced the steadier the mine works. Last year, during the depression, many companies producing coals of low grade mined only one-fifth as much as they did in the same months of 1920, when prices were stiff because of a supposed coal shortage. Again I repeat that though education will better the situation it cannot be expected to remedy instability caused by differences of quality.

### *Instability of Production*

But education, through giving wide publicity to essential facts relating to coal, will clear away fallacies; explode ridiculous rumors; arouse sympathy for decent operators and hard-working miners by informing the public concerning the enormous difficulties and problems of the business; inspire coal owners to use correct systems of accounting so that they may know the true cost of production; guide coal consumers in their buying, thereby eliminating hysterical methods of purchasing coal, which have always proved costly to the consumer; and last but not least, the wide dissemination of facts by a statistical organization, through molding public opinion, will force the railroads not only to keep equipment in good order but to purchase new cars at a rate that is in keeping with the country's growing fuel requirements.

In addition to the causes of instability in the coal industry that have already been mentioned there are a number of secondary evils that do considerable damage, which should be removed. Referring to these problems briefly, let me first mention the effect on coal markets of the uncertainty that exists with respect to the disposal of the production from the large mines owned by great manufacturing concerns, especially in the steel industry. For instance, when the steel business is booming the mines owned by the big steel companies ship most of their production to the ovens and mills of the parent company. But when the steel business is dull a large part of this tonnage from the mines of the steel companies is thrown on the commercial market, with the result that there is a heavy dislocation of trade, which tends to knock the business of the commercial mines into a cocked hat. Much coal that ordinarily is coked also comes on the market during these times of slackness in the steel business, and this further adds to the confusion.

Then there is the instability that is caused by privately owned cars and by assigned cars. Most of the steel companies, some public-service corporations, and many large operators own their own railroad equipment, and when these cars are given preferential movement by the carriers in critical periods of car shortage the service rendered by the railroads to other mines is greatly impaired and the situation aggravated. It is the opinion of many that common carriers have no right to use their motive power, tracks and terminals to give preferential movement to private rolling stock. Then, as to assigned cars, one may rightfully question the justice of the plan followed by many railroads of treating some of their rolling stock the same as private equipment, and assigning such cars to certain mines for preferential loading and movement, especially for railroad fuel. Though this is a fine thing for the favored mines, it increases the cost of coal and decreases the miners' earnings at

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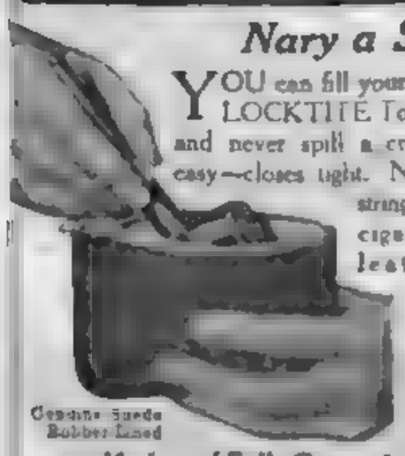

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collieries that are not so lucky as to have the railroad company for a customer.

Fortunately, all these secondary evils can be removed by the establishing of regulations by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by Congress. But let no one think that the carriers will be restrained from continuing these practices or that the steel companies will be prohibited from flooding the markets with coal in years of poor business unless the voice of the public is raised loud enough to be heard. Here again a bureau of coal economics would be mighty useful in carrying fuel truths to the people of the country.

Before leaving this discussion of the causes and remedies for instability in the coal industry let me remark that many students of the situation are now working on plans which they propose shall remedy the one great evil already referred to, which is the overdevelopment of the industry. Some recommend that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be given power to forbid railroads to provide sidings and shipping facilities for new mines in fields where the present productive capacity of existing mines is entirely sufficient to take care of today's demands. Before being permitted to serve any new coal operation, it is suggested under this proposal that the carrier must obtain a certificate of convenience and necessity from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

### *The Dawning Age of Gas*

Another proposal is that rules shall be worked out and adopted, requiring the payment of commissions by carriers to shippers of coal and coke, for uniform regular shipments. The details of this type of proposal are too complicated to make interesting reading, but it may be remarked that this plan is designed to wipe out owners of high-cost mines, where profits are possible only in a sellers' market. The authors contend that the scheme would do away with inefficient operators, speculative coal dealers and unnecessary retail distributors through working a serious hardship upon them. Also, under the plan, incompetent miners would be eliminated, for in the reduction of mine labor that would take place the inefficient workers would be the first to lose their jobs. Likewise professional agitators engaged in promoting class antagonism would lose their jobs through the stabilization of the industry on a sound economic basis.

What a remedy we shall have here if these economic doctors can only succeed in putting their prescription across! At any rate, it all points to one truth, and that is that most of our coal remedies are closely related to present or proposed railroad practices.

Right now we are concerned about the present winter, and far be it from me to belittle the possible discomforts of today's emergency. However, our position of the moment should only emphasize the importance of looking ahead and solving other years that lie before us. Death and the coal problem for next year and all the eternity are the only things in the future more certain than the coming of a gas age. Before many years have passed, fuel consumers in great cities, getting all their heat units through pipes, will look back in horror to the day when raw coal was burned and the people submitted to the evils of smoke, ashes, unnecessary waste and needless labor. In this coming time citizens will regard our present fuel practices very much as we regard the clumsy methods of folks a generation ago, when water was supplied to each household from a well in the back yard instead of from a central reservoir with pipes leading to all the homes in the community. It will be just as easy in the future to turn on the gas in the cellar furnace as it is now to turn on water in the bathtub.

No one has ever discovered anything in the world that will burn except gas. We say that a piece of coal will burn, but all we do is to warm the lump to the ignition temperature, and then burn the gas that the coal liberates. Unfortunately, when we carry on this process in the most efficient coal-burning furnace that was ever constructed, no way has been or will be devised to prevent the losses of coal tar, ammonia and other products of value that the coal contains. In the future, if coal is carried any distance at all, it will be to great carborizing or gasifying plants, where the raw coal will be treated and all the values extracted, down to the last squeal. Just as whole regions will be supplied with electricity for power purposes from one great central plant, so whole regions with an area as great as some of our smaller states will be supplied with gas for heating from enormous central plants. Great mains will carry gas hundreds of miles, just as oil is now carried through pipes halfway across the American continent. No modern practice is more ridiculous or more closely linked with a primitive age than our present methods of distributing and burning coal. Fortunately, the next ten years will witness greater advances toward a day of fuel efficiency than have taken place during the century that has passed.

There is no physical remedy for our national coal problem that will afford us anything like as much relief as will come from the rapid expansion and the immediate construction of superenergy plants to supply the country with electricity for power and gas for heating. Tens of millions of tons of coal would be saved to the nation if industries would purchase their current for power purposes from great central plants. Power generated in the form of electricity in superplants and transmitted by high-tension lines to industries not only saves coal and reduces freight charges but by the use of interconnected lines this plan assures continuity of service not attainable by independent and isolated plants.

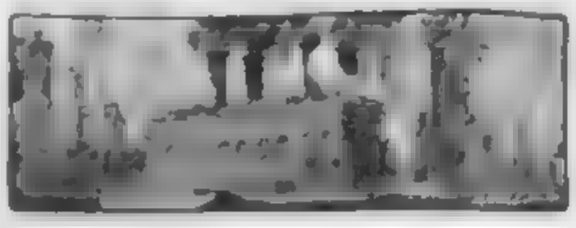
We hear much concerning the fuel savings that would result from the greater development of our water powers. There is now installed in the United States, exclusive of steam railroads, approximately 50,000,000 horse power of plant capacity, of which 10,000,000 is water power and 40,000,000 steam power. The development of hydroelectric power, therefore, can furnish substantial relief from the dangers of a coal famine in the United States, and especially in our Eastern and Western States, since there is available potential water power of approximately 60,000,000 horse power, of which only 10,000,000 has so far been developed.

### *Savings From Water Power*

The subject is too big to discuss here in detail, so let us confine ourselves to a single concrete illustration, and take the state of New York, which produces no coal at all. This state has about 50,000 industrial plants, employing 1,500,000 people, besides great and varied public utilities and transportation systems. The total horse power now consumed in the state is approximately 5,000,000, of which over 1,000,000 is water power. The latest survey of power resources in New York, covering both boundary and interior streams, shows that the state has 4,200,000 undeveloped horse power, and 1,300,000 water horse power that has already been developed. The undeveloped power on the boundary streams which amounts to nearly three-fourths of the whole, includes one-half the total remaining flow on the Niagara, one-half the undeveloped power on the Delaware above Belvidere, and one-half that portion of the St. Lawrence bordering on New York State. In view of these facts, which indicate that the state has sufficient water power, if harnessed, to run all its industrial plants, it is an absurdity amounting almost to a social crime for the government and people of the state of New York to allow these water powers to remain undeveloped.

Every hydroelectric horse power that is developed means an annual saving of approximately ten tons of coal, based on the average efficiency of all steam-power plants. The savings on coal that can be effected in New York State through utilizing running water can be duplicated in other sections of our country. If such a plan were followed generally the result would be that our manufacturing and transportation industries in all the regions favored with water power would be able to continue operations without regard to railroad conditions or coal strikes.

The commercial development of the water power of the St. Lawrence River would make available 5,400,000 horse power, of which energy nearly one-fourth would belong to the United States by treaty right. A considerable part of the remainder of this power would be available for use in the United States for many years to come, due to the limited markets for power in Canada. The release of 5,400,000 horse power generated from falling water would save 54,000,000 tons of coal yearly. This economy would save the labor of 70,000 miners and 5000 railroad men for a year, and conserve more solid fuel annually than could be loaded in a railroad train having a length greater than the diameter of the earth.



Investigation has shown that every new hydroelectric horse power installed in the United States automatically releases $100 worth of coal-carrying railway equipment for other general uses. Therefore the substitution of 5,400,000 hydroelectric horse power for coal-generated power would release for other uses more than $500,000,000 worth of existing railroad property in this country and Canada. Furthermore, the generation and utilization of 5,400,000 hydroelectric horse power would save the industries of the United States and Canada approximately $190,000,000 annually, based on prewar coal costs and assuming that the saving per horse power per annum would be thirty-five dollars. The utilization of America's water power is a coal economy of the first order. If there ever was a time when that truth should be recognized and acted upon that moment is right now.

### *Possibilities of Oil*

In closing, let me add a few words with respect to the part oil may play in relieving our fuel difficulties. The scarcity of coal this fall has caused much publicity to be given to the use of oil as a substitute for coal. From the news that has appeared one would gather the impression that oil for heating homes, factories and other buildings is in its experimental stages. Such is not the case, for some of the great skyscrapers, hospitals and department stores, as well as homes in New York and other large cities, have long ago dispensed with their coal bins and gone over to an oil diet. When properly burned, oil gives practically smokeless combustion, reduces labor costs at least one-half, enables steam to be raised in two-thirds of the time required with coal, and largely eliminates the necessity of cleaning furnaces and flues.

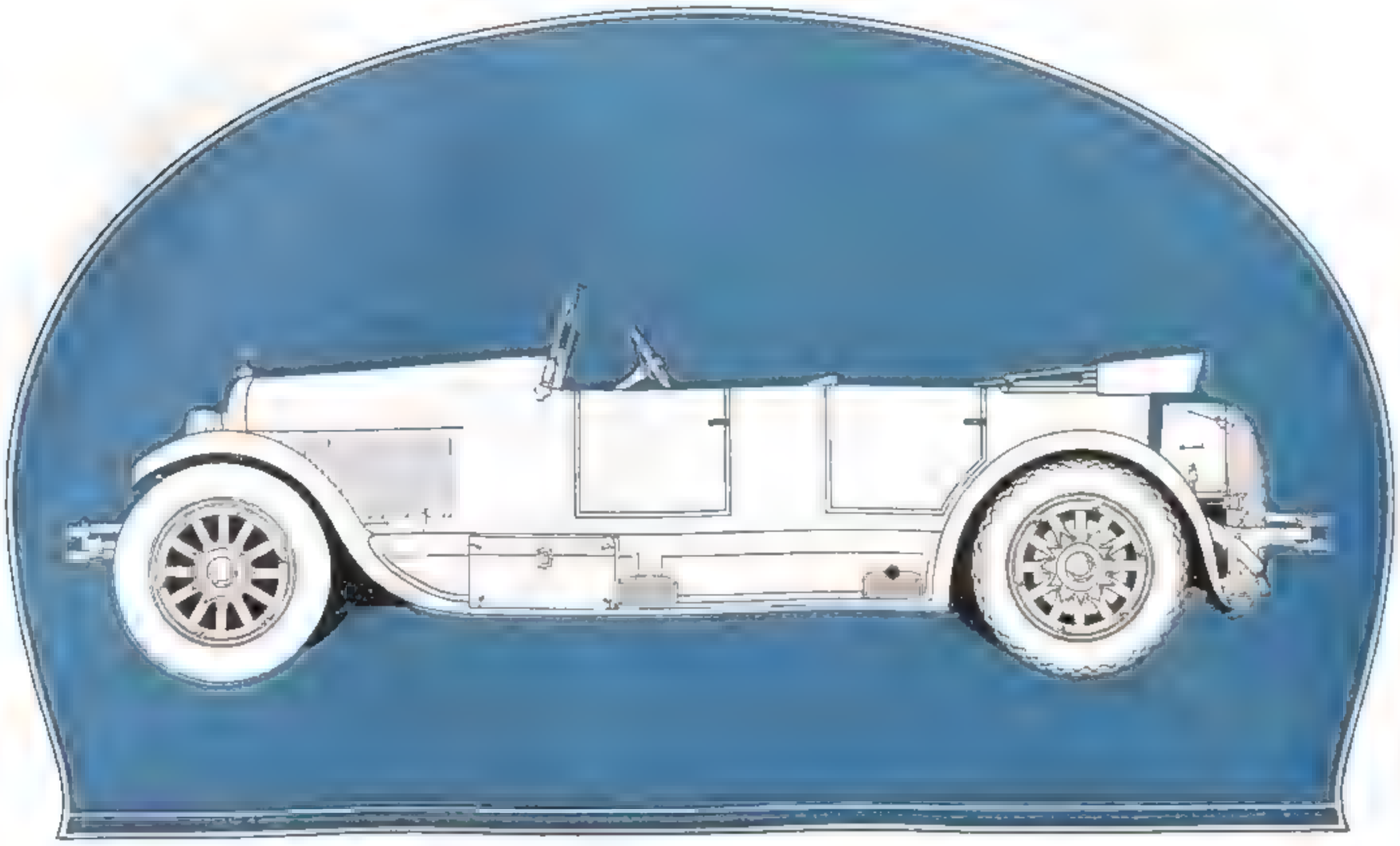
It is also true that with oil 50 per cent more heating value can be stored in a given space, and 80 per cent of this heating value can be utilized in raising steam, as compared with 65 per cent for coal. Other points of advantage are: Tank storage in any convenient place is possible; peak loads can be met promptly and with very little boiler strain, up to reasonable limits; in firing with oil only 15 to 20 per cent of excess air is needed, and as a result there is a minimum variation in furnace temperatures, and heat losses in the waste gases are reduced. If anyone is so optimistic as to believe that an abundant supply of fuel oil is assured for the future in the United States, then this type of fuel is well worth thinking about as an agent for heating. At any rate, we may be thankful for the service that oil is rendering right now in our time of fuel distress.

The story of the development of life and industry here in America is the most amazing tale of the waste of wealth by a careless, improvident people that the world has ever known. We have flooded the air with that wonder fuel—natural gas, covered our land with the ashes of burned forests, killed off our wild animal life for the sport that was in it, and robbed our virgin acres of so much of their fertility that in many of the regions first settled farming as a pursuit is about as obsolete as the home manufacture of linen on an old-fashioned spinning wheel.

If our fuel experiences this winter finally jar us into a real consciousness of our national negligence, and fire the people with a hot determination to end the present orgy of waste, then the discomforts and losses we endure will not have been borne in vain.

But if we forget our lessons and weakly resume the journey, imbued with the same false idea that today's economic and industrial ills are necessary evils that are inherent and ineradicable, then we are deserving of all the misfortunes that come to people who devote their attention to curing effects instead of remedying causes.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr Parsons.



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It's the Jordan Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue.

It isn't fair to call it a four passenger sport model.

You can't just put a racing saddle on a farm horse and put him in the derby.

You must have that little touch of something between the bit and the bumper which makes you feel like starting from Cedar Rapids directly for London, England, or Paris, France.

This pepful new motor car looks like a million dollars and acts exactly like a rabbit when he's scared.

Try it while there's youth and life to spare.

When the last dull guest has gone to bed on a night so light that none can see a star and winter seems the only time for sleep—

Choose for your companion someone to whom the world is always new.

Then the Blue Boy—in Blue Devil Blue.

Step on her, boy, and lightly leave the city pavements for the twilight roads.

Desert the town and just go and go—as free as the corner of the scarlet veil, wind tossed against the evening sky.

No road guide for the playmates of the Blue Boy.

Five roads and turn to the right. Five roads and turn to the left.

You will greet the rising sun in El Dorado.

The Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue was built for those happy people who bought a Playboy for their honeymoon but now want a little more room for the friends they take for an afternoon of golf.

You won't have to worry about the luggage. There's a wonderful trunk at the rear carrying everything you could wish or want.

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The wheel base has been lengthened for lowness—cushions hug the floor. The body was designed for a $7000 car—frankly copied by Jordan.

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*How you can make your hair beautiful—keep it soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant*

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp nor make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful and attractive you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

## A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

## Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

*Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips*

*The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water*

*When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers*

**MULSIFIED**
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**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

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# THE ROUGH STUFF

(Continued from Page 11)

her intention at all. Either Johnnie Frean failed utterly to grasp that—perhaps he was used to such treatment—or he concealed his chagrin admirably. His face looked pleased. He smiled that too-curved smile of his, giving a glimpse of his white stubby teeth. It crinkled tiny wrinkles about his eyes, which had the effect of softening them.

"I like that," said Johnnie Frean. "Coming to the point, that way. You don't get that treatment very much in my trade of politics, where almost everyone goes at the main idea through the cellar. Yes, I'm here about the Day Street Terminal."

"I can save you time," said Mrs. Leonard abruptly. "My attorney, Frank Allen, has laid the situation before me. If it is put at Day Street I lose. If it's put in the Bottoms, where it belongs, I win. And like everything else in Chichester—it's in your hands."

"Frank Allen is a shrewd fellow," said Johnnie Frean. "He gave me the fight of my life fifteen years ago. I'm not sure he wouldn't have put me out if he hadn't been a little lazy. That's the difference between those lads born to money and—us. They've never had to fight for their lives. They're short on the punch. His statement of the case is remarkably accurate as statements about me go. He's made only two mistakes. It's six of one and a half dozen of the other, so far as the interests of Chichester are concerned, whether the terminal goes to Day Street or the Bottoms. And the proposition isn't entirely in my hands. It's mostly in yours."

Over Mrs. Leonard ran a thrill which titillated all her nerves. Johnnie Frean was about to demand his bribe!

"I've got an offer for you," said Johnnie Frean, "and it will surprise you, I think. You didn't waste any words—you didn't stall—and I won't. I've come here this afternoon to tell you you'd better marry me."

"What?" began Mrs. Leonard in a kind of half tone. "Marry you?"

And Mrs. Leonard found herself laughing. Her laughter was one of her charms. Its little runs of the gamut, its little changes of time made it a kind of singing. It began to die down. Then she remembered how, expecting the demand of a bribe, she had disposed herself as though for a proposal—and the proposal had come. Her mirth broke out again. When at last she began to control it she stopped abruptly at the thought that she was hurting Johnnie Frean unduly. But again he did not seem to mind; in fact, he himself was on the verge of laughter, his half-moon smile curbing his firm mouth, his eyes crinkling up.

"Sure, it is rather funny," said Johnnie Frean. "It'll take you some time to get used to the idea. But I mean it. And it won't be so ridiculous after you've thought it over."

Mrs. Leonard leaned forward now, her voice controlled, but her eyes shining with mirth. "And why do you want to marry me?" she asked. "Love at first sight? My mature charms?"

"No," said Johnnie Frean, "that isn't the main consideration. Still, that comes into it. I wouldn't be putting that proposition to everybody. But you're easy to look at—at least I think so, and did the first time ever I laid my eyes on you. And"—here Johnnie Frean seemed to survey her with that critical eye which had been appraising men all his working life and must now, since the Nineteenth Amendment, appraise women—"and you have class, of course—and brains. There's no telling what you might have done if you'd ever been up against it. But that isn't the main consideration this time It's Ellen."

Johnnie stopped. Mrs. Leonard beat her memory a moment for the scattered facts she knew about Johnnie Frean, and then: "You mean your daughter?" she asked.

"That's the idea," said Johnnie Frean. His face softened. "She's my only child, you know. Named after my first wife."

Mrs. Leonard did not fail to note the touch of assumption in that "first." It was one of those side lights which showed how when Johnnie Frean made up his mind the thing was an accomplished fact. A slight ripple of alarm ran over her. Then, though she held her lips stiff, she resumed her inner laughter. Probably Johnnie Frean had always used that method successfully with women of his own type. It would be amusing to give him his first lesson in the higher feminism.

But Johnnie Frean was talking:

"I'm not saying anything against my first wife. She was good. And pretty. Ellen looks like her. But Ellen was born with a head. I've done all I could by my girl—the best schools, and a French governess, and everything. Now she's just out of college. She got along there on her own. Being my daughter was a handicap. But when she graduated they voted her the most popular girl in her class." Here Johnnie Frean's voice swelled a little with triumph. "Now she's coming back to Chichester. And I know your set. It's the hardest-boiled society proposition in the state. Haven't I been blackballed at the Chichester Country Club? I didn't mind—for myself. If I couldn't stand a punch I'd have been down and out long ago. There's just as good golf at the Maywood Club, and probably a lot more fun. But I was thinking of Ellen. Women don't like to play second fiddle socially. And I don't want her to go through life just as the daughter of Johnnie Frean—Boss Frean. I want the best of everything for Ellen. With you as a stepmother—well, you see!" Johnnie Frean threw out his hands with a gesture which implied that the rest was axiomatic.

"Has it occurred to you," inquired Mrs. Leonard—and a dancing light made ashes-of-roses in her gray eyes—"that there's another way of accomplishing your purpose?"

"I've thought out almost every way," replied Johnnie Frean, "but this one seems to be the only cinch in the lot. Still ——"

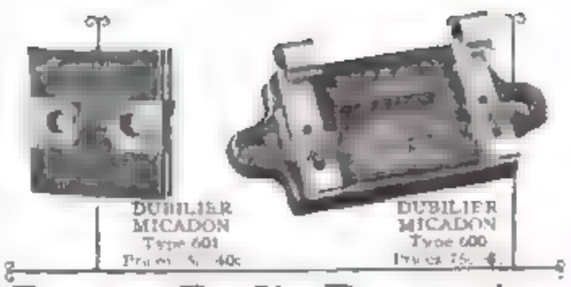
"Why don't you offer me your—inducement," asked Mrs. Leonard, "just to take her up socially? In a year or so I could put her where you want her to be, and you wouldn't have to burden yourself with me."

But no matter how Mrs. Leonard's eyes danced, now they lit no answering gleam in the blue eyes of Johnnie Frean. For the moment he seemed blind to all the lighter aspects of the situation. He did not even contradict that "you wouldn't have to burden yourself."

"I thought of that," he said. "It was the way the idea first came to me—when I realized that you were a heavy owner in the Day Street section. But that won't work. How do I know but you'll steer her



*"The Proposition Isn't Entirely in My Hands. It's Mostly in Yours." Over Mrs. Leonard Ran a Thrill*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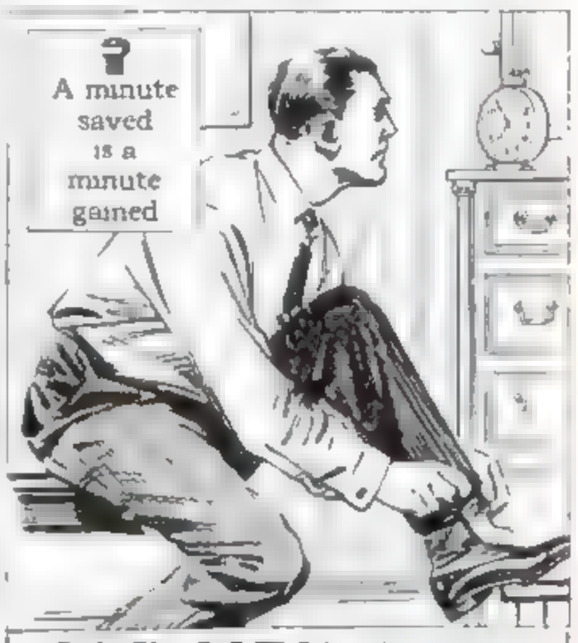


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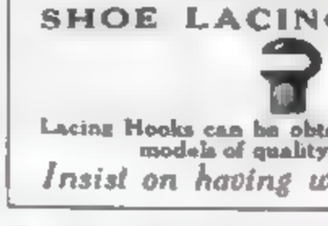

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right until that terminal proposition is cinched for the Bottoms, and then drop her out of the game?"

"I see!" exclaimed Mrs. Leonard. "I see!" Then she burst into another reel of laughter. "The theory of *noblesse oblige* hasn't dawned on your ken, has it? But I think I understand your point of view perfectly, Mr. Frean."

"Well," said Johnnie Frean, "that's the game as it's played. Personally I'd like to run my life and this town on the *noblesse oblige* plan. But it doesn't work in practice. I wouldn't blame you. But I'm taking no chances. Not when it's a matter of Ellen's future."

"You have entirely omitted one consideration," said Mrs. Leonard. "If I accept this unusual proposal you'll be thrown in with my real-estate bargain. What have you to offer—you yourself?"

"Me?" he inquired. He paused. His expression of painful reflection showed that he was not accustomed to a situation wherein he must explain Johnnie Frean to anyone. "Well, to begin with, it isn't a proposition of a poor man asking a rich woman to marry him. Even if the terminal is kept off Day Street my fortune will stack up with yours. And it's been made on the level too. Just now I could pretty nearly double it by going into the bootleg game like ——" Johnnie Frean's full stop proved that he had pulled up just short of naming a name. "But I won't touch it, and I'll live to dance on the political graves of those who do. My business policy has been dead square—seeing chances from the inside out and taking them. Personally I'm clean. My worst enemy will tell you that. Dissipation has never interested me. So many other things are more fun. I'd play the married game straight. I did it with Ellen's mother. And in her case it wasn't always so easy. I'd do it with you. Of course I'm supposed not to be refined. Really"—here Johnnie Frean screwed up his eyes a little as though struggling with introspection—"I don't know whether I'm refined inside or no. There's a lot of bunk, Mrs. Leonard, about every game. Mine's no exception. If the boys on whom I depend to stand off the kid-glove vote suspected me of being a highbrow—good night! I've been inside of the houses of those who blackballed me from the Country Club—because I was tagged as a boss and because I wasn't refined. And I've taken pains to see their libraries. A lot of old books inherited from their fathers and grandfathers and a lot of uniform sets with a few fancy bindings to put onto the table. From the look of them you could hide a thousand-dollar bill in any one of them and it would never be found until the family died out and their stuff went onto the auction block. My library's on the top floor back, where it's never seen except by Ellen and me. It's only three thousand volumes or so, but they get looked into and most of them get read."

Now, it seemed to Mrs. Leonard, another entity had taken possession of this strange interesting visitor. Was it the inner man coming through? That boxer eye of his, firm and yet alert, seemed to grow reflective.

"When I saw what my job in this world was going to be," continued Johnnie Frean, "I got ready for it. My job was to run this city and run it right. I think I've done that. Look up our record on Liberty Loan and draft allotments. There was where towns showed what they were. See what's happened to our death rate. Get the state report on our schools. That kind of thing can't be done in these days by an ignoramus. I liked to read and I went to it—economics and such sociology as didn't listen plain foolish, and science. And after that, a lot of reading for its own sake because I liked it. Pepys, for example, and history. And the poets ——"

But here this hard man seemed to feel himself growing soft and to pull himself together. That latest entity of his departed. The half-moon smile curved over his teeth and his eyes twinkled.

"You've probably noticed nothing wrong with my grammar this morning," he proceeded. "I'm like one of those freak singers who can do alto and soprano at one and the same time. That's where I have the advantage over most people. I have two sets of grammar. One I use at home—and on you. The other's for business hours. It's expected of me. I used to have two sets of table manners, too, but the boys have improved so much in that respect since I took hold that I've canned the flivver set entirely. I'd have to now in any event, I guess. Ellen has grown up and taken to bossing the boss." Johnnie Frean looked down to his large muscular hand. "Same thing with that diamond. I know it isn't being done. If I'd made the Chichester Country Club, for example, I'd have taken it off. But the boys like it. So until it becomes an inducement not to wear it I wear it. Probably there's more bunk than usual about my game. But at any rate I don't bunk myself." Here he ran down.

"There are probably many more inducements you might add," encouraged Mrs. Leonard. "You're modest, Mr. Frean. You seem from common report to be a great deal of a man, for one thing."

"Oh," said Johnnie Frean almost apologetically, "I guess you have to be a he-man to hold down a district like the Fourth Ward."

"But there's one consideration you overlook," said Mrs. Leonard. "I've been brought up to believe that marriages—in this country, at least—are made for love."

"Well," said Johnnie Frean, "if it comes to that I think I would like you a lot." He glanced over Mrs. Leonard's mature charms, seemed to seize on one feature. "I was always strong on gray eyes."

Mrs. Leonard laughed again. Now for the first time her laughter raised a shade of confusion in Johnnie Frean.

"You know," he added apologetically, "in the gang I was brought up with—down by the gas house—I couldn't tell you how tough they were—we went with a girl and got engaged and married her before we used that word. Probably we never used it at all, at that. It's a thing I'll have to learn." Here Johnnie Frean pulled himself up again as though his unmanly softness had gone entirely too far. Now his face seemed to harden; he was in his boss entity. "Well, I've put the proposition. It's just between you and me. Marry me, and it's going to be all right with the Day Street matter."

Mrs. Leonard regarded him with the direct gaze of her shining gray eyes.

"But I wasn't thinking entirely of you, Mr. Frean," she said. "You will pardon what seems like boasting, but several other gentlemen have been willing to take risks with me and matrimony. If I haven't ventured, it's because they haven't raised in me that emotion which you are so shy about naming."

"Oh," he said easily, "I'll attend to that. You just give me half a chance."

He smiled now, but less broadly than before, and Mrs. Leonard realized for an instant how bonny he must have been in that fighting youth of his. She had a terrified instant of suspicion that what he said might be true. Then her smile responded to his.

"I don't want you to think I'm entertaining for a moment your offer," she said, "but you've been wonderfully frank in your proposal of marriage by blackmail."

"Now, Mrs. Leonard," put in Johnnie Frean, "you won't bother me by hard words."

"It was a little harsh," said Mrs. Leonard; "still perhaps the word is justified. However, I'm going to be equally frank with you. May I trifle with this singular proposition a little? And if I do, will you understand that I haven't the slightest intention of accepting it?"

Johnnie Frean stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Then if you don't intend to accept it, why stall me along?" he inquired.

"Not to escape the terms of the bargain, if you're thinking about that," said Mrs. Leonard. "Act about the terminal matter as you please, when you please. Just by way of adventure, I suppose, I'm enjoying this situation. I like to play with fire. To begin with Miss Frean—since I'm asked to be her stepmother—I'm just opening my place by the lake. You know it. Could you and she come out for over the week-end and the holiday?"

"Of course!" said Johnnie Frean.

"Then I'll write to Miss Frean. Just Miss Ellen Frean, isn't it? I'll be having some other people."

Johnnie Frean rose, as though matters were for the present settled between them and the business had no further need of him, but he stopped when he had risen.

"You understand, Ellen knows nothing about this job," he said. "I guess she looks at things a little the way your crowd does. She'd call it the rough stuff." Johnnie paused reflectively. "I don't know where

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 146)

she'd have been, though, if it hadn't been for my rough stuff. Washing somebody's dishes, all right."

"I shan't speak of it to your daughter or to anyone else," said Mrs. Leonard. "I can perfectly understand," she added, "why you should be ashamed to have her know it."

"Ashamed?" jerked Johnnie Frean. "What do you mean, ashamed?"

"You know you are ashamed!" accused Mrs. Leonard.

Johnnie meditated.

"Yes, I guess I am," he said. "I don't know why I should be, but I am, a little." Then his glance shot straight at Mrs. Leonard. "You look inside of people, don't you?"

"That one was a genuine compliment," smiled Mrs. Leonard.

II

MRS. LEONARD'S arm was about Ellen Frean's waist as they passed at the head of the staircase and surveyed the house guests amusing themselves by various devices in the broad living room of the bungalow. Ellen Frean looked long, the eager eyes of youth still shining at this new and delightful experience. But Mrs. Leonard, after one perfunctory glance of a hostess who sees that all is well, turned her glance back to the girl, and her expression softened.

She had met Ellen Frean at the outset of that adventure with a little embarrassment, finding it hard to keep the perfect balance between condescension and effusiveness. Almost irritatingly, it was the girl who put the elder woman at her ease—did it unconsciously perhaps, through her own native frankness, her natural quality. Out of her eyes—darker blue than her father's, fringed with thick lashes—looked the very spirit of candor. There was about her a dewy freshness which Mrs. Leonard did not wholly appreciate until she saw the daughter of the boss, half an hour later, standing beside Virginia Carleton, daughter of a ruling social power in Chichester.

Virginia was a flapper—a delicious specimen of that species, but still all flapper, from her alluringly, saucily bobbed hair through her artistic but emphasized make-up to her daring, scanty but perfectly lined costume. Beside this daughter of the boss Virginia looked suddenly what she really was not—artificial, oversophisticated, slightly wicked. For a moment Mrs. Leonard, who had always defended the flapper as a harmless necessary figure in a beneficial revolt of youth against a messed-up world, felt her convictions rubbing thin. How tawdry it seemed, after all, beside such dawnlike innocence as this! Nor was it that innocence of nothingness and ignorance which she had marked in the hothouse ingénue of upper-class France. This was an American girl; she had at least been to college, rubbed elbows with her kind, made her own simple choices of friends and conduct

Was it not, after all, that astounding frankness of her father translated into terms of young woman? Some of her father's power there was, too, in the firmness of her chin, the carriage of her head, the directness of her eye. No, this girl, for all her dewy sweetness, was not negative. Almost unconsciously Mrs. Leonard had managed to include her more and more in her own group. After dinner that night when most of the party had settled down to bridge and the rest to talk, they had withdrawn to the chamber of the hostess and in a feminine talk over significant nothings reached a perfect state of feminine understanding. Now the French clock on her dressing table, striking eleven, had warned Mrs. Leonard that the party, tired with its tramping, tennis and fishing, would soon be breaking up for the night.

Below, the group about the fireplace was settled down on the broad couches, listening intently to Johnnie Frean. The slow occasional gestures of his muscular hands devoid tonight of diamonds showed that he was delivering a monologue. Some climax of his brought a laugh; the bridge players, just settling the score, joined in. Mrs. Leonard reflected, as she descended the stairs, that Johnnie Frean had carried it off exceedingly well. She had even missed the sensation she had expected to produce when the best people of Chichester realized that she had taken up the boss. That would come later, when the gossip began to spread! There had been only a moment of embarrassed silence after the introductions. Alone, Mrs. Allen fat, white-haired, superior and domineering—had markedly lifted her eyebrows, had once or twice thrust into the conversation a cat jab directed at Johnnie Frean; and Frank Allen had remarked in passing, "There are wheels within wheels in your game, too, Anne."

Johnnie Frean had become before evening of the first day the soul of the party; and that without seeming to seek the position. He had gone fishing with the men early in the afternoon, and returned high rod; later she had discovered him playing mixed doubles on the tennis court with Virginia Carleton as a partner, and had stopped a moment to smile at his inexpertness of stroke and the amazing lightness and agility with which he handled himself. At dinner he had become the focus of conversation. But this she noticed—that after he had set the ball of talk rolling he usually spoke less and less, seemed more and more to be listening and absorbing. She had a shrewd suspicion that they were all unwittingly telling him just what he wanted to know.

Yet he had other moods, as tonight, when he kept in the talk to the end, sweetening it with anecdote, spicing it with epigrammatic wit, illuminating it with wide understandings. How could anyone regard this man as ignorant? For, although he never once quoted from a book, anyone could see that such breadth of vision as his rested on no foundation other than the wisdom of the ages. He expressed himself in quick, nervous sentences; yet, even so, he had that sense for the accurate word which comes not by native gift. And just as the mere physical proximity of Ellen Frean seemed to show up Virginia Carleton, so even the light conversation of Johnnie Frean seemed to show up this provincial aristocracy in which she had been reared, which by old habit she had always regarded with instinctive reverence. What polished and perfected human beings they were—up to some point just above the ears! That was what she had been missing ever since her return—ideas.

Twice on that first day Johnnie Frean had tried to see her alone. Both times she had managed to evade a tête-à-tête without using the sledge-hammer methods of their first frank astounding conversation. After that he tried no more. He seemed content to let things stand as they were. Only now and then she caught his eyes following her; and always she found some excuse to leave the room.

Now, as Mrs. Leonard and Ellen stepped into the circle on the couches the spell seemed to break; the company suddenly realized that it was late for the country, and that another day out of doors was coming tomorrow. They scattered to the cabins which ran along the lake shore; for the bungalow had for sleeping quarters only Mrs. Leonard's own suite. Johnnie Frean, with Ellen, lingered behind the rest. They stood in the doorway, the father's arm lightly about the daughter's waist, the daughter leaning prettily, confidingly, against him. Again Johnnie Frean was looking steadily toward his hostess. His eyes were level, intent; and now she could not evade them. They disturbed Mrs. Leonard; they recalled to her suddenly the curious game she was playing. She almost expected him to drop some hint, some veiled threat. But he only bade her good night and was gone with Ellen.

However, as she turned on her bed light Mrs. Leonard began to experience not only a little apprehension of the future into which her whimsical sense of adventure was leading her but an unaccountable irritation. In and out of that played a softer but more tragic emotion. Now that she was alone, with the day folded up and filed among the archives of eternity, the thought of Ellen Frean called back the memory of her own Elsie, dead at twelve years. And she felt like one of those heavy-hearted and light-headed women who run to mediums to see apparitions of the dead child grown to maturity. For this was the young girl she had always wished Elsie to be. Sleep would be for long impossible.

Mrs. Leonard switched off the light, sat at her casement looking out on a night of stars with a ragged gibbous moon making a melancholy light on the forest behind the lake, silent under a windless sky. A screech owl called back to a whippoorwill. The murmuring of the pines along the gorge became a haunting tragic chorus to this melancholy duet. Mrs. Leonard's mood went black. She had seen herself, long ago, as a rich futile drifter. Now—she was just a very lonely old woman.

A new and rhythmic sound mingled in this symphony of melancholy, defined itself as footsteps crunching on the carpet of pine needles. They had a stealthy suggestion, as though the pedestrian were trying to walk quietly but rapidly. A belt of light reached toward the forest from the window of a cabin. Into it a figure emerged, stood out for a second, disappeared. It was Mike Ward, Mr. Frean's chauffeur—"head of the boss' intelligence department," Frank Allen had said. She remembered now that while the rest had themselves driven the thirty miles from Chichester, Johnnie Frean had come in his invariable limousine with his unliveried chauffeur. She had ordered Martin, manager and man-of-all-work about the place, to put him up in the servants' quarters. Well, Mike Ward had a right to stroll the woods by night if he wished.

But as he disappeared, that happened which fixed Mrs. Leonard's eyes on the fringe of trees making a night horizon along the hills above. A brilliant metallic light had burst out up there. It illuminated for a moment the tall, gaunt old maple which towered over the county road at the very top of the gorge. It went out. Three times again it flickered for an instant. Then it all happened again—dash-dot-dot-dot. Someone up there was signaling with an electric torch.

The logical thing was to call Martin, to wake up some of the men in the party. Mrs. Leonard realized all that while doing the illogical thing. She seized the cape sweater which she had disposed over the back of a chair before she turned out the lights, kicked off her evening slippers, fumbled for her sport shoes, put them on, ran down the stairs, took that familiar path which her feet had followed a thousand times in her childhood.

She had gone a quarter of a mile and stood in deep pine shadows before it occurred to her to be afraid. Mrs. Leonard was seldom afraid; the courage bred by a sense of class had been whetted in the war to a fine edge of action. But a spirit of irresolution caught her. She put that down, as she had learned to do so often in those old nights of Paris and Nancy under bomb raids. The path grew now even darker. She paused for an instant to remember. Yes, it veered to the right, turned at last round a big rock, and emerged into the flat space where stood the tall maple and the old cabin, a ruin left behind by an earlier occupant. Stopping now and then to disentangle herself from the branches which clutched her sweater, Mrs. Leonard hurried on. She was rounding the rock when a pistol went off, a heavy, thick male voice cried out something whereof the words were indistinguishable but the tone and expression startled, angry. There followed a fusillade of half a dozen shots. They came from near at hand; the nearest beat painfully against her eardrum. Really frightened now, for an instant Mrs. Leonard flattened herself into a crevice of the rock. Masculine voices broke out; it was as though the woods to right and left were full of men.

She caught the words of the nearest voice: "Hands up—we can see you—you can't see us." The rest was a string of oaths.

From near the cabin she heard movement, low murmuring, a voice which suddenly came out loud and clear, saying, "All right, we'll be good."

Mrs. Leonard got hold of herself. What gave her courage, she remembered afterward, was not only inflamed curiosity; it was the sense of outraged ownership. All this mysterious violence was happening on her property! As she rose up her eye caught a dim blaze down the path which she had just followed. There, too, someone was flashing a torch, but irregularly, as though finding the way. The flashes approached with extraordinary rapidity. She crushed herself back against the rock as two bulks shot past, so near that they almost brushed her. What could this be? Help from the house? No, the house could not have responded so soon. Besides, the woods would have swallowed the sound of the pistols. The two men ran on, making no effort to muffle the beat of their feet. Then a voice tore the silence—the same one which had commanded before—a husky voice with a peculiar bubbling pronunciation of the "r's."

(Continued on Page 151)

# *for hundreds of years the human race* has gone Outdoors for health-

STRANGE, isn't it? Why haven't we brought the "health" indoors?

Why shouldn't the air in our homes, especially in Fall, Winter and Spring, be healthful—why shouldn't it be just as good for our lungs and hearts and brains as the air outside the door?

Isn't it a strong indictment of our method of living when you hear: "You should get more fresh air, dear". "An hour in the open will do you good". "Let's take a little walk in the air". "You spend too much time indoors, Jack".

**Are we living in homes where, for seven or eight months each year, the air is so poor that one hour outside will do us good?** Then, we must stop it! We must bring the "health" indoors!

**One thing is at fault—our means of heating and ventilating our homes.** There is only one thing upon which you can depend for good ventilation—YOUR HEATING SYSTEM.

### *How the Convector Cares for the Air in Your Home*

The air in your home is a very real substance. Its quality is of as much importance to you as that of the food you eat.

Air is a fluid weighing approximately 1.2 ounces to the cubic foot, the average "homeful" weighing about 1,000 pounds. We live in this thousand pounds of air in our homes much as goldfish live in their bowl of water.

In warm weather our homes are naturally ventilated—more or less. It is during the cold months that the care of air in our houses presents a **real problem**—a problem that is not being solved in more than five per cent of the homes in America.

In cold weather our air should be warmed evenly, moistened correctly, kept scrupulously clean, **kept moving every second**, and it should be completely changed all over the house often enough to keep "health" indoors. This is a difficult task—yet it is performed by one of the simplest, most compact, easily installed and cared for heating systems in the world—the Mueller Convector.

The Convector is a self-contained system installed in the basement—every part of it—yet it absolutely controls the air in every room in your home. It warms it evenly, moistens it, changes it, keeps every ounce of it moving day and night. The Convector places ventilation absolutely under your control—enables you to have all the fresh air you need without cold drafts. It uses no pipes or fans—nothing but heat.

**And it burns less fuel than any other efficient method of home heating ever discovered,** as thousands of owners will tell you.

### *Just How the Convector Operates*

Instead of using the ordinary system of pipes, registers, valves and radiators to distribute heat to your rooms, the Convector lets all the air in your house come down to its large heating surface for the heat.

This circulation is the secret of Convector ventilation. The thousand pounds of air in your home passes through the Convector's duplex register and is evenly warmed, just as water is heated in a tank on a stove.

It is more than warmed—it is moistened. It is mingled with fresh air. It is kept clean. It is gradually changed every minute of the day and night, so gradually that you do not notice it.

### *Use All the Air in Your Home*

Slow, steady Convector circulation gives you **all the air in your home to breathe,** no matter what room you occupy. You heat all the air—why not use it?

You can keep your bedroom warm if you wish—and have healthful air to breathe. No matter where fresh air enters, it will find its way to your sleeping quarters, warmed and moistened, for your better health. Why live in the scant supply of air in one room? Why shut yourself off in a stagnant pool of a few pounds of air, when the Convector will give you a "sparkling lake" of a thousand pounds of air to breathe, no matter what room you are in?

### *You Need Convector Health Insurance*

You need this better method of heating. Every home needs it. And it is so easy for you to **have it.** It can be installed in less than one day's time, without disturbing your household in the least. It is so simple that it will cost you less for installation and upkeep than any other type of heating system. You can secure the size for your home from a dealer near you—ON EASY TERMS IF YOU DESIRE—even though its cost is remarkably low.

Let us send you complete information about an installation. Let us tell you what the Convector will do for you, your family, your property. Mail the request form below today.

### *Send for FREE BOOK "Your Thousand Pounds of Air"*

It will tell you many interesting things about the air in your home and place a new light upon the subject of heating and ventilation.

It will prove to you that Convector Heating takes best care of air in your rooms, for your health and comfort. It will show you just how the Convector saves one-third to one-half on fuel bills. No general claims, but positive **proof.** No matter what method of heating you use, this information is valuable. Check the square and get this book, when you send in the coupon. You will also enjoy reading *"Heat, What It Is and How To Use It"*.

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# MUELLER CONVECTOR

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Continued from Page 148

"You, comin' there—stop! Come this way—or I'll kick you off—you're covered."

Whoever they were, those men in the wood, this appeared to be the leader.

The footsteps ceased. A quick, hard voice—why, it was the voice of Johnnie Frean!—answered: "Allright, I'mstopped. My hands is up."

"Who are you—quick?" came the voice of the leader in the woods.

"Marvin Quirk," came the voice of Johnnie Frean.

Instantly Mrs. Leonard's memory responded; one fact clicked into its place with another—that talk with Frank Allen—the mention of Marvin Quirk as high protector of the bootleggers—the road round the lake as highway for liquor running. These were bootleggers, but this wasn't Marvin Quirk—it was Johnnie Frean!

All this in a flash before Johnnie Frean continued: "All right, you, Tony Baldwin, turn your flashlight on me and see who I am."

From the other side of the rock the reflection of an electric torch dappled the leaves above. Without either motion or restraint of will—automatically—Mrs. Leonard peered round the rock. At the same instant voices seemed to break out everywhere in the wood—voices coarse, profane, menacing. Above them all she caught one with a foreign accent: "The double-crosser! Let's bump him for luck."

And simultaneously she saw, in the narrow brilliant circle made by the electric torch, Johnnie Frean solid on his two feet, his eyes positively glaring command. His hands were not up. They rested naturally by his side.

"First, you," said Johnnie Frean—"you that has an itch to shoot. I told you I was Marvin Quirk just by way of buying into this game. Don't start anything until I've made a few remarks. Tony Baldwin down there"—Johnnie Frean gave a contemptuous jerk of his thumb—"knows who I am. I'm Johnnie Frean, of Chichester."

"Hell you are!" said the foreign voice. "Don't let him gyp you again, boys. Get him!"

The eye of Johnnie Frean turned in the direction of this voice, and held steady.

"My wild desperado lad," said Johnnie Frean, "probably sometime one of your pals has bumped a cop. You remember what he got—the chair. Emotional insanity don't go when you kill a cop. You'll come off a lot better if you kill Johnnie Frean, won't you? Why, even Marvin Quirk will be working to find you. But still, if you feel you can't restrain that trigger finger of yours, shoot and be damned to you."

"Keep off him!" shot the husky voice of the leader in the woods.

"That's right, Tony. One of your little boys will now be good. What I said goes for the rest. Now, Mike, turn your flash up yonder. Let's see what's doing."

Suddenly the half-ruined cabin burst out in a circle of light. Against its boards stood three men in rough coats, abandoned army breeches, leggings, their hands up by their breasts, palms outward. About their feet was strewn a litter of packages in gunnysacking, of pine boxes. From somewhere beyond loomed a covered automobile truck.

"Aha! I see!" said Johnnie Frean. "You down there were taking it away from you up here. Tony, I didn't know you'd got down to booze robbing."

"I ain't," interrupted the leader's voice, now identified as that of Tony Baldwin. "That's mine, boss, so help me."

"He's a liar, boss," came suddenly from the group against the cabin; "it's ours."

"I guess," said Johnnie Frean, "we'd better talk this thing over. You birds up there—come down here. That's right. Now sit down on the ground. Keep the torch on 'em, Mike. The rest of you—put up your guns and come along too. Where's Martin? I want Martin here."

There was a moment of complete silence. Then: "Where's Martin?" jerked again from Johnnie Frean.

"He's up in the cabin, boss," said one of the men on the ground.

The cool, musical voice of Johnnie Frean addressed the cabin.

"Martin," he said, "if you don't want to get worse than I'm going to give you anyhow, come down here."

Another pause. Into the circle of light came her own Martin, caretaker of the country place in her absence, man-of-all-work. His feet seemed to be dragging.

"Don't you sit down," said Johnnie Frean. "You're on your way. You're going to get the air; you give up your job here tomorrow, and if after a week you're ever within a hundred miles of Chichester again—you know me!"

"So help me, just come up to take a look ——" began Martin.

"Don't waste any time lying," said Johnnie Frean. "You've been using this place for a transfer point on the hooch route. Might have got the whole estate confiscated if some fly prohibition agent had caught you. Move, you!"

Johnnie Frean's voice was low, but it whipped like a rifle shot. Martin threw up his arm as though to ward a blow, was gone from the circle of light.

"Now the rest of you, come over here. Sit down."

From the darkness emerged four more figures, ranged themselves beside those already on the ground. They, too, were clothed in a uniformity of rough clothes; Mrs. Leonard caught details like a full holster hanging from a hip, a foxlike face under a peaked cap, a Mackinaw coat streaked with grease. Mike shifted the beam of his electric torch just then, revealing the figure of the boss standing with his hands in his pockets, looking down on them. Again Johnnie Frean was a new entity. He seemed stern now, but almost humorously indulgent.

"You don't have to begin too far back," he said. "I knew long ago that there was a regular liquor-transfer point up on this road. Today I had Mike here snoop round a little. He found that Martin was keeping the cache for you in the cellar of this cabin. Been doing it ever since booze running started, too, hasn't he?"

"That's right," came after a moment's silence from somewhere on the ground.

"Speak up quick next time I ask you a question," said Johnnie Frean. "Mike saw the cache was full, and figured you'd be here tonight, so he watched. I came up to tell you what I'm going to tell you, and ran into your little party. Say, you're punk shooters!"

As though this accusation were too much to bear, a voice spoke from the ground.

"Wasn't tryin' to hit nobody. Just shootin' to let 'em know we was here and had the drop."

"Well, it's the last shooting there's going to be up this way," said Johnnie Frean. "Now listen and get this. When you birds pay your five dollars a case to Marvin Quirk's collector you send him this word for me: Tell him this section of his booze route is closed for good. Tell him you've got to go round. There's a detour sign up here for you—see! This ain't in my bailiwick, or else I'd have to be arresting you boys and putting you through. But Marvin Quirk will understand. Do you get that?"

Johnnie Frean paused. There was silence from the ground.

"Get that?" he purred.

"Yes, boss," sounded a subdued voice.

"All right. That's settled. Now the next question: Who does this booze belong to anyhow?"

Now the group on the ground became suddenly articulate, voluble, profane. Arms waved in excited gestures, accusation and counter-accusation flew back and forth.

"Shut up!" broke in Johnnie Frean. "Tony, what have you got to say?"

"They gypped me, boss," began Tony; "I buys it for me good money. Then Frankie comes to me, and he says ——"

The rest, to the interested and excited listener crushed against the rock, was fully clear only in spots. It involved a business which she did not understand, a vocabulary in which she was not instructed. Yet somehow her intelligence roughly followed the meaning, her imagination dimly pictured the transaction. Johnnie Frean, sitting as judge, jury and attorney for both sides, was holding court. Once he cut short a witness with: "That will do. You're lying. Next!" Again and again he interrupted a flow of speech with a question which seemed to cut straight to the heart of the matter. And suddenly he brought his hands together with a smack.

"That's enough from all of you," he said. "You fellows have crossed and double-crossed until only the Lord Almighty knows who owns this booze. Now I tell you what I'm going to do. There's two gangs of you here. Tony, you're the head guy of Number One. Who's top man in Number Two? You in the green sweater? All right. You, Tony, divide this stuff into two equal parts. Then you in the green sweater—you choose which part you want. I guess that'll make you fairer, Tony, than ever you were in your life before. I ain't going to stay here to see this done. I'm going to leave Mike in charge. Understand, Mike's me. You touch Mike and you're touching Johnnie Frean. Mike, give me that torch." He played the light over the group on the ground.

"Say," he remarked pleasantly, "you birds don't know the half of what I've got on you. My memory's cracking under the weight of it." Then the light went out.

This was, Mrs. Leonard realized, good night for Johnnie Frean. In his hurry as he rushed past her to the scene of action he had not seen her. But suddenly she knew that he must see her now, because she would let him know that she was there. She had witnessed that little melodrama in a kind of spell, carried on by the thrill of his mastery; but she found she had not the courage to stay for an instant after he had left. As he rounded the corner of the rock she moved. His dim bulk in the moonlight halted, and his electric torch flashed full upon her.

"Well, I'll ——" he began, and stopped. His hands fumbled for an instant with the torch. It went out.

"Anything wrong, boss?" came the voice of Mike Ward from above.

"No; stay where you are!" commanded Johnnie Frean.

He stepped close to Mrs. Leonard, so close that the heat of his body seemed to mitigate the shivery chill born in her of night air and excitement.

"Beat it—ahead of me," he whispered.

As she sped down the familiar path she noticed that he was making a great shuffling with his feet to kill the sound of her own. Now they had gone for three turns of the path, and he dared illuminate the torch to light her way. And she ventured to speak in explanation.

"I saw those bootleggers making flashes on the sky, and went up to see what it was all about. I heard the whole thing."

"Then you heard some hard language," said Johnnie Frean.

They talked no more until they came into an open glade, ringed with pines and maples. Here Mrs. Leonard stopped as though for breath, stopped and turned toward Johnnie Frean. His face was in shadow, but somehow his attitude seemed tense as he spoke.

"Here's my chance to tell you something I was going to say tomorrow. That proposition is off—the one about Day Street."

He paused. For the first time in her experience of him Johnnie Frean seemed to be struggling with embarrassment.

"Day Street and me," prompted Mrs. Leonard evenly, coolly; but the moonlight glistened in her eyes.

"Yes," said Johnnie Frean.

"What has changed you?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

"I don't know," said Johnnie Frean. "Yes, I guess I do know maybe. I've absorbed the way your crowd looks at things. I guess they're right. It was rough stuff, going at it that way. It isn't being done. And it shouldn't be done."

"I hope you settle that Day Street matter for the best interests of Chichester," said Mrs. Leonard. "So much for that. Where do you think the terminal should go—really?"

"I thought it was fifty-fifty," mused Johnnie Frean, "but I'm wondering now if I was honest with myself. I'll have to look into that again."

He was silent for a moment, but his figure in the moonlight seemed to be radiating a thousand currents of emotion. It was Mrs. Leonard's will to silence which broke first under the strain. Her voice when she spoke ended with a little shrill note as though it were getting out of her control.

"Is that your—your only reason for withdrawing your offer?"

"No," said Johnnie Frean softly—"no, it isn't." He hesitated again, and this time Mrs. Leonard did not interrupt. "You came down the stairs with Ellen tonight. You—I want you—I want you on the square." He lowered his eyes from the shining eyes of Mrs. Leonard. "I love you!" he said.

And she was very lonely—she who had all the world can give, save one thing; and she had seen the naked strong soul of a master in action; and it was moonlight among the pines.

Anne Leonard, with a long broken sigh, settled herself into the arms of her man.

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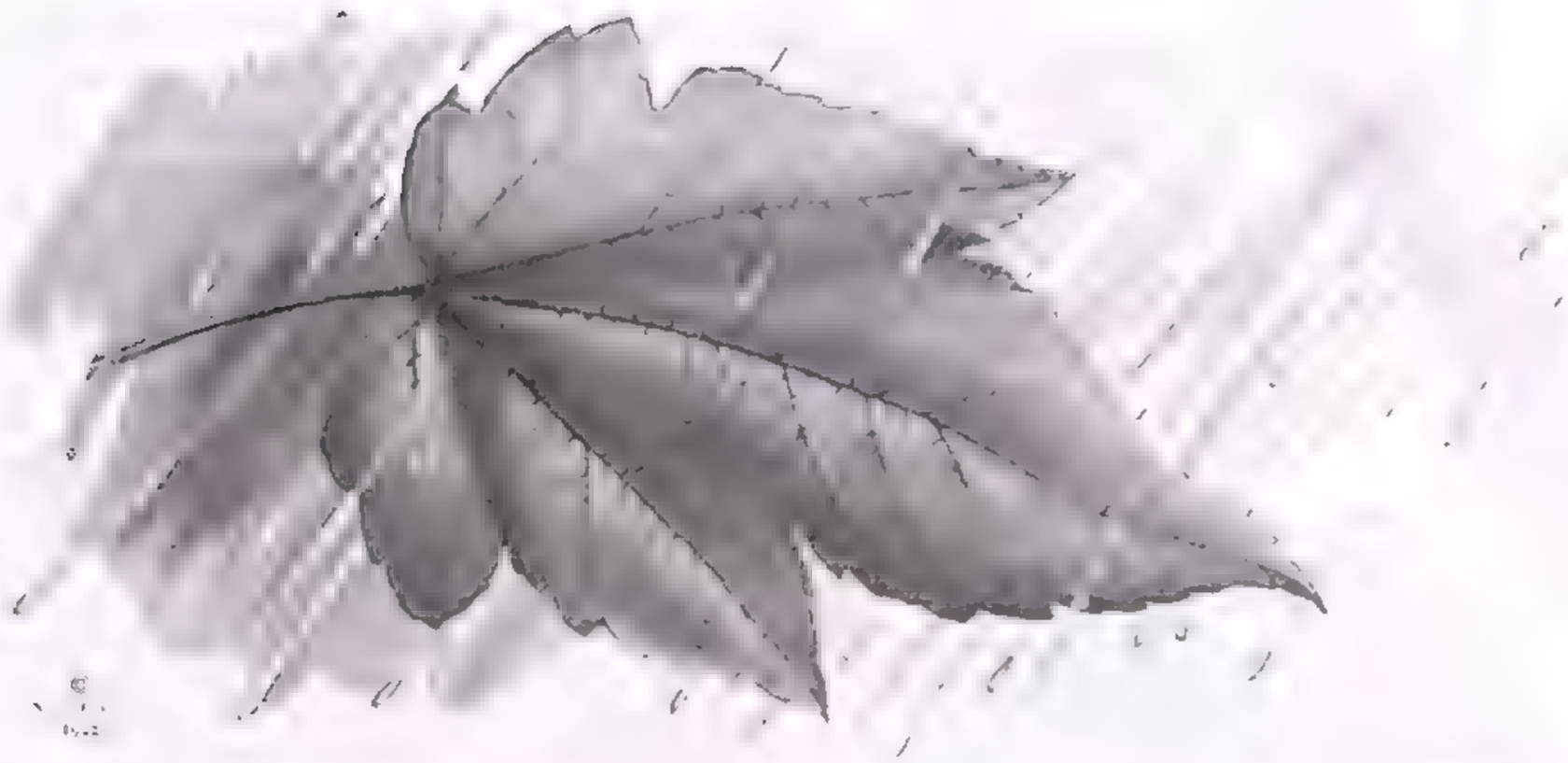

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# FAIRY SOAP

## HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

# PUNCH

(Continued from Page 15

a fellow, he was the best fellow I ever knew. In the copy-book way he was almost too good. He never even smoked; still less did his foot ever stray from the straight path to the brass rail. I used to think he was one of the brightest men I knew. Certainly he wasn't lazy. But he never had a really decent job in his life. If there was a decent job open somebody else got it. It's all nonsense to say he hadn't as much stuff, and as good stuff, in the top of his head as the man who landed the good job; but he never more than just got by. Considering his jobs and salaries, it's wonderful he got by as well as he did." The survivor pondered a moment and added conventionally, "He had no punch."

Four men were present, and this led on to general talk about success in the material sense. We agreed that we had known successful men who lacked various highly desirable qualities. We could even call up cases within our experience of successful men who were obviously deficient in rather ordinary mental qualities—men who, outside the office, were rather stupid than otherwise. So it seemed clear enough that no extraordinary thinking apparatus is necessary to material success. However, we agreed that one quality was present in every successful man we had ever known; they all had punch. The company was unanimous on that point. But when I asked what punch is the answers scattered like spent bird shot.

One man said punch is only another name for energy; but as we talked it over that sounded unsatisfactory, for we recalled unsuccessful men who had a tremendous lot of energy—always bustling, always on the run, chock-full of business, yet never getting anywhere to speak of. And I thought of two of the punchiest men I ever knew, who usually had the air of being half an hour ahead of the procession and sitting around whittling waiting for it to catch up; no bustle, no rush, plenty of time for anything that came along and looked interesting.

Said my old friend, who used to be a newspaper man: "The busiest creature I have ever known, except a hen with its head cut off, was a proofreader. He couldn't make his legs go fast enough—always came into the office in the morning dragging 'em after him and looking so busy you thought he'd have the paper out single-handed in about half an hour. He not only read proof but cut up copy, perched on a tall stool near the composing-room door with a green shade over his eyes. But nothing could keep him on the stool. He was dashing into my room—I was city editor—to call my attention to something I didn't want to know about, and bobbing around the composing room with a helpful touch here and there. We used to say we could get the paper out on time if somebody would chloroform Hanson. The evening edition went to press at half past two. The preceding half hour was strenuous enough for everybody, but for Hanson it was a regular orgy of energy. The forms were made up on a ponderous stone-topped table with casters under it. Promptly at half past two, if we were lucky, the table was pushed on a lumbering and decrepit freight elevator and lowered into the stereotyping room in the basement, five stories below. One afternoon Hanson accomplished a masterpiece. It was thirty-one minutes past two and the forms hadn't gone down. Late! There they lay on the table by the elevator door, which was open. Obviously somebody was sleeping at the switch. Hanson dashed at the ponderous table, laden with the heavy metal forms, and by exerting all the strength of his spare body pushed it through the open door. But the elevator wasn't there. The forms met it about the second story and wrecked it, wrecking themselves at the same time, and that wreckage, falling into the basement, wrecked the stereotyping room. It blame near wrecked the struggling little newspaper. Hanson resigned that afternoon, unappreciated. But in the matter of energy he had a perfect score."

"I don't think the difference is in the quantity of energy," said the banker, "but in the way it's applied. Most people have sufficient energy if they'd shoot it at the right mark. Same way with your mind in general. In my opinion punch mostly means nothing else than concentrating on the job in hand, really bending such faculties as you have to whatever you're trying to do at the moment. Any man can do that if he will. I've heard it said that success was due to avoiding mistakes, but I don't think that explains it. No man ever lived who didn't make plenty of mistakes. I recall, for example, that Grant and Lee both candidly acknowledged very serious mistakes. Everybody makes 'em. There is such a thing as being so afraid you'll make a mistake that you never make anything else. I mean if you're always scaring yourself with the notion that you may be making a mistake you'll be sitting down cellar all your life. About nine times out of ten being scared is as big a mistake as you can make.

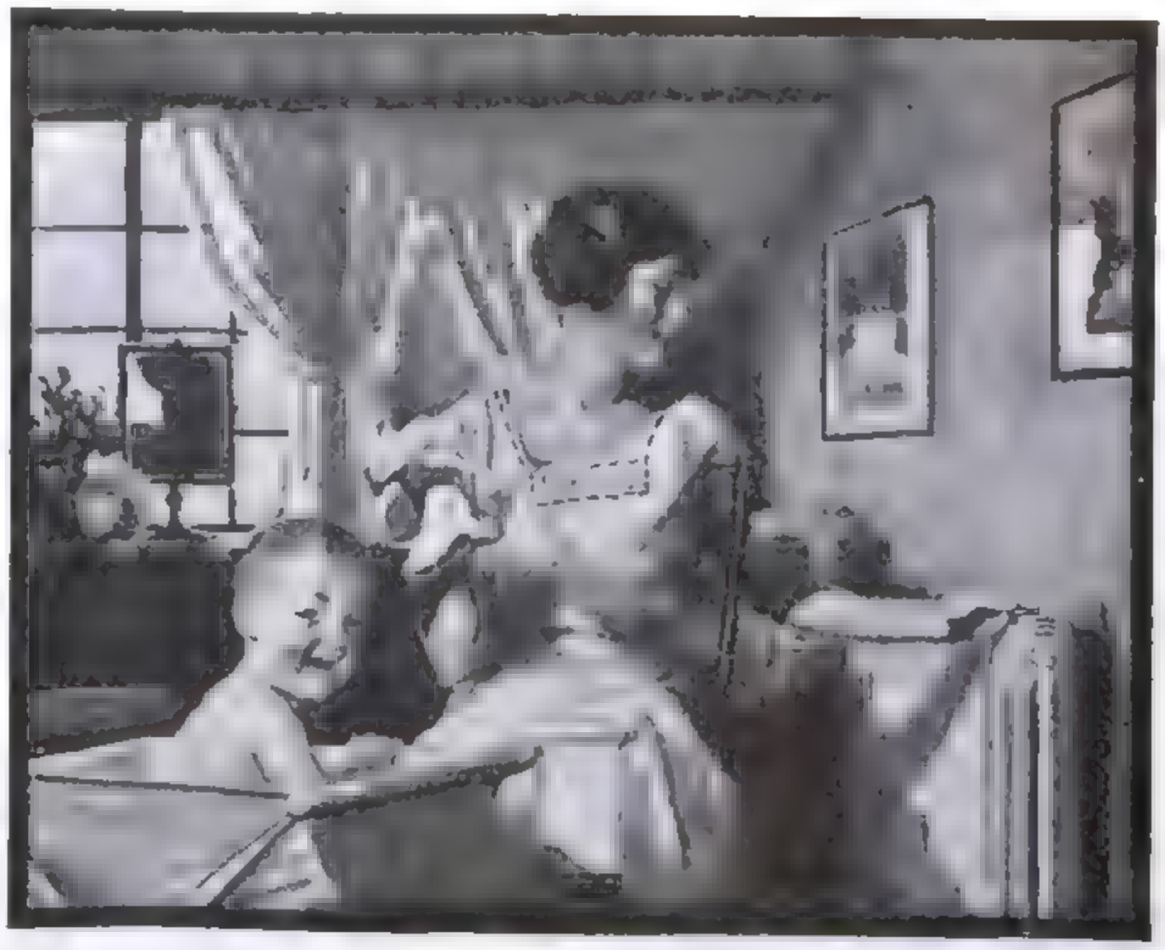
"The question is, What kind of mistake? In my experience—and I guess it's the experience of every mother's son—there are clean mistakes and dirty mistakes. For example, I had quite a nick taken out of me a while back by an investment in some preferred stock. It looked good at the price. The company had a fine record. But its business is dependent on agriculture, and when agriculture blew up in our general deflation the company blew with it—at least for the time being. It may come back. Let us hope so. However that may be, I looked this thing over with at least ordinary prudence and used such judgment as I had about it. As it turned out, I was wrong; but that's what I call a clean mistake. It is foolish to be overfearful about mistakes of that kind or to bother overmuch about them afterwards.

"It's the dirty mistakes that kill you, I mean the kind of mistake that is due to heedlessness, not paying attention, sleeping at the switch. Everybody living knows that kind of error, I believe—the kind that when it's over all you can do is ask, 'Why was I such an idiot as to do that?' Because it is perfectly clear that for the time being you were an idiot or you wouldn't have acted that way. The mistake did not arise because you judged wrong, but because you weren't judging at all. You simply lumbered into the ditch, with fishy eyes turned to the sky and a fat grin on your mug. As I take it, if a man has punch he makes a minimum of such mistakes as that, because he is alert, concentrating on the job in hand, actually using such mental apparatus as he possesses. It's a quality that any man can cultivate if he will.

"Laziness will ruin almost anybody, but there is a kind of laziness that doesn't get recognized for what it is, because, as I might say, you can't see it. The man may look busy; he may be going through all the motions; but if you lifted off the top of his head you would see that he was doing it with half a mind, mechanically, not really thinking about it. That is where the dirty mistake slides in. This was impressed on me in a way I'll never forget, a good many years ago. If you care to listen I will tell you about it."

He then told us a story. Transposed into the third person and with the name of a New England city omitted, it ran as follows:

There was an old panhandling rogue named Epps. Some time after the events of the story had happened the banker learned that Epps was born and reared in a New England village, where his father was a painter and paper hanger, unfortunately addicted to drink—one of those town drunkards which every New England community seems to have been provided with. In contrast with his father young Epps, as boy and youth, was considered a shining example. At thirteen or fourteen he was taken into the general store, which was the most important mercantile establishment in the village. After a while it was discovered that he had been abstracting small sums from the cash drawer. But his employer forgave him that youthful lapse and said nothing about it. Four or five years later it transpired that he had been investing in tickets of the Louisiana Lottery, which then flourished. The embezzlement amounted to three or four hundred dollars. His employer forbore to prosecute him, but merely kicked him out, not concealing the lapse that time. There was still considerable sympathy for the young man, however, and he hung about the village a while longer, exercising his fine penmanship by drawing deeds, mortgages and the like; also occasionally assisting merchants with snarled accounts as an expert bookkeeper. He was by no means lacking in ability as

"Controlled Heat"
~regulated to every occasion

BABY'S awake and ready for his bath. Heat is needed in a hurry. Mother touches the valve on the radiator and the nursery's warm as toast!

While he slept she regulated the valve so that there was just enough heat to take the chill off. When playtime comes, she'll touch the valve again, so the temperature's just right for a romping youngster.

*That's* what Hoffman "Controlled Heat" gives, the exact amount of heat you want, when and where you want it.

Think of being able to regulate accurately the heat in every single room in your home, with never a room too hot or too cold.

More than that Hoffman "Controlled Heat" only generates steam *as needed. There's no fuel wasted;* fuel costs money.

"Controlled Heat" is the biggest forward step in modern heating engineering. In addition to unequalled comfort and economy, it is simplicity itself in operation.

If you investigate thoroughly you'll be certain to select Hoffman "Controlled Heat" for that new home.

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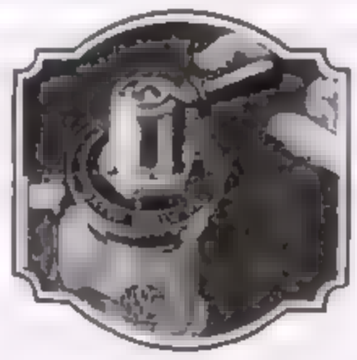


*A post-card will bring to you the interesting illustrated booklet "Controlled Heat."*

HOFFMAN EQUIPMENT
~for Vapor heat control

# Why Paul Barry picks this particular week to buy his Fall shirts

*"I make it a habit to renew all my furnishings when Emery Week brings out the new styles," he says*

"I LIKE to keep abreast of correct fashion in everything I wear," says Barry. "But I haven't time to study styles. So I picked a haberdasher who *knows* and he keeps me posted.

"He won my confidence first by proving Emery Shirts have as good fit, quality and workmanship as custom shirts I had paid double for.

"Now, when I see Emery Week advertised, I know the new styles are ready. I lay in a season's supply—not only of shirts—but of hosiery, collars, ties, and so on."

Look for the store with the Emery Poster—a large reproduction, in color, of the picture above. That store has the smartest furnishings in your city, as well as a complete stock of the new Emery Shirts at $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3 and up.

If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served, on receipt of money-order and name of your dealer. Mention neck-band size, sleeve-length and color preferences.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

**Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made**

*Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes match in cuffs, front, etc.*

*Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeves and make cuffs set right.*

*Pre-shrunk neckbands. Nek-ban-tab for inserting collar button on back.*

*Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And so on.*

Emery Shirt Week
October 12 to 19

that is generally understood. Finally an elderly woman who had been one of his staunchest sympathizers intrusted seven hundred dollars to him to be loaned on a certain mortgage. He disappeared with the money.

When he again came to light it was obvious that he had been submerged for a long while. His beard was white, cut close to his thin cheeks and ending in a small chin whisker. He was associated with two persons whom the police knew as Doc Wilks and Pepper, the trio making their headquarters for business purposes in a small, dingy and disreputable hotel on the West Side of New York. Epps' occupation consisted partly in traveling a hundred miles or so into the country and riding back in the smoking car, where—on lucky days—he scraped acquaintance with some rural visitor to the city who might be lured to the dingy hotel, inveigled into a supposed game of chance and fleeced of his cash. It was not a lucrative occupation. Often days elapsed between bites, and often the catch was heartbreakingly meager. Moreover, it not only had to be divided by three but shared with the landlord of the hotel.

Such had been Epps' way of life for several years—a man sunk and meagerly subsisting some fathoms below the surface—when he scraped acquaintance with a burly, shock-bearded, roughly dressed man from Pennsylvania. Because of his rough appearance Epps entertained no great hopes of him, and it was shown afterwards that throughout the afternoon and early evening the victim was indifferent to games of chance in view of the superior attractions of the bar. When he was finally got to the card table in an upstairs back room no finesse was necessary, because he was so fuddled that he could be robbed under his nose. In fact, he soon fell asleep, shaggy head on breast, and the trio coolly proceeded to empty his pockets. These circumstances were afterwards related in detail by Epps himself.

It was Epps, with slim hands, who went through his pockets under the vigilant eyes of the two others—for the three saved all their confidence for outsiders, using none among themselves. While fingering the victim's pockets Epps was struck by an arresting phenomenon—the man's heavy labored breathing had ceased. A brief examination showed that he was dead. He had assayed some four hundred dollars in cash. A large leather wallet, shiny from long use, had been taken from his inside coat pocket. It contained papers of no value to the thieves, from which, however, it appeared that the dead man's name was Charles P. Hiestend and that he lived in or near a Pennsylvania town. There was nothing worth taking in his shabby traveling bag, and nothing that seemed likely to afford a clew to his identity.

The landlord of the hotel was summoned. The wallet and papers which disclosed the man's identity were turned over to him to be destroyed. The body was then lugged into a bedroom and laid on a bed—Epps, to whom the more disagreeable tasks would naturally be assigned, for he was rather the jackal of the firm, removing his coat, vest and shoes. For verisimilitude an empty whisky bottle was laid on the floor by the bed, and about six dollars was put back in his pocket. Doc Wilks then registered the dead man—simulating a sprawly uncertain hand—as J. P. Smith, Pittsburgh.

This was about midnight, Tuesday. On Thursday morning the landlord would notify the police that one of his guests had been found dead in bed. He would say that the man came in late Tuesday evening, the worse for drink, and asked for a room, registering as J. P. Smith, Pittsburgh; on Wednesday nothing was heard from him, but the landlord let him alone, supposing he was sleeping it off; on Thursday morning he forced the door and found the man dead. No doubt an autopsy would show that excessive drink caused death. Under such circumstances the police would waste no time on the case, and a man unidentified save by a scrawl on the register would be buried at public expense. Meanwhile, Charles P. Hiestend from Pennsylvania would be added to the long list of mysterious disappearances.

The landlord claimed fifty dollars for carrying out his part of the arrangement. The remaining cash was divided between the three thieves, who then separated. But there was a piece of paper in Epps' pocket which the others knew nothing about. The wallet had contained a letter from a real-estate agent in Connecticut regarding a farm which he was offering to Mr. Hiestend for eighteen thousand dollars. Wilks and Pepper had paid no attention to this letter, as it could not be converted into cash; but Epps, with a better brain than either of them, had wondered whether Hiestend might not be on his way from Pennsylvania to Connecticut to buy a farm. Then, in rifling the dead man's clothes, he had thrust his fingers into the flat inner vest pocket and touched a piece of folded paper—and immediately had withdrawn his fingers, passing on as though the pocket was empty, for Wilks and Pepper were watching. Later, taking off the dead man's coat and vest, he found an opportunity to slip the folded piece of paper into his palm and convey it to his coat pocket. He was now fleeing from his partners with it.

The paper proved to be a draft on New York, drawn by the First National Bank of the Pennsylvania town to the order of Charles P. Hiestend for twenty-five thousand dollars. There was now no doubt that Hiestend had been on his way to buy a farm. But here was a problem to test any man's brains: This draft was payable to Charles P. Hiestend, and not indorsed. No bank would cash a draft for that amount unless the holder was introduced, identified and vouched for by some person of such standing that the bank had complete confidence in him. Except by going back to acquaintances of long ago—who would be sure to ask inconvenient questions—Epps did not know a soul in whom any sane bank would repose confidence.

Moreover, it behooved him to move rapidly. Hiestend, who carried a draft for twenty-five thousand dollars, must be a man of some note in his own locality. His disappearance would excite curiosity there. It was reasonable to suppose that he had left heirs who would be much interested in looking after his property—particularly the twenty-five thousand dollars in paper which he had carried to New York. Although the man who was to be buried under the name of J. P. Smith might never be identified as Hiestend, yet an inquiry would be set up which sooner or later would result in stopping payment of this draft.

The manner in which Epps attacked and solved this knotty problem showed that he was not a submerged rogue because he was unable to think. The letter from the real-estate agent gave him a clew. The business experience of his younger days helped. His experience in roguery helped also. Early next morning he was carefully examining the classified advertisements in a New York newspaper under the caption, "Real Estate for Sale, Connecticut." He disbursed some of his loot for fresh linen, a new straw hat, a new bag, a large manila envelope.

That forenoon an elderly gentleman in a new straw hat, carrying a new bag, dropped off the train from New York in a Connecticut town of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants and asked to be directed to the office of Mr. Wellman, a real-estate agent. A critical observer might have concluded that he was of an economical turn of mind in the matter of clothes, but there was nothing about him to arouse anybody's suspicion. Mr. Wellman, the real-estate agent, had no suspicion. On the contrary when the visitor said he was looking for a farm suitable for dairy purposes Mr. Wellman was all geniality and hopefulness.

He very cheerfully drove the visitor out to look at farms. Being a sociable and loquacious person, he naturally talked about farming, especially dairy farming. In a few hours the attentive stranger, who seemed a man of few words, had picked up enough points so that he also could talk quite learnedly about dairy farming. They looked at four farms that afternoon; but the visitor was a prudent, cautious man, by no means inclined to jump at the first offer. Next forenoon they set out again.

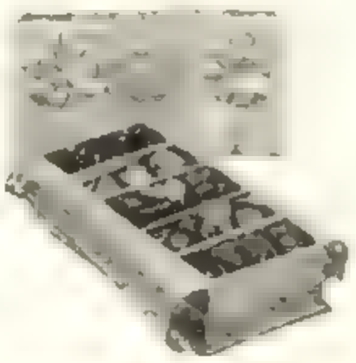
About noon Wellman and the prospective buyer returned to the first farm they had looked at—the one which Wellman had advertised. The farmer, who was anxious to sell, invited them to stay to the midday dinner, after which there was due haggling over terms. Finally, about two o'clock, Mr. Wellman drove the buyer and the farmer to town and led them into the First National Bank, where he cordially introduced the visitor to the assistant cashier as Mr. Heistend, who was going to buy Mr. Blank's farm.

The outcome of the haggling was that Hiestend had agreed to pay nineteen thousand five hundred dollars cash for the farm.

*Continued on Page 157*

DISTINCTIVE—A wide choice—all the favorites: Pineapple, Raspberry and Orange Creams, Dragees, Marshmallows, Caramels and others.

BUTTER CHOCOLATES—Nuts, Nougatines, Orients, Cafe Veras, Caramels and other centres coated with chocolate made with fresh dairy butter.



TOTALLY DIFFERENT—Brazils, Jordan Almonds, Crystallized Cherries and Pineapples, Catawbas, Maraschino Cherries and Raisins are a few of the 23 varieties in this assortment.

From 193 different ideas in confectionery we make up 38 different assortments. Not only is each piece a work of art in the blending and combining of separate delicate tastes into one delicious, surprising confection, but each assortment is a like combining of rare pieces into a complete, well chosen selection. Apollo Chocolates represent the art of confectionery making carried as far as it can go.

*If your dealer does not carry Apollo Chocolates, send us his name and 25 cents for a quarter-pound trial box.*

The Apollo
CHOCOLATES
*They're different*

F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

# The Perfect Jonathan

## Your Favorite Apple With Finer Flavor Than You've Ever Tasted Heretofore—Grown by Specialists

THIS is what more than 3,000 growers do, in the great Wenatchee District, Washington, to provide you with the finest Jonathan that you've ever seen or tasted:

* * * *

They specialize in apples—grow nothing else—give all their thought and care to growing apples.

They grow them in the world's acknowledged finest apple soil—a fine volcanic ash, rich in minerals, which the light rainfalls in this famous section never wash away.

Clear, cold nights, an ideal altitude, and year-'round, warm sunshine lend incomparable aid.

Pure snow-water from high mountains feeds each tree exactly according to its needs, by irrigation.

Then these growers, taught by 20 years' experience, "thin" the trees of more than half the fruit—to give each apple the full vitality of the tree and ample *room* to grow maturely to perfection.

The result is crisp, firm, tender, juicy apples that melt into delicious flavor in the mouth—the very finest that the world produces.

Special apples, grown by specialists for apple lovers.

### Finest Fruit
#### at Common Cost

And yet these luscious apples cost little, if any, more than common kinds. There's less *waste* by the "thinning" method than in the old haphazard way.

These growers don't let poor apples *grow*. They get more good fruit per tree.

They save the care and picking of the poor ones. Their labor brings more fruit that they can sell.

Thus you get a fruit that's scientifically matured at a price that must be asked for lesser grades.

Try them and you'll always get them. Taste your favorite Jonathan grown here in this way. Find even better qualities than you ever thought this apple had.

Every apple perfect—full-flavored, juicy, crisp. The world's prize Jonathan from a section that's unequalled for this fruit.

### Save by the Box

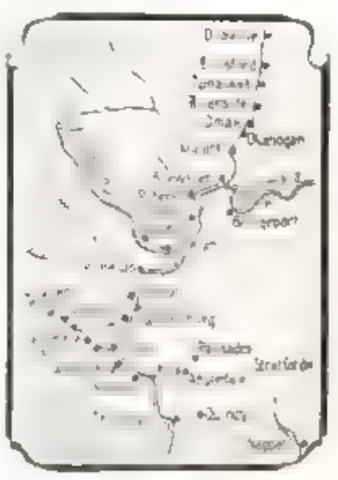
If apples keep they're cheaper by the box. The last is like the first from Wenatchee boxes, for these better apples *keep* better also. Depend on that.

But be sure to get *these* apples. Look for boxes stamped like this: "Eat WENATCHEE APPLES." That identifies these finer kinds.

If your dealer hasn't Wenatchee Jonathans *today* he can have them for you in the morning. Taste them once and you'll insist thereafter.

**Eat the Right Apple at the Right Time**

Jonathan—October, November, December, January, February
Delicious—November, December, January, February
Rome Beauty—November, December, January, February
Stayman—December, January, February
Spitzenberg—December, January, February
Winesap—February, March, April, May, June



*The famous Wenatchee Apple District, Washington. Known the world over for the apples it produces.*

*"An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away"*

# Eat Wenatchee Apples

TRADE MARK

These apples include the six most popular varieties—*your favorite* among them.

(Continued from Page 154

He was now to deposit one thousand dollars earnest money in the bank, where it was to be held in trust until the title was examined and passed upon by a competent person. If the title was clear Hiestend was to pay down the remainder of the purchase price and receive a deed. If the title was not clear the first thousand dollars was to be returned to him.

All of which was a perfectly correct and customary procedure. The assistant cashier listened to Mr. Wellman's statement of the situation without the faintest suspicion, for there was nothing in it to arouse anybody's suspicion. In the talk at the assistant cashier's desk it developed that Mr. Hiestend had sold his own farm in Pennsylvania and for several days had been looking around that part of Connecticut for another one. When he produced a bank draft for twenty-five thousand dollars the assistant cashier took it as readily as he drew breath, merely noting mechanically that it was made out in proper form.

He wrote a receipt for the thousand dollars earnest money and passed the remaining twenty-four thousand dollars to Mr. Hiestend's credit. There was then some talk about the title and other matters. The assistant cashier recommended the bank's attorney as a person competent to pass upon the title; or, Mr. Hiestend could get a title-insurance policy from a trust company in Hartford. The insurance policy would be more expensive however. Finally it was arranged that Mr. Hiestend should meet the attorney in the bank at ten o'clock next morning, for by that time it was nearly three o'clock, at which hour the bank closed.

Mr. Hiestend then inquired about a safe-deposit box, saying he was carrying some valuable papers in his bag and would like to get them securely disposed of. The bank had such boxes for rent in the basement. Mr. Hiestend rented one for a year, paying the rental of eight dollars in cash. The assistant cashier took him downstairs and saw him deposit a bulky manila envelope in the box. That concluded the day's business. Mr. Hiestend returned to the rambling white-frame inn with green blinds and found a comfortable wicker rocker on the elm-shaded veranda.

Mr. Wellman, with a thousand dollars commission as good as in his hand, was well pleased with the two days' work. Old Epps, gently rocking himself on the shady veranda, was also well pleased. True, he had not received a cent of cash; but he was identified at the bank, where twenty-four thousand dollars—legally payable in cash on demand—lay to his credit.

He felt quite confident about tomorrow. In his tawdry swindling operations it often became expedient for him to make an abrupt exit. He accomplished it by pretending to lose his temper—flying off in a fit of childish anger and stumping out. From long practice he could do it very realistically. When he met the attorney at the bank next day he would ask what his fee for examining the title would be. No matter what fee the attorney named, Mr. Hiestend would consider it unreasonable and lose his temper about it, becoming childishly outrageous, like an irascible old curmudgeon. And if the attorney offered to examine the title for nothing he would lose his temper about something else. As a signal mark of his displeasure he would draw his balance out of the bank in cash, take it downstairs and put it in his safe-deposit box. At least they would think he put it in his safe-deposit box.

Then he would make a long hike, even to California, where he proposed to purchase an orange grove and spend his remaining years in respectable tranquillity.

To the third person in the triangle—the young assistant cashier of the bank—the day was anything but satisfactory. For him the world was slipping that afternoon. He was desperately in love. Coming back to the bank after luncheon at home he had met her—and a tall companion—face to face on the street. It seemed to the assistant cashier that there had never been other brown hair to compare with that which puffed and kinkled under the brim of her hat, that nothing else had ever been so blue as her eyes, and no other cheeks so irresistibly made one think of apple blossoms. Meeting him face to face on the street, with a tall companion, the tint of her cheeks did not change; nothing disturbed the blue of her eyes; she smiled and nodded at him, just as she might have smiled and nodded at a drayman. Then she again looked up at her tall companion, and a moment later the assistant cashier heard her sweet laughter.

The tall companion was a city chap, visiting his cousins, who were rich and had a large house on a high hill. This meeting on the street was no revelation to the assistant cashier. For ten days he had been ground between the upper and nether millstones of jealousy. On the preceding Sunday evening he'd had it out with her about this city chap—and had been told, with spirit, that he was privileged to mind his own business. Therefore briskly grinding upper and nether millstones shredded his heart as he went on to the bank. The world was slipping. It had the taste of dust and ashes in his mouth. Nothing could ever be really worth while again.

He had been appointed assistant cashier, at the age of twenty-seven, about nine months before this. At that time his name on the small bronze tablet attached to his desk, and on the bank stationery, had given him much the same emotion which a young author feels on first seeing his sentences and name in print. There he was in bronze and in type, an assistant cashier. But he now regarded the bronze tablet with lackluster eye. What did it amount to, after all? Assistant cashier of a little country-town bank, on a little country-town salary! This city chap's pockets bulged with money. What prospects had he? In twenty years, when the cashier died or retired, he might hope for the cashiership at another country-town salary. The road stretched bleak and dusty to the end.

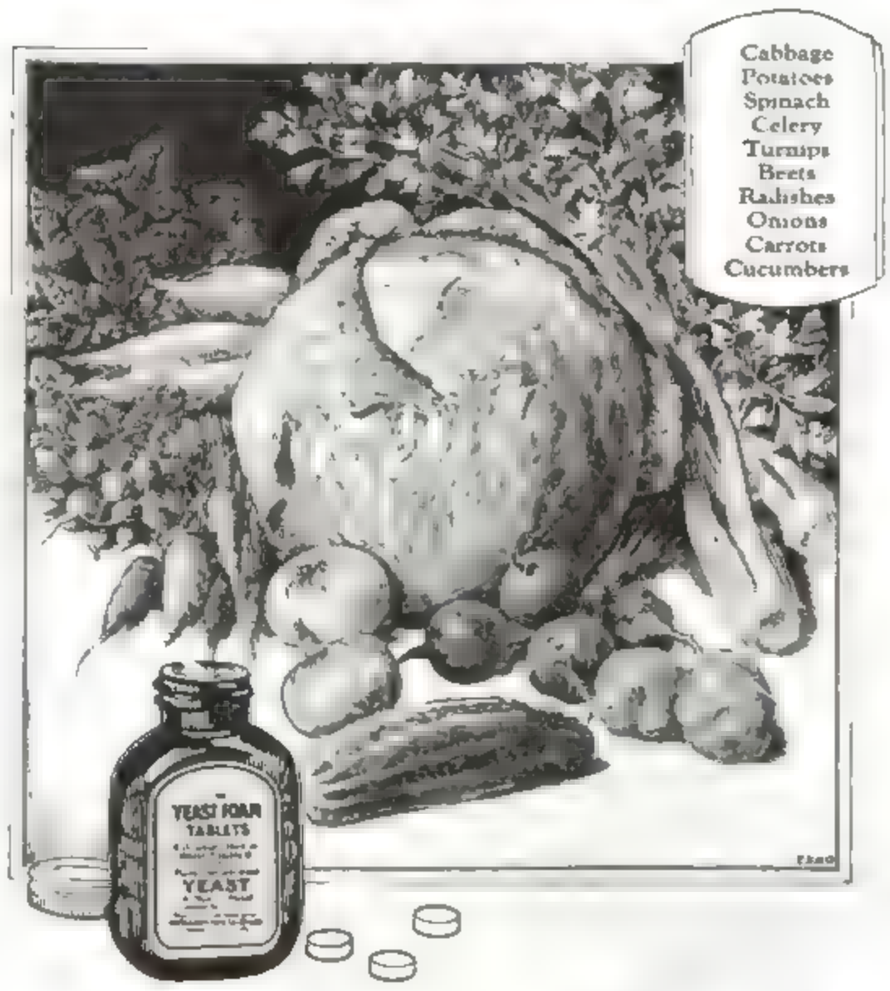
For two or three days, in his gnawings of jealousy and lowness of mind, he had been obscurely aware of something new—namely, a sullen indifference, a limp and soggy mental condition. As it happened, the president and cashier were both out of town for a few days. This was the first time he had been left in charge of the bank; but he slighted his work, letting things rip, and was ashamed of it—in the back of his head—yet seemed not able to help it. Like a dull knife his mind slid over things without taking hold. This afternoon he had really paid no attention to cheerful, loquacious Nick Wellman, the real-estate agent, or to the farmer, or the stranger with close-cut white beard and restless little gray eyes. He had listened and spoken and smiled, his hand had manipulated a pen; but all like an automaton, not really paying attention.

When the visitors left, several pieces of paper in relation to the business he had just transacted lay upon his desk and were to be disposed of according to the bank's established routine. One was the bank draft for twenty-five thousand dollars; another was Mr. Hiestend's application for a safe-deposit box; another was his signature card for the bank's card index. The assistant cashier was in a hurry to clean up his desk and leave. What he was really thinking about, so far as he thought at all, was finishing up the day's work and getting out of the bank—as though he might thereby somewhat escape those grinding millstones. But as he gathered up the pieces of paper habit asserted itself in a purely mechanical way.

It was his business to impress signatures on his memory. Many men never sign their names twice quite alike, so he had formed the habit, in memorizing a new signature, of comparing several examples of it, if several were available. He had in hand two samples of this new depositor's signature—one on the application for a safe-deposit box, the other on the signature card. In a purely mechanical way—absent-minded—he put the two samples together, and a discrepancy immediately struck him. On the signature card the name was spelled H-i-e-stend; on the application for a safe-deposit box it was spelled H-e-i-stend.

Odd, certainly, that a man should spell his own name differently within a quarter of an hour. Still another example of the signature was near by—namely, the indorsement on the draft. The assistant cashier picked up the draft. On its face and in the indorsement the name was spelled H-i-e-stend.

Now the business of the draft had been transacted first. The new depositor had indorsed it and signed the signature card; everything in that connection had been disposed of and put to one side. Then there had been talk about the title and other things—occupying perhaps a quarter of an hour. Finally, just before leaving, the new depositor had inquired about a safe-deposit box. After a bit of talk the assistant cashier had taken from a drawer in his desk one


# Ten times* more effective than these wholesome foods!

Every one knows the value of these nourishing foods; but few people eat them often enough or in sufficient quantities. A vital health factor, present in such foods, is thus denied your body.

Make up this deficiency and give yourself a margin of safety by adding Yeast Foam Tablets to your regular food. These tablets contain ten times as much of a food-corrective element as the foods illustrated.

Yeast Foam Tablets are made entirely of pure, whole, dehydrated yeast; they keep—and they don't cause gas!

These tablets are a food—*a tonic food*—not a drug or medicine. They have been used with unusual success in cases of indigestion, malnutrition and certain skin disorders.

Made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

Sold by all druggists.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE—25c VALUE—
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

*Your name*_____

*Address* _____

Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Company
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago

**Yeast Foam Tablets**

**A Tonic Food**

* Scientific data to support this statement furnished on request.

"The Double Ratchet brings awkward jobs out in the open"

"With this 'Yankee' Ratchet Breast Drill, I can drill out this broken stud bolt in the self-starter shaft just as if the chassis frame wasn't there to prevent me from turning the crank all the way round.

"The 'Yankee' DOUBLE Ratchet makes the job almost as simple as if I had the shaft in a vise on the bench.

"Even if I can move the crank back and forth only an inch, the drill cuts continuously. No other breast drill can do that."

"YANKEE"
Ratchet Breast Drill

No. 1555 (Illustrated)—Length 17 in. Three jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ⅜ in.

No. 555 Length 17½ in. Three jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ⅜ in.

Speeds up the work. Makes drilling less labor. Works efficiently in cramped places where other drills are useless. A finger touch on ratchet shifter gives you any one of five adjustments: Plain Drill, Left-hand Ratchet, Right-hand Ratchet, DOUBLE Ratchet, or gears locked.

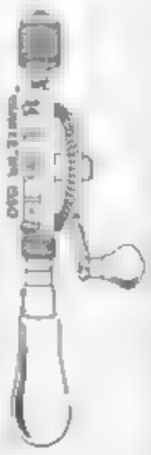
Two speeds; you can change instantly without removing drill from work. Just shift lever at base of hub.

Some other "Yankee" Tools

Spiral Screw-drivers
Quick Return Spiral Screw-drivers
Ratchet Screw-drivers 1½ to 30 in. blades
Ratchet Hand Drills
Ratchet Chain Drills
Ratchet Bench Drills
Plain Breast Drills
Automatic Push Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches
Bench Vises, removable base

"YANKEE"
Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530

Mighty handy for small holes in tight quarters. Only 10½ inches long. Weighs only 1¼ pounds. Has all ratchet adjustments of the big "Yankee" Breast Drills and Hand Drills. Single speed. Holds drills up to 3/16 inch.



A postal will bring you interesting TOOL BOOK FREE

Contains illustrations and descriptions of all the ingenious "Yankee" Tools for saving your time and your muscles in drilling and tapping metal, boring wood and driving screws.

*Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools*

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
*Make Better Mechanics*


of the small application blanks, printed on a square of pasteboard. At the top of that form, following routine, he had written the depositor's name, very clearly. And in his low mental state he had committed the error which, normally, he reprobated in others—that is, he had misspelled the name, transposing the *i* and *e*. He then pushed the little blank over to the renter to be signed, and in signing the renter copied the assistant cashier's error, transposing the *i* and *e*.

So, mechanically recalling the course of events, the cashier found an explanation of the discrepancy which he had noted. He said that the new depositor had seen his name misspelled in large clear script at the top of the form, and that by a trick of the brain he had copied that error in signing the form. Such was the explanation that presented itself, in his edgeless mental condition; for his flat mind was set to security; he was not thinking of danger; Mr. Hiestend was not asking for money; he was buying a farm; he had deposited a bulky envelope downstairs. And without further thought the assistant cashier—anxious to get away—went dully on with the routine disposal of the papers on his desk.

In fact, Epps had written the name Hiestend only twice in his life—once in indorsing the draft and once on the signature card—before the application for a safe-deposit box was pushed before him for signature. At the top of the blank the name appeared as H-*e-i*-stend in the assistant cashier's large clear script. Epps thought it was wrong, but he wasn't absolutely sure. The assistant cashier had appeared to copy the name from the draft. If Epps said it should be spelled *i-e* and then the assistant cashier showed that it was spelled *e-i* in the draft, that might be fatal. So Epps, not absolutely sure, copied the assistant cashier's spelling.

The assistant cashier had received due notice and warning. He had noted that this stranger spelled his own name two ways. To a bank officer that should have been as sufficient as the dry whir of a rattlesnake. This bank officer wasn't really thinking, however. He was going through all the motions, but his mind was asleep. So he passed fatly on to the commission of a dirty error of a ruinous sort; for, in view of the warning he had received, nothing could excuse his letting the bank in for a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Telling about it near twenty years afterwards he said that from the time he left the bank that afternoon until he returned next morning nothing happened that he could lay his finger on. He did not again see the girl with blue eyes, nor hear from or of her. For all he knew she spent the evening flirting with the city chap.

At dinnertime he was as sodden with jealous misery as ever. But sometime in the evening there appeared to be an obscure push of will and character—as of a macerated underdog saying, "See here; I've stood enough of this! Stop it!" He began asking, "Why am I doing this to myself?" And he went to bed reflecting, "Surely, I have been making a fool of myself."

He woke up to a situation wonderfully transformed, seeing clearly how foolish and wrong he had been to pitch into her that way. Naturally, she had resented it and was showing her resentment by flirting with the city chap. So he lay abed a few minutes in healthy, youthful reaction from his misery, tasting existence as something very good.

Approaching the bank half an hour before the opening time of nine, he was heartily ashamed of himself. This was the first time it had been left in his charge, and in several ways he had slighted the job, letting things slide. There was the Murphy matter and the unanswered letters on his desk. He stepped in alertly and made for his desk. The small account book, appertaining to the safe-deposit vault, still lay there, for he hadn't bothered to put it away the afternoon before. It brought the new depositor and box renter into his mind, and that brought a prick of the spur.

A man spelling his own name in two ways! Yesterday, in his blockhead state—the state in which half the world's mistakes are made; the state which marks off the duffer from the man of capacity—he had slid over that point, fatuously explaining it away without really thinking about it. That was the duffer's characteristic—his mind sliding over things like a dull knife; not really waking up until it was too late. His attitude of the day before astonished him now; for, in fact, it was very strange that a man should spell his own name in two ways. He got the spur more sharply in the thought that if he should let the bank in for a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, after due warning, his career in it would be ended and no other bank would care for an assistant cashier with such a recommendation.

The draft had already gone forward in the night's mail and by now should be in the New York bank with which this institution corresponded; but he could not expect to reach anybody in authority there until nine o'clock. At ten minutes to nine he put in a telephone call. When the response came he asked the New York bank officer to get that draft out of the mail and send it by messenger to the bank on which it was drawn, instead of letting it take the slower course through the clearing house—telephoning whether it was paid or not.

That was an anchor to the windward, and with that anchor some bank officers might have been satisfied—simply making sure that the draft was duly paid by the New York bank on which it was drawn. But if a man spelled a name incorrectly it argued that he was not familiar with the name, and that suggested forgery. If the indorsement on this draft was forged the New York bank on which it was drawn might duly pay it, but the assistant cashier's bank would still be liable when the forgery was discovered. So he did not rest with the message to New York, but put the telephone at work again, calling up the bank in Pennsylvania which drew the draft. That took nearly an hour, but finally he was getting a response.

"Yes; we drew a draft on New York for twenty-five thousand to the order of Charles P. Hiestend. The draft's all right and Hiestend's all right; but who did you say you were? . . . What's that? How does he look? . . . Why, he's a big, heavy man, forty-five or so, with a bushy beard." The voice grew excited: "You don't say! Look here; there's something wrong! Hiestend's brother was in here yesterday afternoon asking if I'd heard anything from Charley. He's a hard drinker at times. Seems there was some business he ought to have attended to in New York Tuesday, and didn't. His brother said he was going there to look him up. You keep hold of that fellow."

Epps came in as the assistant cashier finished telephoning. He thought he saw the same young man at the desk with whom he had done business the day before. But he was mistaken. It was a young man aroused, alert—a young man with punch. The old rogue went through the familiar trick of losing his temper very creditably; but the assistant cashier explained apologetically that the bank was practically out of currency that morning. A fresh supply would be coming from New York by express on the 10:52 train; would Mr. Hiestend return in an hour?

Mr. Hiestend returned and fell into hands that did not let go.

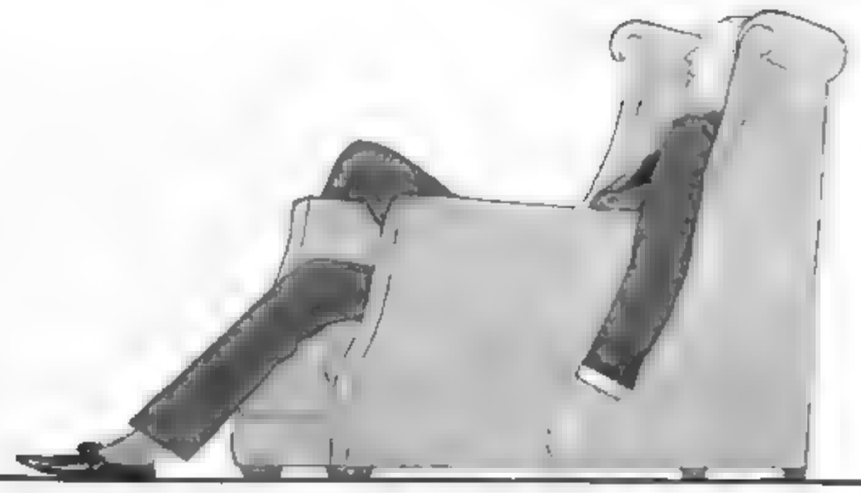
If the assistant cashier had let his bank in for a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, under such circumstances, he would probably have been discharged and disgraced. But the manner of the real Hiestend's disappearance was traced out. It was from Epps' own statement in clearing himself from the murder charge which the police were minded to lodge against him that the events of that evening in the dingy hotel became known. The story, in print, was sufficiently dramatic; and one of its best points was the young assistant cashier of a country-town bank to whose astuteness and prompt action detection of the crime was due—which astuteness and prompt action incidentally saved his bank from a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars. It was evident from the story as printed that this assistant cashier was a bright young chap, right on the job.

That was discussed by the directors of the biggest bank in ——, who were in search of a bright young chap. They decided to look this specimen over.

When Epps got hold of the twenty-five-thousand-dollar draft he thought he was making a big haul. But the big haul, in fact, fell to the assistant cashier, who went to the bank above referred to, and is now vice president of it. He told this story to illustrate what he means by punch.

"In my opinion," said he, "punch is largely just keeping awake. A good rule for success is, On starting to work kick yourself a couple of times to make sure you are not dozing."

*Drawings by Louis Hurd*



# Talks to the WELL DRESSED MAN

A FEW years ago real men hesitated to express any considerable interest in matters of dress. There was fear of "dandyism," of being called a "Beau Brummel." So a studied indifference to style became the refuge of many.

But did you ever consider that this attitude was probably due to *style* itself? Years ago man's attire abounded in needless discomforts, useless frills and deforming excrescences. The padded shoulder, the abbreviated coat, the peg top trouser, the three inch choker—is it any wonder sensible men avoided such pronounced absurdities?

Fortunately, the evolution of man's dress in recent years has been all toward simplicity and comfort. The cut of outer garments has been moulded to the human figure rather than to the tailor's dummy. Comfortable and appropriate sport clothes have come into vogue. The imprisoning stiffness of the starched shirt has given place to the soft shirt of today with its comfortable and natural cuffs, and the trim snugness of the belt has found increasing favor.

Man's interest in correct attire is now only an interest in comfort, convenience and naturalness. Careful attention to dress today cannot possibly evolve the dandy, the fop or the dude, since clothes themselves have ceased to be dandified, foppish or dudish.

So a nation of men has adopted the Kum-a-part Kuff Button because it is supremely convenient. The Kum-a-part idea has evolved with the logic of events. Men have included it in the necessities of dress just as in business they have adopted the typewriter, the telephone, the telegraph and the automobile.

UNIVERSAL use of the soft shirt foretold a separable button. So the Kum-a-part Kuff Button was produced. The adoption of belts forecast a jewelry buckle with a perfected non-slip feature. So the Kum-a-part idea again came to man's relief with the Kum-a-part Belt Buckle that snaps and *can't slip*. Two products, in tune with the simplicity and comfort of modern dress, possessing the correctness of rich jewelry and a style smartness incomparable.

Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons are offered by jewelers and the better men's shops in combinations of precious metals and a variety of pearl and enamel effects. Up to $25 the pair. Kum-a-part Belt Buckles, priced from $2.50 up to $20.

THESE original creations of the Baer & Wilde Co. are alone privileged to bear the name "Kum-a-part." This is die-stamped on the back of both buttons and buckles. Stamp it on your own memory and *look* for the name when you purchase. You find satisfaction when you find the name.

A GOODLY number of the purchasers of Kum-a-part Products are women seeking gifts for critical men. They recognize the presentation value of the Kum-a-part Kuff Button and Belt Buckle. Either or both are certain to please—and though a man possess one pair of Kum-a-part buttons or a Kum-a-part belt buckle, he will welcome a second as a valuable addition to his wardrobe. In fact, most well dressed men now pride themselves upon wearing Kum-a-part buttons harmonizing with their shirts—a dress refinement made easy of achievement by the varied and rich resources of Kum-a-part designs.

You will enjoy reading the little Kum-a-part style book No. 20 containing a correct dress chart. The Baer & Wilde Company in the city of Attleboro, State of Massachusetts, will gladly send you a copy on request.

**Six important Alberite advantages**

1. Scientific trim of bristles cleans the surface and crevices.
2. The wedge shaped Alberite reaches the important back teeth.
3. The bristles won't come out!
4. Only the best quality of materials used.
5. Germproof sealed wrapper.

*and—*

6. THE PRICE YOU PAY IS ONLY 35c.

# FREE

Send your name and address and we will forward to you a copy of "How to Save Your Teeth." It covers the care of the teeth from infancy to old age

# "I've studied brushes and teeth—this toothbrush is *correct!*"

*by E. G. Jegge*
Head of Research Department, RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N. J.

## *Letters from 625 dentists heartily endorse the remarkable new Rotary Wedge Toothbrush*

SINCE 1887 we have been making brushes of every description. Rubberset brushes may be found all over the world—more than ten million are in daily use. For three years we've been working on a new toothbrush. Now we have perfected the Alberite Rotary Wedge Toothbrush. It represents a wholly new development. *And it is correct*—the shape that saves the teeth.

More than 600 dentists have used the Alberite. They say it is correct.

Atlantic City—with a floating population from all parts of the country of 80,000 every seven days—says that the Alberite is correct. In the six weeks that these brushes have been on sale there, they've outsold all others. So now we offer the Alberite to all America.

The diagrams at the right illustrate the big difference between the Alberite and ordinary toothbrushes.

### The Rotary Wedge

A toothbrush that cleans the teeth *with scientific thoroughness*. It is wedge shaped and thereby reaches *the important back teeth* and *the spaces between them*. The brushing surface is also wedge shaped. The long center bristles, the point of the wedge, penetrate *between the teeth*, while the short side bristles brush the surface.

This brush cleans every crevice. Prevents decay.

The loss of a front tooth is regarded as a calamity. When a back tooth goes, that is a mere incident. *Yet the loss of a back tooth is by far the greater calamity!*

The whole contour of your face hangs on the preservation of the large back teeth, the so-called "grinders." The loss of a single "grinder" starts the first dismaying tendency toward the characteristics of age.

Day after day, tooth brushing goes on that scarcely touches these "grinders"—the most important teeth in your mouth, the teeth that sustain the firm contour of the face and are most needed for mastication of food and for maintenance of health.

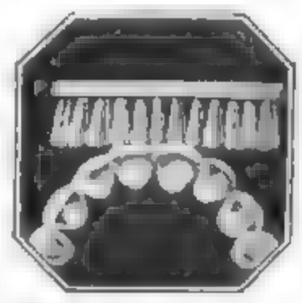
Here these back teeth lie neglected. An easy prey to bacteria and decay.

The Alberite Rotary Wedge Toothbrush scientifically cleans the surface and crevices of all the teeth—the important back teeth as well as the front.

### Save your teeth

The methods of the past show evidence everywhere of improper brushing. You can continue in this hit-or-miss fashion, or start to care for your teeth properly today. The responsibility is yours. Ask your dealer at once for an Alberite Rotary Wedge Brush. If he can't supply you send us 35c in stamps—specifying whether you want a hard, medium or soft brush. With it we will send you a copy of "How to Save Your Teeth."

*The wrong way*



This brush reaches merely the surface of the teeth.

*The right way*

The wedge shaped Alberite thoroughly cleans the surface and the crevices of all the teeth

Made by RUBBERSET COMPANY, Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

35¢

# ALBERITE
## ROTARY WEDGE TOOTH BRUSH

# THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 23)

had its flaws and, I dare say, its good. I dare say! One followed the other—a simple and strong bravery gave way to involved degrees of skill and cunning in the soft bodies guarded in discreet offices.

Those fortunate hunters with cabins wreathed in flowering vines marked a happy spirit in Saint Louis equally expressed by the large houses—they were situated each in a walled square of the town, planted with fruit, plums and cherries, gooseberries and currants and service berries. A deep bank extended across the river bluff, and there were three parallel streets—the Rue Principale, now Main Street, the Rue de l'Eglise, with a log church, and the Rue des Granges, later Third Street. The stone château of the Chouteau family and the Spanish Government House were on Market Square, and the common fields reached westward. There was an iron weathercock on the church, the ferry keeper, at Elm Street, kept the only tavern, the settlement of Bonhomme was wholly American and the river landing was below Pine Street.

The years were remembered by names of the stirring events which made them notable—the year of the terrible winter; the year of the great water, when the American Bottom was flooded; the year of the ten bateaux, of the river pirates at the Grand Tower. Saint Louis grew, there were two taverns and a hundred and eighty houses, built principally of hewn logs beside the circular stone fortifications. By measure sixty arpens west to include the common and back, by the Sugarloaf, to the river, it marched out to the suburb of Saint George, to Carondelet Avenue, north to Chouteau Avenue and stopped, then, at the mouth of Stony Creek.

A pavement, with the stones set on edge, was laid in Market Street; and soon the Saint Louis Rolling Mills included eleven boiling furnaces, furnaces for scrap and lump, three bar mills and two billet, two slab and two sheet and one dandy, an annealing nail plate and two railroad chair mills, a spike and a rivet machine. This was in 1854, and in a week they turned out a hundred and twenty-five tons of finished metal. The Planters Hotel, begun in 1837, stood upon a part of the pasturage west of Fourth Street; it had a barber famous up and down the river, named Byertere Hickman; and Marshall Starks, who kept a coffee house on Commercial Alley, was the most celebrated faro dealer in the country. Saint Louis was the center of the river traffic, and in '69, when the first shoe factory was opened in a third floor on Green Street, the French song La Guignolée was still sung through the town by young men on New Year's Eve.

### *Old Steamboat Days*

They sang in French and ate the little seasonal cakes with an impossibly long name; and, on the sixth of January, Le Jour des Rois, at the Kings' Ball, engaged in contra-dances. But the French were rapidly vanishing from the river and the mountain rendezvous and paved streets—from America; and in 1824 Gottfried Duden, the first German in Saint Louis, arrived. The Giessener Emigration Society was formed in the Grand Duchy of Hessen, and its members, in two divisions, reached the Mississippi in 1834. The revolutions in Europe, through 1848–49, resulted in much larger emigrations of Germans to Saint Louis; and that was the beginning of the city, the end of the voyageurs.

The keel boats, however, with their cordelles cutting a way through the buffalo berries and rose vines of the river bank, had already disappeared: the levee was packed with steamboats. The General Pike, a Louisville boat with a low-pressure engine, had reached Saint Louis in 1817, and, in 1819, Captain Armitage drove the Henrietta up from New Orleans in twenty-seven days. Almost simultaneously the aristocratic Memphis and Saint Louis Packet Company appeared, the Keokuk and Northern Packets to Saint Paul, the Missouri River Star Line, the Merchants' Southern Packet Company for Natchez and Bayousara, another Saint Louis company and the Kuntz Line to New Orleans.

Fulton and Livingston, at Pittsburgh, in 1811, had built the first steamboat, the Orleans, to float on west water; and, at a speed of three miles an hour, she navigated downstream to New Orleans in fifteen days. The second was the Comet, of twenty-five tons; she made two voyages to Natchez, upon which she was knocked down and her engine put in a cotton factory. The Vesuvius, with Captain Ogden, was next, starting from New Orleans; but seven hundred miles up the Mississippi she struck on a sand bar, where she remained from the middle of summer well into December, and then, near her port, burned to the water's edge. The Enterprise, the fourth, was commandeered by General Jackson; and the Washington, bringing in an era of splendor, had two decks, with a high-pressure engine and the boilers moved from the hold to the deck.

There were, in 1856, eight hundred steamboats on the upper Mississippi, forcing their broad, shallow hulls upstream and racing down, a broom at the pilot house of the fastest, their showering sparks reflected on the black night water, their harsh exhausts echoing and reechoing from the shores. Their landings were made at levees informal with somber brick warehouses and the town marshal, revolver in hand, seated on a convenient snubbing post. In the evening the torches of the boat—iron baskets swung on the jaws of a standard—would be fed with light wood, ladles of pulverized rosin; and a mate with a barrel stave pierced with holes accelerated the activities of the loading and unloading. The holes in the stave were there in the interest of a better blistering of the skin, and there must have been a madhouse of disparate sounds.

### *Travel Spiced With Risk*

On the Bon Accord, the Nominee and the Time and Tide—river boats entirely modern—the steam piano gave way to a nigger orchestra of banjos and guitars; and at the landings it sat on the guards and played to attract custom. There were, for the passengers, endless dances after the tremendous dinners then attacked—thirteen desserts, six in tall glasses and the others puddings, pies and ice creams, laid at once in a semicircle before the diner!

The bars were properties of the richest value, they were separately owned and run, and willed as choice legacies. The gamblers, always dressed as familiar characters, Indian agents, prospectors or planters, were a part of them; after the high cards in the packs they used were stripped—shaved at the sides between thin plates of metal—they were confided to the barkeepers, who in turn produced them, apparently sealed in the original covers, in circumstances of the utmost publicity. The gamblers drank incessantly, from bottles of innocent colored liquids; and it was their dream to encounter the gentlemen from down the river with bags of money and young negotiable slaves.

That river steamboating, however, was not entirely an affair of gilded splendor, with the captain in an ironed beaver hat on the Texas deck and a polonaise in the grand salon; it was the distressing fact that, with a startling frequency, the boats blew up. The water had a habit of getting low in the boilers: this would be hastily, optimistically, remedied, and, more times than not, the resulting holocaust resembled a volcano rising from the river. The average life of a steamboat was four years. The advertised magnificence, the costliness, of their fittings seemed out of all relation with the shortness of service: but, in reality, the steamboats were highly profitable. In a single trip on the upper Mississippi a boat worth, perhaps, sixteen thousand dollars, aggregated thirteen thousand and two hundred dollars. A steamboat that cost twenty-five thousand dollars would clear well over eleven thousand dollars a month for a season of five months.

But, sound as the financing was, the explosions brought an element of the precarious into the passengers' lives; a fact implied in the printed statement that The David Tatum was safely recommended as in every way worth risking life on. The Anglo-Saxon, off for a preliminary party of two hundred and ten persons, was giving every promise of a fast and brilliant career when both her boilers blew up at once and killed all but the odd ten. Mr. Kidd, who survived this disaster, had a distinct recollection of

"Uncle Sam Taught Me to Wear Knit Underwear

"He provided us with that kind of underwear in the army because it increased our efficiency. It's better protection against colds and more comfortable because it absorbs perspiration.

"When I got back I hunted up the best knit underwear I could find, and believe me, Dad, this Lawrence Tailored Knit Underwear is it.

"I never knew underwear could fit so well. Every Lawrence garment is cut separately by hand, like hand tailored clothing, with plenty of room in armholes and seat.

"It is warm without being cumbersome and so elastic you don't know you have underwear on. Made of fine knitted cotton, it gives wonderful wear at little cost."

Lawrence Union Suits, Undervests and Bloomers for Women perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish.

Lawrence garments come in two qualities: 1—Blue Label [illegible] 2—Red Label same durability and finish—not quite the softness.

Lawrence Manufacturing Co.
Established 1831 Lowell, Mass.

Ask [illegible] for Munsing Union Suits and Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear, from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

E. M. Townsend & Co., Selling Agents, New York City

LAWRENCE
*Tailored Knit*
UNDERWEAR

# How are you going to keep your home warm this winter?

*A serious question!—Solve it economically with Lawson Gas Room Heaters*

WINTER is just around the corner. Government forecasters warn that it is unreasonable to expect a repetition of last season's mild weather. Are you ready?

Will you have enough heat in your home? All you should have for the comfort—and the health—of your family?

Lose no time in preparing. Equip your home with Lawson Gas Heaters, and you can be sure of snug comfort all winter.

Lawson Heaters are designed with one big purpose in mind: To give heat—lots of it—at low cost.

Healthful, radiant heat, like that of the sun. No devitalized, stuffy air. No odor. No waste. No unburned gases. No smoke. Just heat!

Lawson Heaters are compact. They take up little space. Yet they give much more heat than other larger heaters that are higher in price and consume more gas. And there is an economical size for every room.

There are two styles of Lawson Heaters, as illustrated. The "glowing heart" type has burner and flame completely enclosed: the safe heater. The radiant type is for folks who want the fire-place effect in addition to heating power.

But no matter which you choose, the name Lawson on a gas heater insures your getting the most efficient and economical heater it is possible to buy.

You can get Lawson Room Heaters at almost any good hardware, house furnishings, furniture, or department store.

If your dealer cannot supply the genuine Lawson, write us for folder on "Home Heating" and name of Lawson dealer.

*A Message to Dealers*

We stand ready to help you keep your customers warm this winter, by prompt shipments of Lawson Room Heaters in all types and sizes. Write for information.

Lawson Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh
Also makers of Lawson Water Heaters

Lawson Odorless Radiant

passing irregularly through the air, enveloped, it appeared to him, in a dense cloud. At the wreck of The Ben Sherrod ten ladies, in the utmost correctness of crinoline, simultaneously vanished overboard without a cry. Another gentlelady, on a different but similar occasion, violently propelled into the river, sustained herself with admirable heroism on a floating settee. After the explosion of The Lucy Walker, when the air was full of everything, everything that had been on the boat, fragments of wood and iron were thrown to the far shore, and the recovered parts of the boilers were no thicker than a worn silver four-bit piece. The Belle of Clarkville, in collision with The Louisiana, lost her hull immediately, and a cabin of passengers proceeded independently down river. The pilot house of The Marquette, blown high in air, alighted appropriately, but not without damage, on the steamer James Pitcher; and The Phoenix, insensible to the talisman of her name, wholly burned up.

In that hurried way, it seemed to me, the steamboats left the Mississippi; it was the railroads, actually, which tied them to the decline, the rust, of silent and deserted levees. They had, at their moment, taken from the keel boats and Mackinaws the fur trade upstream; but now the trading in beaver skins had itself gone from the river. The Missouri Fur Company, following the company of New Orleans, had brought about the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; and then both of them were extinguished by the superior, the more modern, organization of the Astor interests. When the Pacific Company had been abandoned in 1814, John Jacob Astor had turned all his attention to American enterprise, to the American Fur Company; and that corporation ended individual competition.

### *Missionaries of Trade*

Now, in Saint Louis, an International Fur Exchange Building stood at Fourth and Market streets, where the fur buyers of the world assembled to trade in consolidated auctions at a winter's sale of more than twenty-five million dollars. Saint Louis was still a place of trading; I saw this at its height, filling a lower floor of the Statler Hotel, and I had an impulse to ask one of the innumerable traveling gentlemen how many peltrie-bons his liquid face powder, the ruffled crêpe de chine or synthetic ivory trifles, fetched. A peltrie-bon—the fur of a beaver—had been current for six dollars; but, displaced by persuasive extensions of credit, it was no longer a standard of exchange.

The street floor of the hotel was literally black with the salesmen of Chicago and the East. Their cryptic jargon, the vocabulary of commerce, humor and quiet frankness and hearty evasions, overwhelmed all other sound. Passing, in elevators, the rooms of their displays, the gigantic trunks of their merchandise, I caught glimpses of all the colors and textures conceivable, made, mostly, into things flattering to women. The buyers from the stores of the Mississippi Valley, gathered singly with salesmen or in voluble groups, appraised and priced and bought; they studied what was fashionable and listened to what, they were assured, would be fashionable tomorrow. Men, adult men with gray hair, bald troubled men, or young and earnest, argued with solemn passion over the length of skirts, the duration of a whiff of perfume on a glass stopper, or attempted to sell careful representatives of inland propriety what New York was at that instant decked in.

It was a remarkable, a reassuring scene, smoothly urban, marvelously efficient. From it a gayety of silk and satin, of plaited straw and painted leather, of gold pins and scent and slippers, would be spread, practically, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the North to the Gulf of Mexico; women everywhere would be the mirror of Paris. A sweeping improvement in no time at all had been made upon the past, on the packs of furs paddled down the twelve hundred hazardous miles of the Missouri. The lonely hunter, covered with tattooing—the first white man adventuring over the South Pass—was well lost in the polite horde carried to Saint Louis in limited trains. The superiority, for example, of dinner trays served by a troop of girls in white over the starving expedient of a few coffee berries rescued from the dirt of a corner and a shred of thin elk hide was obvious.

The hotel I left for the mortuary silence of the Missouri Historical Society rooms, cupboards of the relics of years and men that had so captivated, fired, my imagination. The faded uniforms and mementoes, the bright ceremonial dress of Indian tribes, dim photographs of steamboats, were frozen in pools of glass; and it occurred to me, very suddenly, how excellent a marriage of the Historical Society and the Board of Trade would be, the activity of the spring salesmen in the romantic dignity, the beauty, of a national and positive tradition. I was not, I hoped, blind to the romance of the present; but I wanted to see it in a bravery like that of scarlet cloth, with the fine keenness of steel, even at the price of cutting a finger or worse. That tradition, to be valid, must be broken out of the cases of museums, cast over the land as broadly as were the grosses of finery then, in samples at Saint Louis, displayed.

In Kansas City, however, there was no placid museum of the past except the collections of the Public Library: or if there was I wholly missed it. History, memories, were unimportant: the present was too vital, too insistent to encourage the melancholy of retrospect. Kansas City had, naturally, a past—it was, virtually, the head of the Santa Fé Trail—but it wasn't yet formally conscious of such traditions. As I walked over the abrupt paved streets, streets steep like mountains, the city had an air of growth, of change, under my feet; it seemed to me that, by the time I had returned to the hotel, there were new cuts dredged through the bluffs, impressive concrete viaducts thrown over cañons while my back was turned; the bank buildings took on stories, rose, while I watched them.

It was plainly to be seen that the city was a creation of the present, the result of strictly contemporaneous conditions. Obviously it was a younger Chicago; but it had characteristics, a definite personality of its own. The situation here, on the Missouri River, was perhaps better, eventually, than Chicago's; certainly at Kansas City there had been an amazing gathering of railways. Relatively a small place, already fourteen trunk railroads with thirty-two subsidiary lines carried into it and beyond the richness of the whole medial American region.

While the levee at Saint Louis still preserved an echo of the bull whistles of river steamboats, Kansas City was dominated by the clamoring bells, the harsh signals, of locomotives. Kansas City and railways were one. It had its place, for example, in the construction of the Union Pacific, an important link between the East and West, in an affair which held, reflected, every aspect, every splendid trait and inherent dishonesty the country owned. There was, in that, no loss of the adventurous fortitude I had found irradiating earlier days; the building of the first transcontinental steam road developed all the qualities of the frontier it destroyed. But specially it exhibited the political animosity born in the successive stages of internal difficulty between a Federal power and the rights of states.

### *The Vision of Asa Whitney*

Asa Whitney, who, more than anyone else, brought before the country the importance of a means of unbroken national communication, was convinced that it would make happy and comfortable millions who were destitute and starving, and join all the world together as one nation. Instead of that, after a maturity of agitation, of travel and exploration and endless memorials to Congress, he found only poverty. The reception of his dream in Washington was ironically far from any suggestion of future peace: Lewis Cass would not vote for a bill that gave the President constructive power; the Southern senators refused to uphold a Northern President; in general, each party worked to load such responsibility on the other. In the Thirty-second Congress the bill for a transcontinental railway was killed by an amendment proposing that no government money should be applied to a railroad within any state.

Until 1845 states had maintained railways as public industries, until 1860 they were built by corporations with state aid, but after '70 they were private enterprises. And it was during this change, inconceivably bitter in spirit, that the Union Pacific was formed. The Thirty-fifth Congress refused the Committee for the Pacific Railroad a clerk; and the sessions of the House and of the Senate were pits of unparliamentary uproar and faithless obstructionism.

(Continued on Page 164)

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(Continued from Page 162)

The South, already threatening separation from the Union, would not vote for a survey, a line, with, at the east, a Northern terminus; the North resisted all attempts to follow a Southern route over the thirty-second parallel; and it was not until the Civil War had removed Southern politicians from the capital that a transcontinental road became an actuality.

The construction of the road began simultaneously at both ends, the Union Pacific building westward and the Central Pacific working east through California; and there was a provision that if either road reached a designated point of meeting before the other, it might proceed until they met. This, since a mile of railway, under its subsidies, meant from sixty-four to ninety-six thousand dollars for the company building it, resulted in a tremendous rival activity. Chinese labor drove the Central Pacific forward—the longer tunnels, for the time, they ignored, dragging locomotives over the Sierra Nevada to the tracks beyond; the Union Pacific employed Irish workmen, and each line had more than ten thousand men desperately employed. Coming together, in a characteristically national manner, at Promontory Point, they discovered that the Central Pacific had graded a useless eighty miles and that the Union Pacific had wasted a million dollars; but this, in a celebration that swept the land, in the driving of iron and silver and gold spikes, was dismissed as a triviality.

### The Frontier on Wheels

The adding of western mile upon mile of tracks brought about a frontier, as it were, upon wheels, of its own. Towns were built in a day, what had been a dusty end of the desert would be animated by a loud confusion of life, and then, as abruptly, left again to the coyotes. There were streets, dry white wallows, tents and polehouses and false façades shipped from Chicago. The fierce activity of the day turned into a fiercer pursuit of pleasure at night, of drinking and gambling, murder and the blond heads of girls. Two great trains arrived and departed each day and there was an endless clatter of stagecoaches. The principal building was called the Great Tent. It had a frame of wood, a canvas cover with a dancing floor, and it was moved to the successive cities of the construction. The space for dancing was large enough for a cotillon, there was a raised platform for the band, and everything else was given over to the bar, elaborate with cut glass and mirrors and pictures in gilt, and the gambling—Monte and faro, rondo coolo and wheels of chance.

The tumult under torches, the feverish music and frigid voices of the croupiers, the drunken stir along the bar, the shooting and bloody dust, rising and then dying out on the profound emptiness of the plains, made a momentary and astounding spectacle. That was a phase of America violent, raw, in its heroics; but its sheer success was immeasurable; it was so monumental that it left nothing, comparatively, for following generations to do. Men, it seemed, who labored so vastly, in regions of eternal loneliness, found alleviation only in primal excitement; life, now sentimentally cherished, was balanced on the turning of a card. It was immensely deplorable, a state no better than savage; but there was the accomplishment, men stronger than any fatigue, more determined than fixed rocks; and these qualities, too, in the civilization which followed, were softened in an easier time.

All this Kansas City suggested, together with the fact that Lincoln was the strongest supporter California and Kansas had in the granting of land and bonds to railroad companies, and I traced the entrance of other lines into the city: the Atchison and Topeka Railroad Company, chartered in 1859, changed to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in 1863. It was begun at Topeka in 1868 and reached the Colorado border five years later; the line between Atchison and Topeka was completed in '72; it arrived at Lawrence in 1874; where it was connected by the Kansas Midland with De Soto and Kansas City in the October of 1875. And in 1888 the Santa Fe was running through to Chicago.

The Burlington made its appearance over the tracks of the Platte County Railroad, and the Saint Joseph and Grand Island reached back to the Palmetto and Roseport Company of 1857. The Saint Louis and San Francisco purchased the Blair road; the Missouri Pacific steamed into the Grand Avenue Depot in 1865; and, the year before, the first excursion train ran between Kansas City and Lawrence. The Wabash, coming over the new bridge, was immediately followed by a direct route to Denver.

Throughout these developments, and for a decade afterward, Kansas City remained an informal town with plank sidewalks, a few street cars dragged by mules, and the Kaw River for water. The steep bluffs of its situation, the deep cuts of expansion, sent streams of red mud into streets that were often impassable. Convention Hall was opened by Sousa in 1899; it was burned within a year, with a National Democratic Convention to be held there three months later; but, when the delegates arrived, the hall was again ready for them; and Kansas City had entered into its era of extraordinary vital energy.

Primarily, there, I was conscious of the multiplication of tracks; but hardly a day had gone before I became aware of another pervading interest: metaphorically and actually I was overtaken by the weight, the odor of oil. It was, principally, the oil of Oklahoma; and it was so insistent that it drew me south to Tulsa. That city, at first, I failed to understand—it seemed to me to have been smothered under the blanket of insuperable summers; there was an appearance of stagnation, except on the floor of the Tulsa Hotel; and that animation, at once intense and restrained, I was content to examine from the mezzanine balcony.

It was a movement, a stir of subdued or sharp voices, exclusively masculine, a special masculinity in, without exception, leather leggins and broad hats. Each man had plans, blue prints, specifications, either rolled or spread, on a knee or the arm of a chair, for absorbed and serious scrutiny. There were, I saw, two varieties: a half or more were lean, with tanned faces, steady mouths and a deep-set speculative, often visionary, gaze; but the remainder, bleached in offices, were furtive.

### Lo, the Rich Indian

They were, of course, selling oil leases, looking for capital or victims, for the chance, perhaps, to bore again, to sink a wildcat that would pour a limitless richness of black petroleum into the pockets of a wise investor. I saw among them an Indian; and I recalled the arrival of an Osage, from his Oklahoma nation, at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, with a ponderous limousine, bare feet and an elaborate brass spittoon. They were rich, the Osages; the year before, their income from the auction of their oil lands and participation in the subsequent oil had been ten thousand dollars for every member of the tribe. In many instances this had multiplied, and a squaw, a wrinkled old man or slender, copper-colored girl had had thousands of dollars to spend exactly as mood succeeded mood.

I sat beside such a girl in a moving-picture theater at Pawhuska, in the heart of the Osage Nation; the picture was brutally grotesque, an exhibition of incredible emptiness; and I wondered, as she watched the flickering white effigies in a pantomime of ignominious and cowardly blows, what her feelings were. None appeared on the handsome severity of her dark profile. She was wearing, over her lithe beauty of body, a rigid blue suit; there were long, white gloves gathered at her wrists, and a hard, black straw hat bore a wreath of yellow flowers. She was an heiress—an American boy with a soft, brown hat slanted over a weak mouth met her, as she left, by the door; and I hesitated, as well, about him. A great many shrewd youths, white in color, had made advantageous marriages in Pawhuska, bringing back to their haunts, to their cities like sinks, the money the Government had inadvertently directed away from its natural courses.

However, I had no special interest, no generosity of indignation, where the Osages were concerned; they, fatefully, belonged to the past; it was their misfortune to have survived the buffalo for a meaner and more trivial calamity. I wasn't absorbed by the Indians, but the oil that had been discovered on their lands was immeasurably engaging. The country over which I traveled, to a pool then coming in, was high and rolling and bare of trees; in the middle distance it was brown, diversified by grazing cattle, but farther away the hills were purple. The sky was overcast, and the

gray clouds intensified the drabness of color. It was all, near and far, softened, blurred, exactly as though it were drenched in a fine, ceaseless spray of oil.

The landscape went on and on without change, there were no buildings, nothing but perspectives of fencing and the steers with lowered heads; it was utterly brown, absolutely purple, and indeterminate. An oil rig lifted its blunted open structure against the monotony of cloud. It was working on the beam, the long heavy horizontal moving up and down with a pinned regularity on its Samson post. More scattered rigs appeared. Some of them were old—coffee and sugar wells—pumping, it might be, a score of barrels in twenty-four hours; dependable, faithful, untiring; and where these formed a small group there were no oscillating beams, but a general connection with a central power. The activity increased and a sense of excitement was communicated to me, a sudden realization of the richness of the earth. A drizzling rain fell, the hills, the undulating plain, swam together; and a small black car turned into the road ahead, with, lettered in white on a box bolted to the rear, the word "nitroglycerin" It was driven with a patent disregard for the inequalities of the way, and jolted, slipped over the mud, disconcertingly.

Dinner I had with the men enlarging a casing head plant for the making of gasoline; built arbitrarily, it seemed, in that high bare wild, the plant was the perfection of swept order. The towers of steel shavings through which the gas mounted, absorbed in a refined oil, the precipitating coils with their drip of cool water and slatted screens, were painted uniformly gray. The dining room was set with long tables and benches, the tables were laden with steaming and appetizing food, and the benches held their masculine rows shoulder to solid shoulder. The kitchen was beyond an open wall, a glitter of burnished nickel and copper in charge of deft women of no uncertain bearing, and as each man finished he delivered his cup, plate and glass at the opening.

The rain increased, the workers tramped away with coats flung over their heads through pools of liquid mud, and then the downpour slackened, turned into a fall like a suspended mist. In the immediate vicinity of the oil pool the informal roads were sloughs through which immense trucks ground and sucked their way with a crashing ring of their heavily loaded iron casings, the long flexible tubing. Here the rigs were close together, uniform, slipping down a hill, filling the hollow; and on the opposite slope lay the incidental houses. They were houses by necessity—tents of every description, the ubiquitous box cars, and, even, aged log cabins lingering from an earlier day of cotton picking. One of these held still its family of negroes, and they had an air of bewildered surprise, an anxious amazement at the sudden rush of life invading their isolated placidity.

### *The Pioneering Bride*

There were wash lines strung from tent poles with draggled bright bits of clothing, children naked in the mud, old men reflectively peering from shadows. At one spot there were a heap of belongings on the ground and a girl, young and personable and nicely dressed, cutting impotently at the soaked ground with a spade. She was, it was quite evident, newly married, her husband had gone momentarily for assistance or advice; and, with no knowledge of how to proceed, of what was necessary, indispensable, she was digging without result the pattern of some conception of a temporary home.

In a flash it came to me that here, in her, I saw what I had lamented as gone; this was again the frontier, the America, the conditions, that welded admirable men and women. Probably, wet and cold and helpless, the girl I passed was inexpressibly despondent, perhaps filled with an angry resentment; and yet, for all that, how fortunate she was—to be young and in a new land, faced with the simple actualities of life. She had come, in the language of all her familiar associations, to the end of nowhere, to incredible, improper hardships; she had left everything that made life possible—the sirupy drug stores and envious mimicry of a town or neighborhood, the thick, black pits of moving-picture houses, hours, days, years, of an emptiness rattling with pieces of colored glass and brittle lying phrases—she had been dragged from whatever made living endurable and condemned to build out of her ingenuity and patience and passion her ample part of a habitation and an adventure.

The larger town that had sprung up a mile away, was, in its obvious features, the absolute past; and its atmosphere was exactly described by the name Whizzbang. The derricks near were boarded in, to keep the oil from flooding the roofs, but that had the appearance of an unnecessary caution—the gutters flowed in black, sluggish streams of petroleum, the oil collected in depressions with a green shimmer against the rain. A single broad street was cut into fluid ruts, the new boards of the hotel porch ran with mud; the porch was wood, but the partitions of the hotel were no more than paper, the rooms on the second floor narrow cells. Below there were a game of pitch, and restless thronging men, a throng of tanned young men in boots and a girl tremendous in limb, with untidy red hair and eyes like the shifting glitter on oil.

Everywhere flambeaux of gas, standing iron tubes, streamed with unchecked flame, the houses were small, unpainted, mostly for the sale of chilies, there was a barber shop of canvas with a shed front, and I heard of a bank that was a screw door safe on a wagon under a tent fly. Different casing crews were advertised by their fanciful or poetic names, the Rosebud Crew and the Jackrabbits. The casing crews, of five men, contracted work independently; they put down the iron casings of the wells, first the eight inch and then the six and five-eighths; after that the two-inch tubing and rod of the barrel pump were lowered. They were independent, but the drillers, each with a helper, worked for the companies that leased the drilling tools.

### *The Jargon of Oil*

I left the town, the club that had taken the place of saloons, selling—at least publicly—drinks violent in color if nothing else, marked by the small click of pool balls, and returned to the wells. I lingered where one, with a length of old cable, was being spudded in; the timbers of its rig were fresh, but the derricks that had been shot were black with oil. At another the tools had been removed for the long tin bailer, and the sand reel on which its rope turned was spinning. Terms and objects were impressed upon me: the string of tools—rope socket, jars, stem and bit—was sixty-five feet long and weighed, at the beginning, three thousand and five hundred pounds; the bailer was emptying drillings through a hole in the derrick floor; the men there were on tour; the bull wheel was the bull wheel except on the left, where it became a tug wheel. A bit was being heated in the forge and there were others in the slack tub for tempering

Through an hour of the subdued afternoon I waited for the shooting of a well, the nitroglycerin car was near, and a group of men in yellow oilskins, dominated by the shooter, was busy under the rig. The sad minutes dragged interminably in a suspension which, it was always possible, might be shattered by a conclusive and unpredictable fatality. They happened like that, leaving a chasm in the earth and not a shred, a fleck of anything else. The ribbed cans of high explosives were removed from their box. I didn't, as it happened, see more; for the day was ending and I was forced to go back to Pawhuska; and all the way I caught vaguely the intent of a technical jargon—there was a fishing job for a string of tools at nineteen hundred feet, and the offset well of the opposite quarter section might be brought in tomorrow. This threatened to be calamitous, but a company that had inaugurated an era of five-spotting was criminal.

At Pawhuska I watched the Indians—the Osages from the wide hunting plains of the Missouri—in the pool rooms; they were at once lazy, avaricious and skillful; with a dulled and infinitesimal part of a lost miraculous vision they dropped the balls of imitation ivory into the netted green pockets of the tables. This they accomplished with utter satisfaction and comments faithfully patterned on the vocabulary of their racial superiors. They were imitating, with an infallible instinct, whatever was destructive about them. Very early, in the dark of the morning, I had breakfast at a station with the crew of the deliberate train that took me back to Tulsa and the hotel whose staircase the colored bellboys descended with a syncopated rhythm of foot beats.

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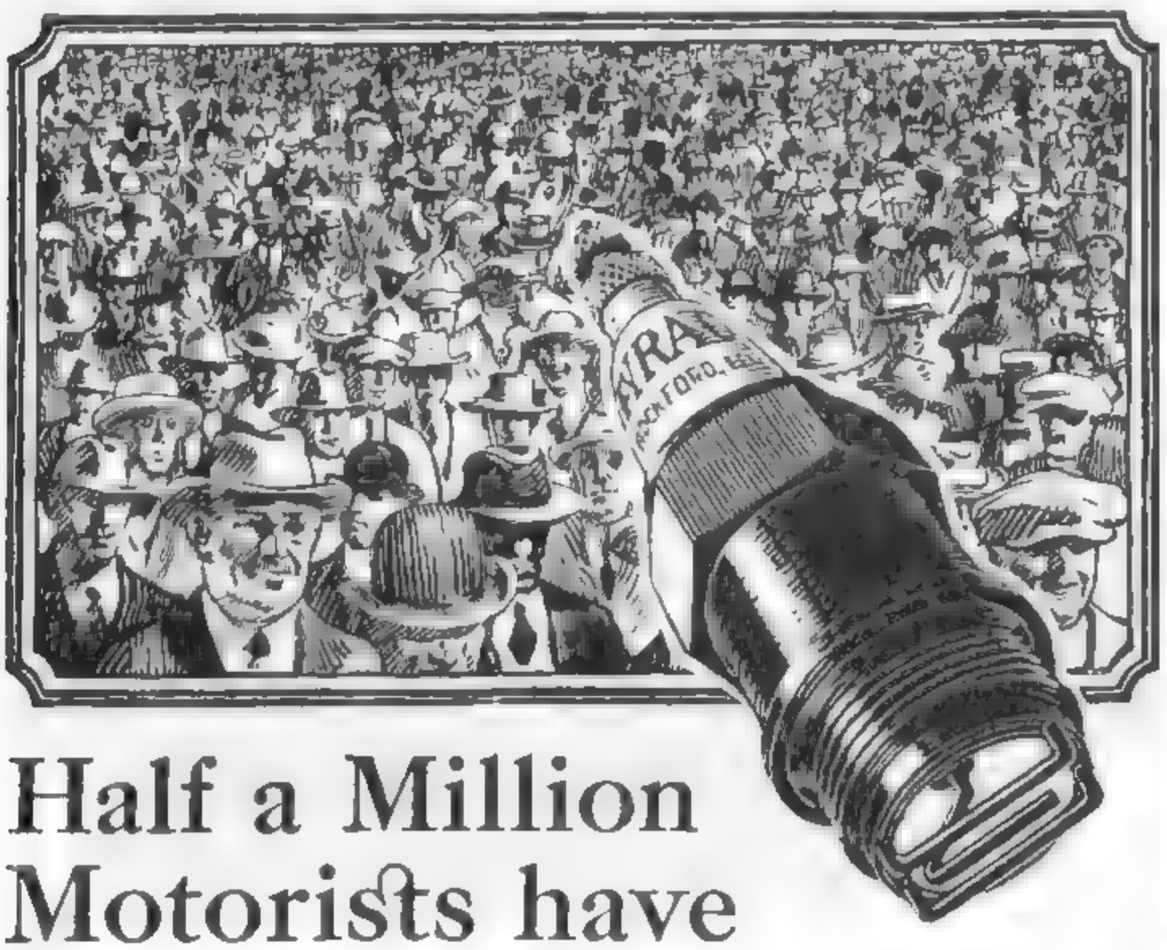

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Again in Kansas City, its steep stoned streets and cuts of raw earth were familiar to me; and, searching for what might be characteristic of it and the Middle West, I came on a college of stark simplicity. It, appropriately, was evangelical; its boys and girls gathered from farms and villages, from the missionary posts of tropical interiors, pursued learning in an atmosphere of prayers and frugality. They worked for the college itself; the girls rose by four o'clock and cooked, the boys performed all necessary manual labor, and, together with this, they studied and recited.

No sports were organized, there was small time for sport, but there were a number of literary societies; and, at the end of a general assemblage, these societies gathered each in a group and sounded, with astonishing volume, their several cries. They were vigorous, except for the girls, who bore the pallor of Korea or South Africa, and they were very earnest, which, in the young, disturbed me; and yet they possessed a native gayety of youth. They were not, in a delimiting poverty or singleness of dogmatic belief, to be pitied. The fact that they had a belief at all was, today, surprising, enviable.

In the ceaseless questioning that had invaded my mind I wondered which was the more fortunate—the unsettled luxurious youth of Eastern universities in their discreet clubs of the intellectual and social elect, bred in the purple of sport, where any conviction had grown so exceptional; or this spareness and doctrinal labor. Somewhere between them lay the happy mean; somewhere, but not, it seemed, in the United States. That was the unhappy fault of a national aptitude for appearance rather than substance: there had never been a country in the history of civilization so easily put off, satisfied, with the spurious; there had never been a people so determined to be clad, as it were, in a seal skin that was no more than the dyed hides of muskrats.

To a perilous extent America, like the Osage Indians, was neglecting to copy the right things—it had dispensed with an aristocracy but cherished a regard for its destructive privileges; it had cast away the standards of material prudence, so that it was humorous to be even commonly careful in the face of universal show; it had banished as rural—giving the term itself a shading of contempt—any attachment to soil, the passionate adherence to a particular plot of land; the sectionalism that survived was no more than a struggle between climates, resources, seen as industries.

These virtues, certainly, remained in scattered and unexpected places; but they were not notably increasing, and they did not represent the tone of the country. No, there was no just mean; only a few years, a decade or so, separated the toil of the college outside Kansas City from a sophistication of money without the intelligence, the saving force, of any responsible commitment. This, too, was the result of the massing in combs of characterless cities, of living forever transients in cages of steel and tiles, of never setting a foot on a square of owned sod. No man, except perhaps a member of a chamber of commerce, would die for a conglomeration of strange traps and dark alleys; they weren't a country, a tradition, a necessity in the blood.

In the swift passage of a motor I left one world for the other; I drove through the activity, the creative rudeness of Kansas City into a region of curving boulevards, parks and formal water. The dwellings, impressive on a bareness of lawns with fences but, practically, no trees, were the stone piles of the East—the Italian façades, English terraces and leaded turrets of France. They were faithful replicas, at least in manner, of the houses, times now gone even from Europe—the great houses designed for the concentrated scores of intermarriage, mobs of powdered servants, anterooms of hangers-on, hordes of political dependents; for feudal dinners and court balls, where the dances wove wide patterns in gold tissue to the courteous music of Mozart. Yet, that glorified suburb was significant of the city, of the Middle West—the indication of what, when it became prosperous, the Middle West, America, would be.

Every energy and great sums of money had been devoted to an escape from the ugliness of American life, from the materialism of its commerce. There was a full recognition of that ugliness; but, rather than conquer it and weave finely the whole texture of the United States into a shining cloth, all those with opportunity turned their backs, hurried away, went the easy road to Europe. They brought the mellow peace of the Loire, the manor houses of Devon, to select and expensive parts of Missouri, of the entire land; and in that borrowed and fictitious peace, ignored any engagement to their inheritance; refreshed by the streams from deep national springs, they neglected, forgot, the springs themselves; and they, the sources of life in what disturbingly promised to become a desert of nations, were being filled with evil sediments, contaminating fevers.

The dinners repeated the delicate courses, the fragile candles, the elaborate dresses, the pearls and jeweled bracelets of Chicago; the conversation, urban and informed, was the same. The masculine generation, responsible for the parties, the houses, gave me the impression of having thrown them off as by-products of their differently generated energy. Those men, where they were responsible for anything, were privately faced in other directions—toward the oil field in the Osage Nation, terminal wheat elevators, or the freight rates for the carriage of fresh beef. Indeed they seemed to regard all the rest, their daughters and automobiles and enameled wives and polite sons-in-law, as by-products of electrified plants and packing houses. None, yet, knew where their sons, their daughters faced; the present was a confusion, a loud and blundering fair, from which almost anything might emerge. And I recalled the girl in Oklahoma cutting impotently with a spade at the ground. If they were successful, that pair of which she was the sign, it was conceivable that, after a little, they would come to Kansas City; eventually they would move out by one of the country clubs and build a commanding house. They had known reality when they were young, their memories were a security and a stay, but into what soil would their children dig?

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

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*See that you see*

# METRO PICTURES

*They Entertain*

# THE AX

(Continued from Page 9

Bert cried. Jim made no sign. "Where's the ax gone?" Bert demanded.

Jim rose to his feet.

"I guess you better go telephone, Bert," he suggested steadily. "Get Doctor Crapo and have Will Bissell come up. The telephone's in the kitchen."

"Jodie Marshman!" Bert exclaimed.

"Go on and telephone, Bert," his brother urged.

Will Belter, a man who loved to bear tales, came up the hill with the storekeeper. Doctor Crapo followed a little after. Chet McAusland had seen them pass his farm in haste, and presently he, too, appeared. They found Jim Saladine whittling plug for his pipe, sitting on a chunk of wood at one side of the open end of the shed and looking mildly around. Bert stood at the other side of the shed, leaning his shoulder against the boarding, watching his brother.

Save only Will Belter, none of these men was quick at words; they spoke slowly, weighing each sentence before uttering it. Yet their thoughts ran in similar channels, so that what Will said, each was thinking.

"Hit him with an ax!" Will ejaculated. Jim Saladine nodded. Belter looked from one to another. "Where's Jodie at?" he whispered, and each waited for his neighbor's answer. Jim took his pipe from his mouth.

"He's over home," he replied. "We met Annie going to him. I guess he's trying to quiet her down, maybe."

"I'll go get him," Belter cried. "I'll fetch him over here. I'll bring him right over." He started, then hesitated and came back and caught Bert Saladine's elbow. "You come with me, Bert," he urged. "There'd better two of us go. He might get ugly."

Bert waited for his brother to speak. Jim Saladine was one of those men to whom others instinctively turn in time of stress; he was known to have a vast fund of common sense; he thought straight; he never became excited.

"I reckon Jodie'll want to come right over," he agreed now. So Bert and Will Belter departed together.

Doctor Crapo had been kneeling by the body; he got slowly to his feet.

"Wasn't hit very hard," he said. "Just about hard enough to slice through the bone. Oh, dead instantly, of course! But not a hard blow."

Saladine nodded. Chet McAusland said, "There'd ought to be tracks around, where whoever it was come along."

Doctor Crapo looked about.

"I don't see the ax," he suggested.

Jim jerked his thumb toward the gully below them.

"It's down there," he said quietly. "See it, under them dead briers?" Chet started toward it, and Jim rose. "We better go careful—look for signs down there," he suggested.

But it was apparent at a glance that there were no footprints near where the weapon lay. Jim, crouching above it and before touching it, pointed to a gouge in the soft earth.

"See?" he said. "It was throwed. Hit on the end of the handle there and went end over end and slapped down here, flat on its side."

McAusland, who had also some skill in reading signs, nodded. Jim picked up the ax, and on the under side showed a little smear of blood and hair.

"Whoever it was just throwed it down here and run," Chet agreed. He climbed back toward the shed. "Must have come and gone along the grass there," he suggested. "There's no tracks around."

Doctor Crapo, peering about, made a suggestion.

"Lute had just balanced that chunk on the block," he argued. "Probably he'd laid the ax down; maybe it was leaning against the side of the shed, right by him, or against his leg."

The men eyed each other, and each knew the other was thinking of Jodie Marshman. But no one spoke that which was in his mind. Jim sat down again. Doctor Crapo suggested that they move the body into the house. Saladine shook his head.

"Wait a spell," he urged. "Le's study this a little while."

Bert Saladine and Will Belter came back with Jodie between them. The little man looked more futile than ever; it was difficult to see in him a murderer. He met their eyes, and said, as though defensively, "I was coming right over. I was trying to quiet Annie down. It's upset her."

There was no man among them who represented the law; but Doctor Crapo came nearer this capacity than any of the others.

"We figure someone sneaked up behind him and grabbed his own ax and hit him," he said judicially. "Then threw the ax down in the gully yonder." He hesitated. "Don't know who it could have been, do you?"

Jodie looked from him to Chet McAusland, and from Chet to Will Bissell, and from the storekeeper to Jim Saladine. There was something hunted in the aspect of the futile little man. His mouth opened, but he did not speak. Jim Saladine spoke.

"They've all been thinking you did it, Jodie," he said in a gentle tone. "But I've been studying things some. You never killed Lute, Jodie."

Jodie shook his head uncertainly. The others watched Jim, who whittled a fresh fill for his pipe and lighted it without a word. They knew he never spoke lightly, and at length his brother asked, "Who did do it, then, Jim?"

Jim swung around on the chunk of wood he had chosen for a seat. Outside the open end of the shed the rain still slithered down. He eyed them mildly; there was a faint smile upon his lips.

"It's a right funny thing," he declared.

He had all their attention by this time. They were still where they stood, and Will Belter licked his lips nervously. Jodie watched Jim; watched the still thing on the ground beside the chopping block. He was pale.

"There's three or four things I noticed," said Jim mildly. "First was that hole in Lute's head. It's pretty near on top, on the right side; and it's level. Whoever hit him was as tall as he was—or maybe taller. Maybe they stood on something and hit down at him. But there's nothing to stand on. We know where he was; you can see his feet marks in the ground. There's nothing behind him but open air."

He pointed with his pipe toward the body on the ground; and they all looked that way, and Doctor Crapo said thoughtfully, "That's so."

"And he weren't hit very hard," Jim pointed out. "You'd think anyone that was going to hit him would have hit him harder, now wouldn't you? Just the weight of the ax would have done about as much as was done."

"He might have throwed up his arm," Bert suggested.

Jim shook his head.

"He never moved to turn," he said. "You can see his tracks. He never moved." He crossed his knees and continued argumentatively: "We've been figuring that he was straightening that chunk on the block when someone grabbed up the ax and hit him. But if he was straightening the chunk he'd have been leaning forward and the cut would be in the back of his head. No, he was standing up straight when he was hit."

He waited for them to confirm his suggestion by a fresh study of the body and of the tracks on the floor. Jodie paid no attention to what they did; he was watching Jim Saladine.

"It does look like it was that way," Chet McAusland agreed.

Jim nodded pleasantly.

"That was the first thing I noticed," he said. "And then I tried to figure how anybody could have hit him right on top of the head when he was standing up straight. Lute was a big man. I don't know anybody around here could have done it. Their hands on the ax would have had to be as high as his head was—and he wasn't hit hard, either."

Will Belter protested, "But somebody did hit him, Jim! Lute's dead, there. Somebody did hit him!"

Jim eyed Will with a certain solemnity.

"Aye, Will," he agreed slowly. "Somebody did hit him."

Chet McAusland was listening intently.

"Who was it, then?"

Jim put him off with a movement of the hand.

"There was another thing I noticed, Chet," he said. "About that ax down there. You saw the way it hit. It hit on the end of the handle and went right on over and hit

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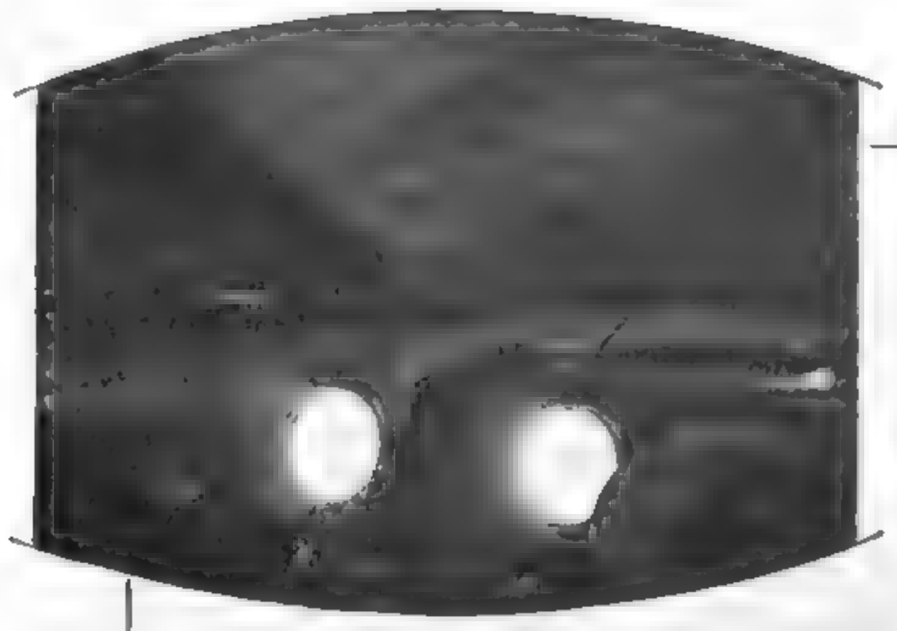

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on its side. It was flying end over end Did you ever throw an ax away? Well, you never threw it end over end; you threw it sidewise, swinging it. But this here ax was going end over end. It was that that really told me what to look for. D'you see?"

Chet shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't see what you're aiming at."

"Why," Jim replied, "I wondered if a man could stand in the opening of the shed here and swing an ax over his head and throw it that way, end over end. So I looked up to see if he'd have room, and I saw that rope up there."

He pointed, and they all looked up and discovered Annie Jeffers' clothesline stretched across the end of the shed, not much higher than a man's head from the ground.

"He couldn't have throwed that ax," said Jim. "The rope would have been in his way."

They were by this time bewildered and uncertain.

Will Belter protested again, "But someone did throw it, Jim!"

"I was noticing a lot of things by this time," said Jim mildly. "I noticed Lute had moved his chopping block from in the other end of the shed. See where he dragged it across the floor. He prob'bly did it when it got so dark when it come on to rain. You remember how dark it got. It's clearing now." He cast an eye toward the weather.

"Aye," Chet McAusland agreed. "I guess it'll blow off cold."

"He hadn't been chopping here right along," Jim went on. "You see, them's the first tracks he made—the ones he was standing in." He got up and took the ax and handed it to his brother. "Bert," he suggested, "you stand right in them tracks of his and take this ax and make like you was going to split that chunk. But don't you split it, Bert. Just move the ax slow; the way you'd naturally swing it, only slow."

Bert took the ax, faintly bewildered; he set his feet in Lute's very tracks. He swung the ax back sidewise and began to lift it over his head. At a certain moment of the slow swing, Jim Saladine said quietly, "There's what hit Lute. There's what killed the man."

The handle of the ax, just below the head, had struck the rope upon which Annie Jeffers sometimes hung her clothes to dry. When he felt the contact Bert looked up and saw the sharp blade just above his head, suspended on the rope.

"That caught it," Jim told them steadily. "His own swing did the rest. Drove it down so it just clipped through the bone, and then the rope sprung back and throwed the ax a-whirling down the hill there. That's the way it happened, sure."

There was a long silence while conviction grew upon them. Will Belter whispered "Say!" The others were still. Men are ever ready to accept and credit the mysterious workings of an unseen God, and Jim clinched their belief by putting the thought into words.

"Lute wasn't much," he said gently. "But he hurt a lot of folks. I guess God thought it was time to get rid of him."

After a thoughtful interval, "I've heard of such a thing," Chet McAusland declared. "Only the ax hit the branch of a tree."

There was nothing incredible in the matter to any of them; they were ax men; they knew to what vagaries the tool might lend itself if conditions were favorable.

Doctor Crapo nodded and suggested, "That's why he was hit so lightly!"

"Aye," said Jim. "But hard enough. Just hard enough to do."

Eventually they moved the body into the house, and one by one all the men departed save Jim Saladine. He stayed to help Jodie with what had to be done and to await the coming of Isaac Gorfinkle, whose profession it was to care for poor clay when it was become clay and nothing more.

Jodie had been silent, scarce speaking; Jim, having convinced the others, said little more. But when the two were alone together, and Jim saw that Jodie would not meet his eye, he laid his hand on the little man's shoulder. Jodie looked up at him.

"It's all right, Jodie," the older man said in a reassuring tone. "However it happened, one way or another, I reckon it was time for it to happen, anyway. I wouldn't let it bother me if I was you."

Jodie's mouth opened slowly, shut, opened again. He shook his head.

"I told him," he said monotonously. "I told him not to sell them hens."

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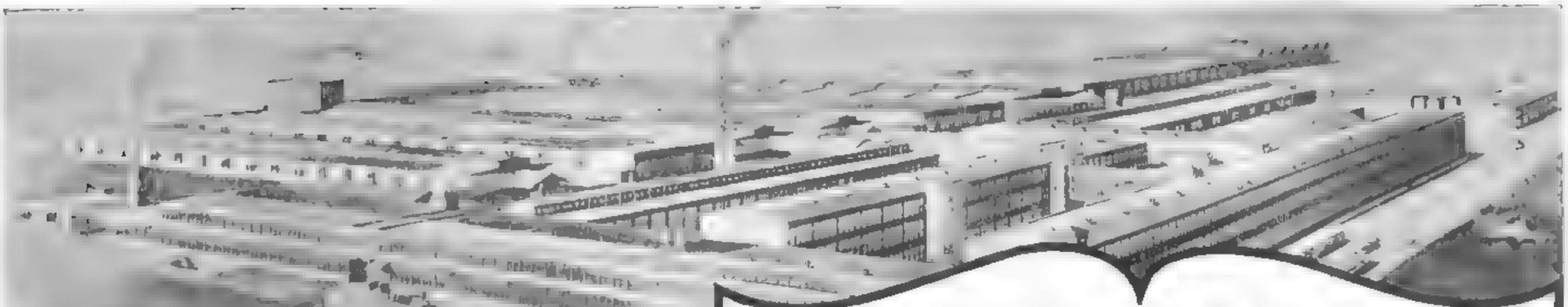

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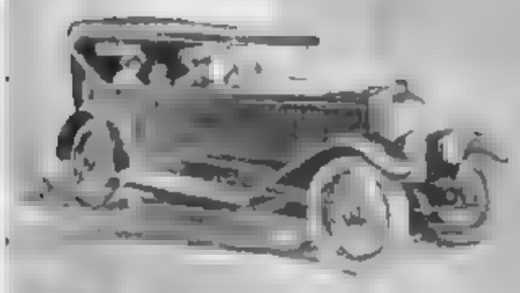

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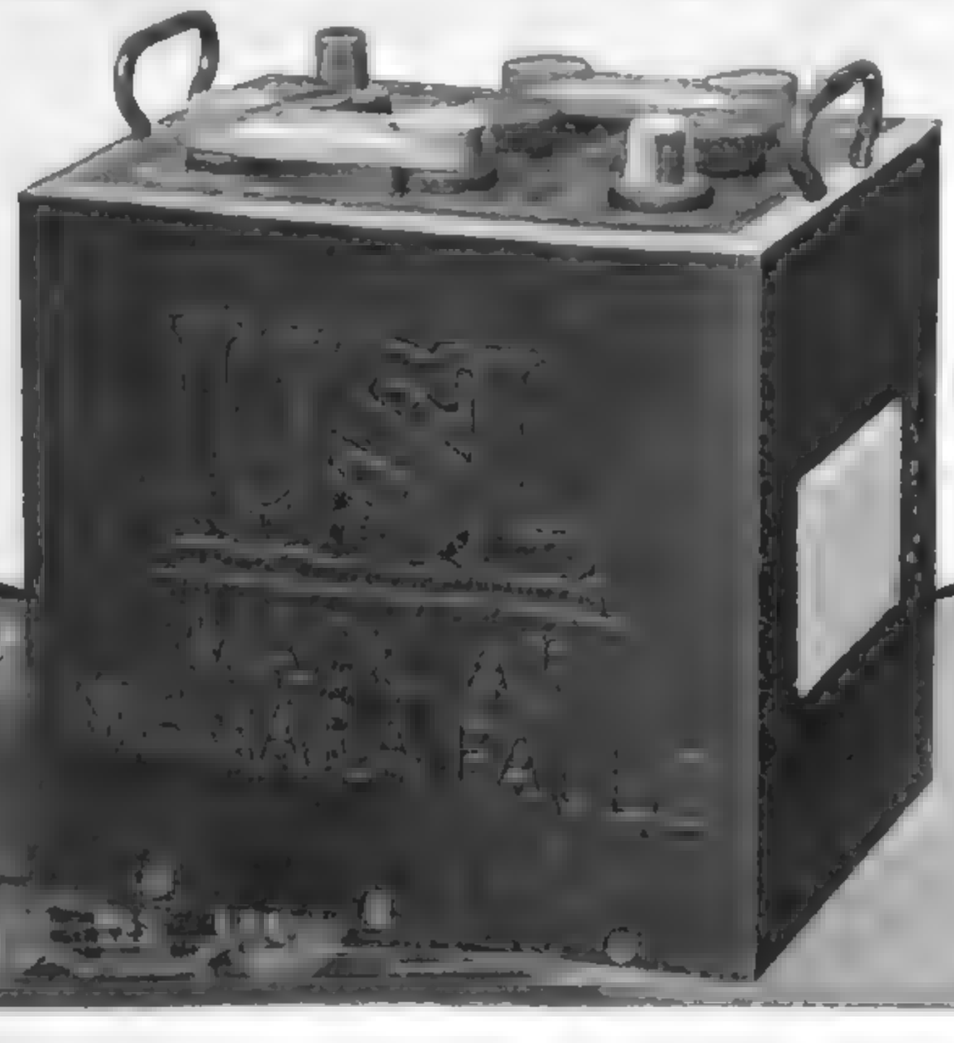

# MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR JUNIOR

(Continued from Page 14

door, I thought it would be one lady, but no, it was a flock, and a mixed one at that.

When I made my entrance onto our French drawing-room set, it looked like the village was all there waiting. Actually there was seven of them, including one gentleman who come forward with a manner like his collar buttoned behind.

"Mrs. Smith?" says he in a voice which give my name a sort of religious sound. I admitted it, wondering, and he put me out of my misery with great promptness.

"Mrs. Smith, I am Doctor Winiger, chairman of the local board of motion-picture censors," says he. "And this," with a wave of his strong right palm, "is my board! Allow me to introduce my wife, Mrs. Anne Winiger, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, your namesakes, Mrs. Peter Pollion, Miss Gush, our Nature teacher at our high school, and Mrs. Whosis."

Whatter you know about that! I was knocked so cuckoo I was hardly able to shake hands all around and say pleased to meetcher in the conventional way. The censors! What did they want with me? My mind flew instinctively to all the fillums I had made, although I have never made that kind, and if I have sinned in any superproduction, why it hasn't amounted to any great footage, and I have always repented in the last fade-out. But you can imagine that in the actual face of the board my mind sprung a doubt, because when it comes to censors, why it is impossible to tell, as Al Goldringer has often remarked.

So all I could say was please be seated, and they did, even Mrs. Whosis, and that wasn't her name but she was one of the kind that Whosis is all the name you can ever think of for them. Well, we sat, I feeling shy as a young girl while her lover looks at the restaurant check, and Doctor Winiger cleared his throat and he had ought to of had a vacuum cleaner to do it with, judging from the sound, and then he preached—I should say, spoke, the rest of the gang nodding every time he hit a homer.

"My dear—ah—lady!" says he impressively. "We have come to you on a serious errand. In brief we have come to enlist your aid. It is our—ah—belief that the appeal for clean pictures should be made directly to the actors themselves. For if those who participate in the—ah—performance itself were to refuse to make improper pictures, it would manifestly be impossible for the—ah—producers to make such pictures!"

"I get you!" says I, greatly relieved. "But my own pictures have always been clean. Why pick on me?"

"Indeed we approve of you most sincerely, Mrs. Smith," says the old boy earnestly. "And we know that your influence in the motion-picture industry must be enormous. What we want is your direct coöperation in securing finer, better pictures, especially for the sake of the dear children. I may say that we are, with the exception of Miss Gush, all parents, and so I understand are you. You will as a—ah—mother realize how important it is that such things as murders, gun play, card play, thieving or gambling be not shown to our dear ones. You do?"

"Well!" says I, drawing a long breath and a blank. "Yes, I get it, of course. But just exactly what would you suggest me doing about it?"

Well, they at once all suggested something, the way people do. For it's the truth every living person has got an idea for a scenario and will tell it if given the slightest opening, and believe me the censors was no exception to this great common human weakness. But none of their ideas was any good and realizing this in advance I did not even listen. While they was merely talking I was thinking, and gradually a big publicity scheme come into my head. I would make a picture starring Junior and use my magnificent new country estate as the location. As soon as I got a chance I told them yes, I will make a special production with all that in mind.

"And when this picture is finished," I says, "I will invite you all to a private view where we can discuss whether it is not the most uplifting picture going, and entirely suitable to you as parents."

Well, bumblebee, our old family butler, who is old in the sense he is the kind who was never young, well, he ushered them out, and hardly had he got through ushering than I was on the wire arranging with the studio to send a crew out to make this feature. Jim was away on a location and the time was ideal for putting Junior out in a piece that was thoroughly according to my own ideas.

Well, for the next ten days we worked like a dog, and at the end of that time the picture was ready for the cutter, and still a secret from Jim. I called it Happy Days, and it was mostly Nature stuff. It showed Junior taking a coupla eggs out of a nest in a white suit with ruffles on the waist of it, and chasing a butterfly with a net and success, in velvet pants and a windsor tie. It showed him holding up a white rabbit by the ears, and feeding the solid gold fish in the sunken pool in our sunken garden, and a lot more things on the same idea. I didn't have no other people in the picture because as I was featuring Junior why I thought I might as well do it thoroughly and for once give a member of our family the whole camera.

Well, anyways, this picture was at least 100 per cent pure, and Junior looked like a regular little angel in it. I was thoroughly satisfied when I turned it over to the studio to be titled and cut, which I could not do personally myself, because I was by now very busy with other reforms.

Mrs. Noyse, the senator's wife, found a lot of use for my car, and we got real chummy, often being away together for several days at a time. Mrs. Noyse had to speak, see, before every woman's club in her husband's territory, to make sure the lady voters knew how he was taking personal care of their particular reform in Washington, D. C. And believe me, he must of been a terrible busy man to have his whole heart in all them various good works! Why, it hardly seemed like he would get any time for his regular government work and ect. I realized that he must be a wonderful scout, and it was a big disappointment that I didn't get to see very much of him, he being home so seldom.

Seldom home was by now beginning to be also true of me, as Jim remarked more than once during the next few weeks, and we even had a fight over it, because he commenced taking Junior to the studio every day to keep the child from being lonesome, which was all nonsense.

"I am helping clean up the world," says I with dignity. "You don't get the idea, I guess, Jim. But somebody has got to put a stop to things or there is no limit to how bad they will get. And these big social questions must come ahead of mere personal interests."

That last line was one of Mrs. Noyse's pets, but it left Jim quiet for a while and he didn't say anything, and beat it off to work. And I beat it off to Mrs. Noyse because we was due at a meeting up in Albany that night, and my car was already late.

We was to be gone three days this trip, and as soon as she and I was settled comfortably for the long ride she sprung the big news about this Englishwoman, Mrs. Pugh.

"She is coming to Rosemere!" says Mrs. Noyse, real excited. "Of course she will stay with us, and equally of course she will speak in my drawing-room. I have already had the printed matter attended to and she will be greeted on her arrival by seeing the paper all over town. Such a remarkable woman! And to think we are actually to have her with us!"

Well, of course I managed to get a big kick out of the idea too. It seems she was to come the next Monday. This was Friday and we would be back in time to meet her. Things certainly looked bright to me, but of just how bright they was actually going to turn out I hadn't even a glimmer!

Well, we made this trip I am telling you about, and Mrs. Noyse made her speech to a cheering mob of ladies, and we come back as per schedule, and I left her at her house and went home. Half an hour later she had me on the phone, her voice all filled up with anxiety.

"My dear!" she says. "Something terrible has happened! My little girl is sick with scarlet fever, and the senator and Mrs. Pugh are already on the train! We are quarantined of course, and you will simply


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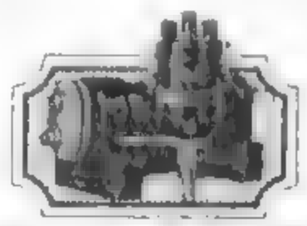

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have to meet them and put them up! I'll have the lecture switched to your house too. It will be a week from today. Oh my dear, isn't it too, too dreadful!"

Well, of course I says yes and I certainly will, and so forth, but when she hung up I sat there for a moment kind of dazed, wondering just what she meant was so dreadful. For the first time a yellow little doubt about Mrs. Noyse come into my mind. Which worried her the most—that her kid was sick or that Mrs. Pugh would be upset? And besides, kids do not come down with scarlet fever out of a perfectly clear sky, and I remembered now that Mrs. Noyse had said something about her little girl didn't feel so good Friday morning when I called for her, but she guessed it was a mere nothing. Well, that give me another thought, too, and I dashed out to find Junior and feel his head and look at his tongue, but both was fortunately O. K. and the only thing ailed him was the leg of the table in his playroom. He was in the act of practicing on this leg with the little saw out of his tool box, and it was a wonder what strength the child had! So I just says why pick on good new furniture, dear, when there is a lot of old worthless things? Which is the modern way, see? Suggest something else instead of hitting them a crack. And then I went off to order things got ready for my guests.

Well, it seems the cook had decided to leave at once on the ridiculous grounds I was never home and she would not take any more orders from ma. So first of all I had to beg her to stay as long as the company did, and she finally compromised on a new hunk of money and my guarantee ma would not again come in the kitchen. And no sooner was that settled than the butler give notice, but when I explained to him that one of his native English was expected that night, why he changed his mind. So then all I had left to do was have a brisk talk with the two upstairs girls and tell them to stick around upstairs a little more on account the rooms didn't look like they had been dusted the whole time I had been away. After which I had just time to dash to the train to meet these two wonderful people and also Jim who was on it too.

Well, Jim was the first to land, and when he had give me a kiss and said, well this is a big honor you meeting me like this, why he goes on to tell about a coupla nuts sat across from him in the Pullman.

"The most awful brace of gab slingers I ever listened to, and they are intimate with all European royalty," says he. "They kept trying to catch each other out on Lord Helpus or Baron Pasture or somebody. But if the one asked didn't know him, why they would come right back with the King of Spades as a substitute."

Well, while Jim was saying all this at the top of his voice, who would come right up behind him but the senator, and with him was this Englishwoman I am telling you about. I knew at once it could be no other, and when I seen her, believe me it was some shock, because she was a old bird which looked as if she was smelling something bad. Well, I thought, maybe she smells the other politicians on the senator, he has been mixing with them a lot and probably it rubs off. But out loud I went right up to her and explained the dope about how they was to come home with me and why.

"Ah, so?" says she, putting on a 110-proof English accent. "How quaint! I shall simply adore stopping with cinema actors! You are in the cinema, I believe? I've never met any cinema actors before, although when I was in Denver, I think it was, the president of the tramway system promised to have me to dine with Charlie Chaplin!"

With which few remarks, made in a voice which had all the sweetness of a poisoned pup, the deah old thing pulled out her lorgnette and made sure I was really there. Well, as I was only the hostess I merely said pleased to meetcher, and then told the senator how sorry I felt about his kid and how glad I was to entertain him in my home and ect. For a moment a troubled look came over his senatorial expression, and then he nobly controlled his face, registering fortitude. Tossing back his bobbed and permanently waved, or so I suspected, hair, he give off a noble sentiment.

"Ah, the home!" said he. "What should we do without the home, Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, it's sure nice to think of how it is always open," I says. "And now if you and her ladyship are ready, I would like to make you acquainted with Jim, my husband. Shake hands with Mrs. Pugh and Senator Noyse, Jim. Meet Mr. Smith!"

Well, if Wellton, our new director, could of seen Jim's face during the sequence just recorded, he would of made a full close-up at the very least and run fifty feet of it. It was a world's record in registering electrifiedness. But he soon cast himself for the perfect host, and in another minute we was on our way, Mrs. Pugh pointing her hard-boiled lenses at the scenery as we went through it, remarking something about how amusing it was to see the way the American landscape was trying to copy England. And at the same time the senator also kept up a solid stream of words about what he had told the President about the soldiers' bill. I don't know exactly how much the bill was, or which soldier had run it up, but maybe Mister President understood it more clear than I did. Anyways, my head was pretty well confused by the time I got these upset guests into my upset household.

Well, while I was getting dressed for my uncertain dinner, a doubt which wouldn't take no denial kept springing up in what had been in my mind, concerning Mrs. Pugh. There is some people who seem born with nothing else to give, so they give offense, and she certainly appeared to be one of these. Of course I knew that her book was the most wildly read of any in years, but I had not read the piece myself, on account scenarios take all my reading time. But the bookstore which furnished my imposing library in this magnificent new residence had slipped in the book, and so I sent Musette, my personal maid, to retrieve it, so's I could give it the hasty double O while my hair was being dressed.

Well, of course I didn't get time to do full justice to it on account I had only twenty minutes. However, I skimmed the thin ice enough to get the general idea, finding no reforms recorded, but only a lot of stills of the King of England, and Lord Hoosis, and the Prince with "Walesy" in brackets underneath, indicating that those was the terms she and he was on. Also, the reading part seemed to be mostly about how the Earl of Goofnah sent her three hundred roses because she had slapped his face, or about the time she stepped on the Vicecount de Bluff's pet bunion and all the court laughed at her exquisite humor. Honest to Gawd a motion-picture actress would blush admitting to the trembling interviewer that she had got away with stuff like that, or about how she had said to Lord Moe Goldhimer, the Earl of Hollywood, that he was a lobster or something. But with this Englishwoman I am telling you about, why insulting gentlefolks was her meat. And perhaps that is why the Intelligentzia of this country had taken her up so strong, because they was no longer on speaking terms with any nice people either.

Well, it is a terrible thing to have a friend staying in your house and not like their speed. And so to take the taste out of my mouth I went in to kiss Junior good night before going downstairs, and what if the nurse didn't hold me up!

"Miss La Tour!" she says. "Unless you will be around home more, I am getting through. Junior is so wild I can't handle him alone!"

And then Junior set up a howl and threw his arms around my neck and brushed all the powder off and ruined my hair and make-up, like they do, and a person is all tore between pleasure and rage at them.

"I didn't saw up no more good furniture, marmie!" he howled. "Only old stuff, like you told me!"

"There!" says I to the nurse. "See, he's gonner be good. So for heaven's sake, you stick around!"

And then I rushed off downstairs to find ma sitting glaring at Mrs. Pugh with her eyes fairly popping out of her head, and Mrs. Pugh chasing a cigarette at the other end of a quarter of mile of amber holder.

She paused under the gilded trapeze bar that was pop's memory token in our house, and which ma had insisted on hanging up in the parlor. The sight kinda fascinated Mrs. Pugh and she pointed at it with a laugh.

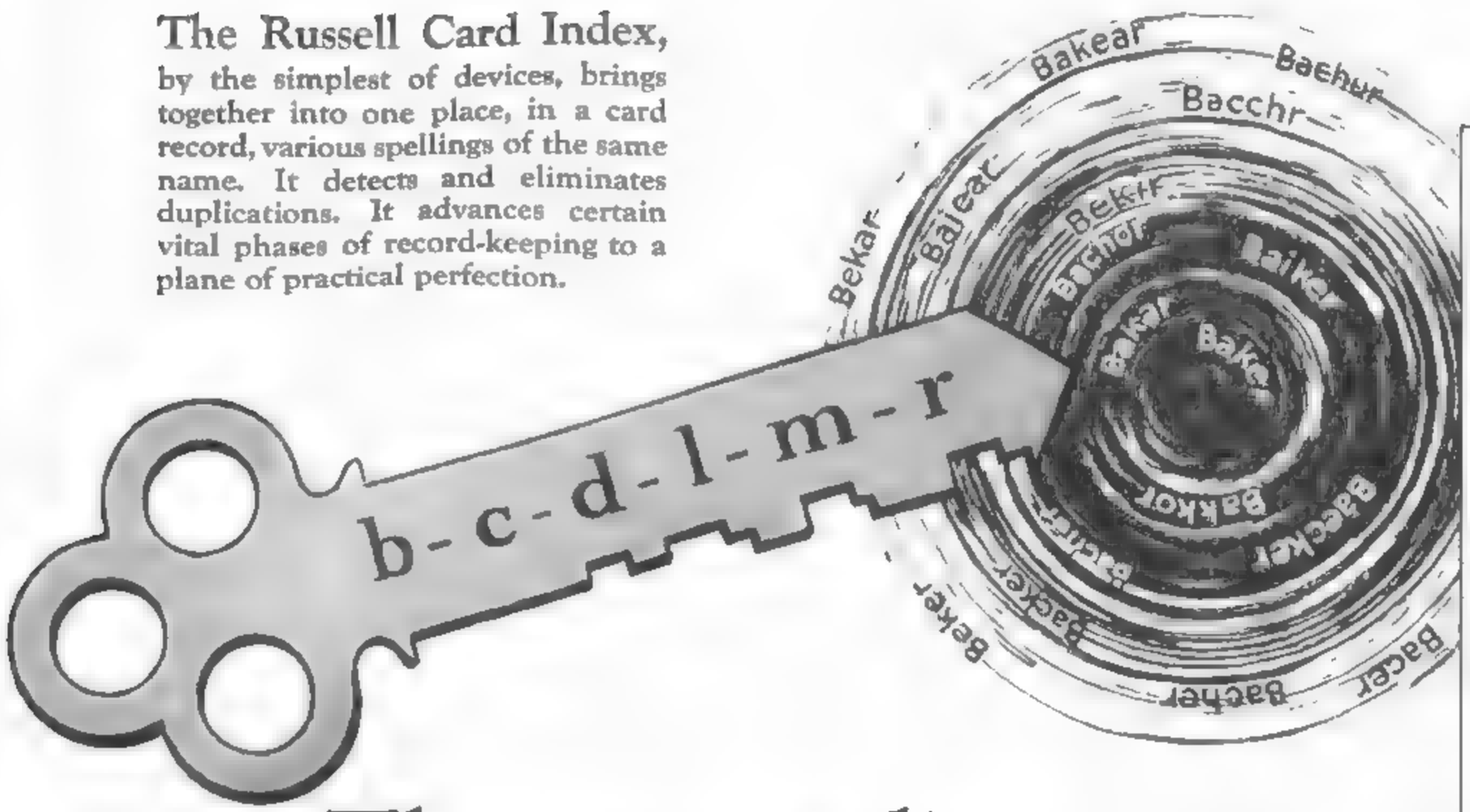
"So typical of your American taste!" says she. "Really a woman like yourself ought to be able to outgrow that sort of atrocity!"

"It's a memoriam to my father!" I says indignantly. "And I think the world of it!"

"That so?" says she, never batting an eye "I say, I don't see my book anywhere about. Haven't you a copy?"

*(Continued on Page 176)*

**The Russell Card Index,** by the simplest of devices, brings together into one place, in a card record, various spellings of the same name. It detects and eliminates duplications. It advances certain vital phases of record-keeping to a plane of practical perfection.

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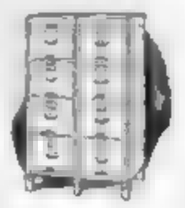

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(Continued from Page 174

"It's up in my room!" says I brightly, thinking there was no come-back to that. But I was wrong again.

"Not that you've read it!" says she. "Or have the least idea what it's all about, if you have. As I once said to Walesy, you Americans are so exhausted with hard work you have no strength left for intelligent reading!"

"Well," says I, "I will admit there is some kinds of reading takes more strength, not to say patience, than I have got!"

But it didn't register; not with old Mrs. Elephant Hide.

"Exactly so!" she exclaimed. "I shall jolly well put that frank admission into my American diary. As the governor of one of your states was saying to me the other evening at a dinner he was giving in my honor. American women are awfully snappy. Of course I retorted that snap judgment must necessarily be a characteristic of women whose only idea of music is derived from the phonograph, and whose only notions of drama come from the cheap claptrap of the cinema!"

"Well," says I, "so far as I know, a good many people in this country who live too far from a railroad to commute to the opera are obliged to learn Caruso's best numbers by that humble means. And as for cheap pictures, why I guess probably you don't know it, but I been working in them for some years, and I have never yet heard of a fillum that was any cheaper than sixteen thousand dollars to make. And these fillums are also shown considerable in places where there was no drama at all, before."

"Ah!" says she. "Don't think I meant to rag you personally—no, my deah, I wouldn't offend you for the world. You have a most delightfully comfortable house. But you must not mind my utter frankness, because it is one of my principal charms. When I spoke about the drama I was thinking of Rushkina, the dancer, whom I saw actually dancing in long skirts! It is the provincial American prudery which forces a dancer into long skirts that I so object to!"

"Huh!" says I. "I guess nobody has taken you to the Follies!" And before she could object to that, our vulgar American dinner was announced, and the senator and Jim having now appeared, why she swept into the dining room to wrap her cultured self around a little of the humble fare we had earned the price of by our crude American habit of working.

Well, all through dinner the senator let her talk, on account he was, while not an average American, still average enough to take considerable interest in his food. And old Pugh didn't exactly pass up the caviar, duckling, alligator pears, Fromage Debris, and so forth, either. But at the same time she never forgot it was her well-bred duty to spring a sprightly line, such as telling about the time the Discount of Cash told her how beautiful she was and she replied "Why don't you prove it?" And he left the room in confusion. Or that other famous time when she put molasses in the bed of the Countess of Crutch. It seems Mrs. P. was considered the leading wit of England. Well, I had always heard the English haven't much sense of humor.

After dinner, however, Mrs. P. had to fight for her share of the floor, on account the senator literally got it first, and I suppose being on his feet made him feel at home, because he went right to it and talked. And while at the first I listened real interested and respectful, after half an hour of uninterrupted language, I begun to get worried and would almost of backed Mrs. P. against the field. You see, I remembered a piece I had read in the paper one time about where Senator Noyse had filled a buster or something and kept on talking till not alone the cows went home but all the other senators. And I begun to be afraid he had another attack coming on. If I could of understood it, I wouldn't of minded so much, but the line he threw listened to me about like this.

"In the event of the proletariat joining the Third International for the preservation of Upper Silesia," says he, "what I ask you, will be the attitude of China with regard to the Anglo-Maniac treaty? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then of course it will become necessary for the President to interfere and the operators will as usual refuse to go act. Remember, I beg of you, the fact that Rumania and Kleptomania are Balkin' again, and if an open clash occurs, what effect will it have, if any, upon the railroad strike? Absolutely none, I tell you, my friends—my dear, true-hearted supporters—absolutely none! Which is the chief reason why the attitude of this present Congress must be changed in favor of the open door to America, and constitutes the principal factor for my demand that these noble immigrants be admitted to the free privileges of this great country!"

Well, that is a pretty fair sample of what he said, as I got it. But the way he kept shaking his bobbed, permanently waved head, and roaring out the words, made 'em seem even more highbrow. And old Hawk-Faced Annie had a struggle to break in at all.

However, every once in a while she would interrupt long enough to say that reminds me of the deah old King of Portugal—Goosey, we used to call him.

And then the senator would say, just what I have often said to the President, and ect.

And amidst it all sat ma, sound asleep with her hands folded over her black satin stomach right under the gilded trapeze bar pa had fallen off, with its appropriate "Rest In Peace." And meanwhile the clock got around to 11:30 without any signs of surrender on either front. So I thought, well I had better declare an armistice before I have a coupla exhaustion cases on my hands in addition to everything else.

When I finally got upstairs, the last straw fell on my camel's back, for I by now certainly had what deah old Mrs. P. would call the hump. For Jim, instead of treating me human, merely give me a slight peck of a kiss over the left eyebrow, and let me go to my room without a word.

When I had got there I sat down and had a good clear think. This was awful! Why, he acted like a comparative stranger and I had been away three days! Well, I was a comparative stranger, come to think of it, for I didn't know one thing hardly about what he had been doing for the past month. Then the nurse had said Junior was getting too wild to manage and I didn't even know in what respect! That was bad stuff too. And there was the other servants, the dusty house! In the exaggerated way things do when a person, especially a female, is overtired, everything seemed just gone to the dogs.

But this night was only the beginning of it, for the storm in our house raged on for a whole week, and yet without actually breaking until the day of this Englishwoman's lecture in my Early Wop drawing-room. For after what seemed like a thousand years the day finally did, as the poet says, dawn, but without Mrs. Pugh having said one word about I really must be going soon, I am afraid I will wear out my welcome, or anything to that effect. I suppose maybe the English custom is to keep on visiting at a country house until the Free Irish blow it up, in which case why they simply move on to some other earl's estate. Anyways, on the morning of her widely advertised lecture, she was apparently as much a fixture in our house as the plumbing, but considerably less welcome.

Well anyways, all this time I had been trying to find out just what it was Mrs. P. uplifted that had got her this big reputation, so I was naturally kind of interested in this lecture of hers on The Fall of the Aristocracy and even took personal pains about seeing that our Italian-palace set on the west stage—I mean in the west wing of the house—was dressed exactly right for making her lecture sequence. And when it was ready it sure had the very look that would of justified a subtitle to the effect "That night the Count de Kackiack prepared a brilliant setting for his guests" or some such remarks, only of course this was scheduled to be run at three P. M.

I had a big Venetian table of an Early Spring Moving Van type parked at one end of the room and beside it I placed a big red brocade chair with spidery wooden legs and a coupla gold crowns on the back of the seat and a coupla lion's claws on the end of the arms. It was one of the few real genuine antiques in the house and I thought it was in every way appropriate for the use of old Mrs. Stinging-Lizard. The rest of the big room was filled with funeral chairs and flowers, and we was prepared for about one hundred to be in the audience.

Among these I was of course hoping would be some of Rosemere's leading society queens, who I would get to know in this perfectly natural way. Well, the time for the lecture come and so did a few of the expected ticket-holders, and also most of the members of my club, and they took their seats and then, just as I was leading

Mrs. Pugh in through the stage entrance as you might of called it, who would I see but Junior darting in ahead, as quick and quiet as a mouse, but when we got into the room I couldn't see him anywheres

Well, I was feeling low as a snake's tail, and this action of Junior's didn't make me sit any prettier while Senator Noyse introduced Mrs. Pugh to the audience just as if they didn't know perfectly well it was her. But he had to go through with it all, even to mentioning how she was the author of that famous book entitled I Simply Must Tell on Myself.

There followed a few mild applause in which I joined like an automat, but my eye kept vainly roving for Junior, and also anxiously on the crowd, which, although Mrs. Pugh had mentioned not more than six dukes, a governor, one king and a coupla aces, which of course means she had hardly got started, why already I could see the audience was getting pretty restless the same as they do at a picture when there is too much footage given to a mob scene.

Well, Mrs. Pugh paid no attention to the audience or to her subject, either, but all the fall of the aristocracy that she mentioned was about how they had fallen for her. And then she begun telling what she thought about America and the audience commenced getting even more restless. I could see at a glance that far from having this lecture put me in right socially, it would probably queer me for life.

"I do adore America!" says Mrs. Jazbell P. "But!" And believe me it was some but! For she got right down to it and told us a lot of frank things about how we was money grabbers, hicks, ignorant and rude. She even claimed we used slang instead of speaking correct, and told this bunch of millionaires in our parlor that successful American business men had the manners of bricklayers, and that their wives was silly pampered dolls. Also she passed out a few genteel hints about what a pity we was so moral and worked so hard, because it prevented our having any leisured culture.

Well, she went on pulling gags like this for quite a distance, the audience getting madder by the minute, and naturally there was a coupla hisses among them. And then with a few more sworn statements about how she loved the U. S. A. why she sat down in the big antique throne I had prepared for her amid very mild applause And then suddenly these, as the poet says plaudits, grew strong and husky and was mixed with roars of uncontrollable laughter, for Mrs. Pugh had pulled a Chaplin; she had sat down on the antique very dignified and it had collapsed under her! The only trouble with her Chaplin was that she didn't know how to do a fall, and lay there kicking a large pair of English feet high in the air, a gag which always goes over big with any audience. And I couldn't help it crossing my mind that well, anyways, we had at last got to the fall of the aristocracy

I feel like perhaps it would be a wise idea for me to draw the seven veils of Salome over the shimmy which followed, because the things this Englishwoman said was enough, and she left the house at once with the announcement she preferred the scarlet fever over to the senator's, to our spoiled American child. Also the senator got alarmed about how if she went over to his house, why he would have to go as well, and he was scared pink in advance, so he sent himself a telegram from his boss, saying come right down to Ellis Island and let some immigrants in or something, and I and he had a few words on that subject, too, while I told him I was now firmly against allowing any more foreigners into this country to come and tell us we are color-blind and slangy and hard working and other uncalled-for insults, while taking our money for telling us it. And I also says I wouldn't mention no names, but all the immigrants that ought to be stopped was not in the steerage by any means, and that maybe if they had a little less cultured leisure in Europe and put in a few licks of work, why perhaps they would be better off. And ect.

Well, by this time the swell crowd of society atmosphere had evaporated. And as soon as I got finished with the senator he also left, saying he must hurry to Washington, the President wanted to talk to him about Yap. Well, I thought Yap is right, but thank heaven they will not be doing it in my house, there has been enough yapping around here. So then I went to look for Junior, and where would I find him but on the dago-palace set amidst the wreckage, and with him was Jim.

I had come in kinda quiet so they didn't hear me and there Jim was pointing to what was left of the big chair which anybody could see had been sawed clean through the legs.

"Did you do that?" says Gorgeous, holding the boy by the back of the neck and pointing severely.

"Yes, I did!" says Junior, the poor lamb trembling, he was so scared. "But don't you lick me, pop! Marmie told me to only cut up the old things!"

"Well, son!" says Jim with a chuckle. "Always obey your mother. Here's a dollar for you! Only remember next time, pick out some worthless old thing that is of no use at all!"

Well, I stole out the room again, my hand over my mouth, because in a situation like that, why the only way to handle it was not to know about it, see?

During the next week I was so busy getting my own home back on a working basis that I didn't think one thing about reforms or uplifts except reforming the way the clean laundry was coming home and uplifting some of the low habits of neglect my servants had fell into, and ect. I even forgot how I had planned to elevate the motion pictures by producing this 99 8-10 per cent pure fillum with Junior until Rosco, our publicity man, called up from the studio and says Junior's picture is finished, and I at once says I will personally myself show it to the censors, and arranged to do so the very next afternoon.

Well, I called up Doctor Winiger, the high muckamuck raker, and invited him and the whole board.

About ten to three next P.M. the board was all at the projection room according to promise, and I was there too, greeting them with diplomacy and ect., and then settling down in the dark all full of motherly pride in the sweet darling picture that they was about to see. And then I got a jolt

The first thing flashed on the screen was O. K. because it merely says copyright by Goldringer Pictures Incog. as per usual. But the next flash caused me to arch up my back and spit. It was the title, and instead of Happy Days, here is what it read:

THE NEW SHERIFF
PRESENTING JIMMIE LATOUR, JR.,
UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
JAMES LATOUR, SR.
PHOTOGRAPHY BY A. WILSON
C. DORD, TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
IT'S A GOLDRINGER KNOCKOUT!

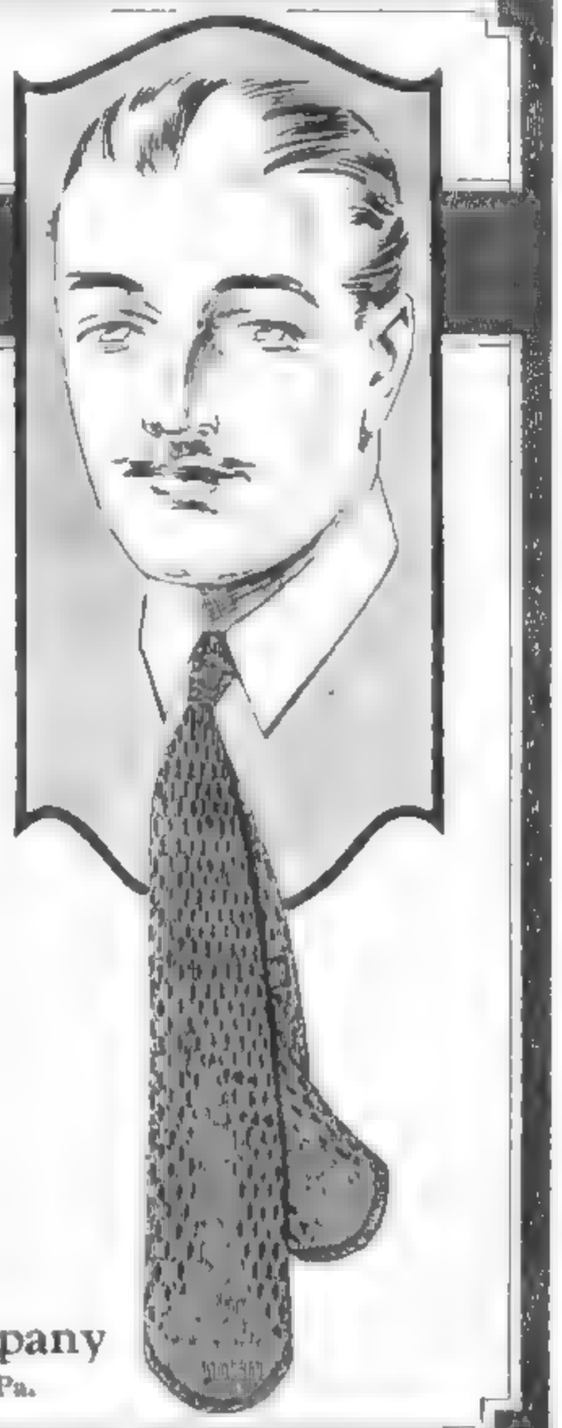
Well, I could scarcely believe what I was seeing. So that was what Jim had been doing quietly at the studio while I was out toiling to make the world more like it! Oh, the brute! And believe me brute wasn't all that I called him in my mind as I watched the picture that come along in the due course of 13 min. a reel.

For here was my sweet little angel dressed in a regular Western get-up chaps, handkerchief, boots, a little pair of guns even! And the first thing he done was hold up a stagecoach filled with seven-foot ranchers and rob 'em good and plenty! Then he got his gang, a bunch of kids which I recognized with horror every one of them was the children of the board of censors, and what was even further, these kids was made out to be a terrible tough crew and the lot of them, led by Junior, set out and cleaned up this Western mining town. They shot up the saloon, won all the money at the gambling joint and stole a truckful of liquor away from a bunch of bootleggers. What them young ones was shown doing was a crime, and included pretty near everything that censors make a custom of objecting to, even to the extent of the picture being exceptionally well made.

Well, at first I was so froze with horror I didn't notice what was going on around me, and then at last I begun to realize that queer sounds was disturbing the air, and finally it got through my paralyzed skull that the sounds was laughter. Actually it was so. The whole board, from Doctor W. to Miss Gush, was roaring and rocking over the piece, applauding like mad every time their own kids come on, and giving Junior an A 1 hand as well.

Well, I stood there in kind of a daze after, while the censors shook my hand and says what a wonderful picture it was, so much wholesome fun and wasn't their children remarkable, how had I kept the big secret from them and didn't I think they ought to let their child go into the pictures, and couldn't I get them a job, and so forth, adding that of course the picture


"The Tie of a Thousand Knots"



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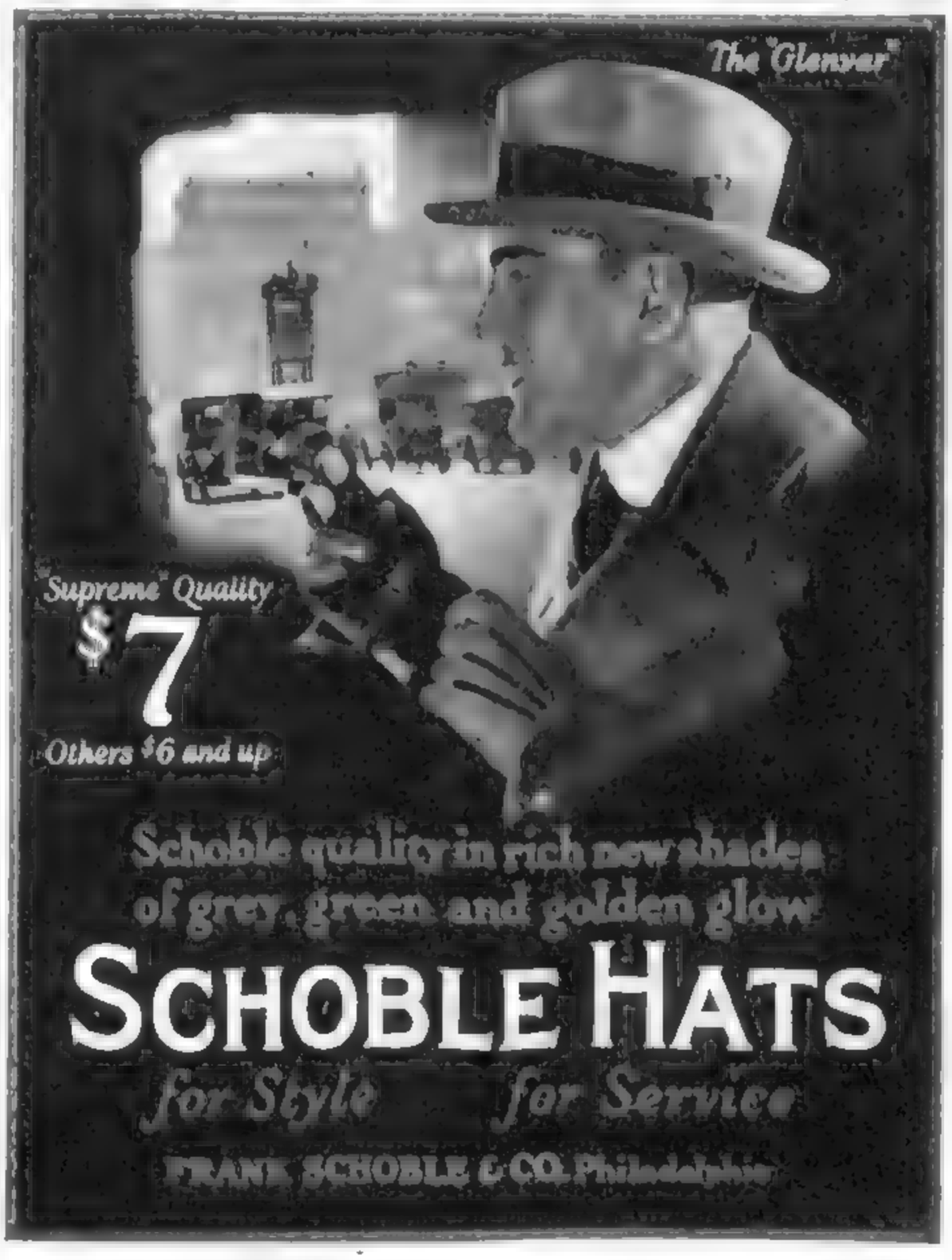
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would pass 100 per cent, and be given a special recommendation besides. The hit that fillum made with them censorious parents was sure a marvel. And then Doctor Winiger delivered the final blow.

"It delights me to be able to tell you this, dear Mrs. Smith," says he. "After our being obliged to turn down the first picture, Happy Days on the ground of—ah—cruelty to animals! Our dear member, Miss Gush, simply could not endure to see your boy catching butterflies and interfering with the domestic arrangements of the little birds and the digestive apparatus of goldfish. So of course we refused to pass it. But this free Western—ah—stuff is splendid, simply splendid!"

Well, I left the censorship-board rooms too upset to know what I was doing, and marveling at men and how two-faced they was. Also marveling at my kid and the stunts he had done in that picture, stuff equal to Doug or Tom Mix or anybody. I rushed home all set to take him in my arms and love him to death. And when I found him death was pretty near what I was ready to hand him, for there on the sinking steps to the sunken garden was Junior and his box of tools, and of all things he had got hold of dear dead papa's trapeze, removed the blue ribbons and sawed it in half right between the words "Rest in Peace!"

"Look, marmie!" he says sweetly as I come by. "I am making two masts for my boat, but I did like daddy told me and used up only a useless thing!"

Of all things, to take that sacred souvenir! What would ma say? For a minute I saw red. Junior knew better than that, and knew that I knew he did. Completely forgetting how much I loved him, like a true mother I seized him by the ear with one hand and grabbed up the ruler out of his tool box with the other.

"You come with me, young feller!" I says grimly. "At last I have found a real use for something out of that tool box of yours!"

An hour later Jim broke into my boudoir for the first time in a week, a big smile lighting up his map. But when he seen me all flushed and worried and ramping up and down the room he stopped dead in his tracks.

"What's up?" says he.

"Nothing, only I've just been giving Junior the licking of his life!" I says. "Believe me, Jim, a good spanking is the one thing registers with a bad kid, and Junior has had this coming to him quite some time. Even if he is a genius, like you have shown him to be in The New Sheriff, he has got to be disciplined in a natural manner. I don't believe in this modern bunk about let kids express theirself, do you?"

"What and the ——" began Jim, gasping.

But I am a true woman, and I know when I have a good line. So I went right on.

"And I think acting in a real manly picture like that will do him a world of good," says I. "I had no idea he was such a husky kid—or that he'd got such a smart daddy, either!"

And then Jim did just what I was working for. He took me in his arms with genuine enthusiasm.

"Say, hon!" says he tenderly. "You stay at the studio with us a little more, hey, dear? We missed you on the lot, me and the youngster did. Just leave off making the world safe for Junior for a spell, will you?"

"Say, listen, Gorgeous!" I says, sighing contentedly. "I guess I have my work cut out for me right here at home, making Junior safe for the world!"


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

***(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)***

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# *Table of Contents*

October 14, 1922

*Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker*

SHORT STORIES


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Pobble & Co. (In two parts)—*Ruth Burt Sanborn* | 3 |
| The Ax—Ben Ames Williams | 8 |
| The Rough Stuff—*Will Irwin* | 10 |
| Making the World Safe for Junior—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* | 12 |
| Punch—*Will Payne* | 15 |
| Salt Cured—*Hugh Wiley* | 16 |
| The Great Man—*Gordon Arthur Smith* | 20 |
| The Lost Verona—*Maryse Rutledge* | 24 |
| One Half Dozen Raw—*Octavus Roy Cohen* | 36 |


ARTICLES


| | |
|---|---|
| Strikes—*Ben W. Hooper* | 6 |
| The Merger Period—*Albert W. Atwood* | 18 |
| The Magnetic West: On West Water—*Joseph Hergesheimer* | 22 |
| The Song Builders—*By One of Them* | 26 |
| Coal Remedies—*Floyd W. Parsons* | 29 |
| As I Remember: Glimpses of Old Actors—Henry Irving—*Jefferson Winter* | 46 |
| Building a Reserve—*J. R. Sprague* | 54 |
| The Hotel Under Prohibition—*James H. Collins* | 61 |
| The Tale of Two Countries—*E. W. Howe* | 88 |


SERIALS


| | |
|---|---|
| Backbone (Third part)—*Clarence Budington Kelland* | 32 |


DEPARTMENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 28 |
| Short Turns and Encores | 30 |
| Out-of Doors | 77 |
| Sense and Nonsense | 82 |



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